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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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THE NEW PORTFOLIO.

A PROSPECTIVE VISIT.

AFTER an interval of more than fifty years I propose taking a second look at some parts of Europe. This will give my readers of *The Atlantic*, as well as the writer, a vacation to which we both seem entitled. It is a Rip Van Winkle experiment which I am promising myself. The changes wrought by half a century in the countries I visited amount almost to a transformation. I left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Philippe, of Marshal Soult, of Thiers, of Guizot. I went from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. I looked upon England from the box of a stage-coach, upon France from the coupé of a diligence, upon Italy from the chariot of a vetturino. The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London. The asphalt pavement was not laid in Paris. The Obelisk of Luxor was lying in its great boat in the Seine, as I remember it. I did not see it erected; it must have been a sensation to have looked on, the engineer standing underneath, so as to be crushed by it if it disgraced him by falling in the process. As for the dynasties which have overlaid each other like Dr. Schliemann's Trojan cities, there is no need of

moralizing over a history which instead of *Finis* is constantly ending with *What next?*

With regard to the changes in the general conditions of society and the advance in human knowledge, think for one moment what fifty years have done. I have often imagined myself escorting some wise man of the past to our Saturday Club, where we often have distinguished strangers as our guests. Suppose there sat by me — I will not say Sir Isaac Newton, for he has been too long away from us, but that other great man, whom Professor Tyndall names as next to him in intellectual stature, as he passes along the line of master minds of his country from the days of Newton to our own — Dr. Thomas Young, who died in 1829. Would he or I be the listener, if we were side by side? However humble I might feel in such a presence, I should be so clad in the grandeur of the new discoveries, inventions, ideas, I had to impart to him that I should seem to myself like the ambassador of an Emperor. I should tell him of the ocean steamers, the railroads that spread themselves like cobwebs over the civilized and half-civilized portions of the earth, the telegraph and the telephone, the photograph and the spectroscope. I should hand him a

paper with the morning news from London to read by the electric light, I should startle him with a friction match, I should amaze him with the incredible truths about anæsthesia, I should astonish him with the later conclusions of geology, I should electrify him by the fully developed doctrine of the correlation of forces, I should delight him with the cell-doctrine, I should confound him with the revolutionary apocalypse of Darwinism. All this change in the aspects, position, beliefs, of humanity since the time of Dr. Young's death, the date of my own graduation from college!

I ought to consider myself highly favored to have lived through such a half century. But it seems to me that in walking the streets of London and Paris I shall revert to my student days, and appear to myself like a relic of a former generation. Those who have been born into the inheritance of the new civilization feel very differently about it from those who have lived their way into it. To the young and those approaching middle age all these innovations in life and thought are as natural, as much a matter of course, as the air they breathe; they form a part of the frame-work of their intelligence, of the skeleton about which their mental life is organized. To men and women of more than threescore they are external accretions, like the shell of a mollusk, the jointed plates of an articulate.

This must be remembered in reading anything written by those who knew the century in its teens; it is not like to be forgotten, for the fact betrays itself in all the writer's thoughts and expressions. The reader of this paper of mine must recollect that I did not visit Europe to bring home stories for his amusement or instruction. My time was chiefly given up to the study of my profession. I lived largely in hospitals, I listened to medical and surgical lectures, I walked in the train of learned

professors, I talked with medical students, I belonged to a medical society, and I took sides in medical contests which agitated the little world around the *École de Médecine*. In a word, I lived the life of the *Quartier Latin*,—the students' quarter. Not rarely, however, I crossed the river by the *Pont Neuf* or the *Pont des Arts*, bought a little bouquet of violets or other modest blossoms of a humble flower-dealer at the further end of the bridge, and with that in my button-hole aired myself in the sunny splendors of the *Palais Royal* and the *Boulevard des Italiens*. My time was not wholly idle on these excursions, for, to say nothing of the theatres and the opera, I studied with infinite delight the pictures and statues in the Gallery of the Louvre, and gave due attention to that branch of physiology of which *Brillat-Savarin* was the illustrious teacher, by the aid of practical lessons in the famous restaurants of the day.

The reader may naturally suppose that I can have very little to tell him which can be of special interest. I saw a great deal of which he does not wish to hear. He does not care to follow me into the wards of *La Pitié*, or *St. Louis*, or *Hôtel Dieu*, unless he is so far depraved in his taste by the grossness which calls itself realism as to delight in what is repulsive to healthy natures.

I did not see the men and women whom to have met would have been a priceless memory. I thought of myself only as a medical student, preparing for a laborious calling by which I expected to live. I had not opened my sealed orders. What is there in such a young person to excite a moment's interest other than that which human brotherhood entitles us all to look for in our fellow-creatures? Very little, I am afraid. But I was not yet twenty-four years old, and so youthful in aspect that they did not like to let me in at *Frascati's*, where I went once only, to look

on, not to gamble. My senses were acute, my intellect was hungry, my love of art and taste for it strong enough to be a continual source of excitement, and though I had written a few poems, some of which have lived their half century, I had not wasted my youthful sensibilities in those floods of verse which wash away the emotions that are the life of life in profuse and debilitating expression.

Who does not remember the change of feeling, when, in his boyhood, as he was following a company of "trainers" marching to the lean duet of the drum and fife, all at once the full band broke into its rich tumult of harmonies? Such was my feeling, transplanted from my city of sixty thousand inhabitants into the great world-centres where millions were congregated.

I must have told in print somewhere much of what I have to say in these pages. But if I do not remember when or where I have told it, it is not very probable that my reader does, or that he remembers anything about it. At any rate, I put my recollections in more exact order than ever before. They are many of them, perhaps most of them, trivial,—personal reminiscences, peculiar to the narrator in many cases, not such as his reader would be likely to meet with elsewhere. They are, in point of fact, the *flotsam* of memory,—the lighter things that have come to the surface in virtue of their buoyancy.

I left New York in April, 1833, in the ship *Philadelphia*, Captain Champlin, and returned in the autumn of 1835 in the ship *Utica*, Captain Depeyster. I began a journal on the first day of the voyage, and closed it on the third. One of my fellow-passengers, Mr. Thomas Gold Appleton, was more persevering, and I learn from his diary, printed in Miss Susan Hale's "Life and Recollections," that it was on Monday, the 1st of

April, we sailed. I refer to his record for a few facts.

The list of passengers included, also, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, Dr. R. W. Hooper, and Mr. Thomas B. Curtis. There was, of course, much pleasant talk. "Tom Appleton" made fun of everything; the icebergs which scared us became the icebugs in his vocabulary, and between him and the three I have mentioned it was an ill word that did not furnish a pun, good or bad, for one or the other of them. Of the sights Appleton describes I cannot say so much as he does. I remember the little tug *Hercules*, which towed us out of the harbor, and watched for her name many a year in the marine records. I recollect the man overboard, and the "helm cover"—if that was the name of it—which was thrown over to him. How many drowning flies I have rescued in the memory of that struggling mariner! I can recall, or think I can, the whales, but I am sorry to say I missed the following interesting object:—

"While gazing over the railing at the seething caldron about the ship, I had a fair sight at that most poetical of ocean rovers, the *nautilus*. It was spinning round in the foam, in shape like a sculpin, with a many-colored and semi-transparent body, and two beautiful azure, gauze-like wings or sails. I saw no oars. It was whirled instantly out of sight."

I did hear some of the passengers speak of seeing what the captain called a "Portuguese man-of-war," but I did not see the creature myself, nor did I ever see this description until more than fifty years after it was written. The creature is not a *nautilus*, and the account seems to me a little fanciful, but not more so than a poem of my own, *The Chambered Nautilus*, which speaks about "its wings of living gauze," and again of its "purpled wings," expressions which look as if they had been borrowed from Mr. Appleton's Diary.

"Tom" was in the poetical mood, and wrote a sonnet, making a little fun of himself for doing it. He says that he and I "talked sentiment." I do not doubt it; he was full enough of it to make verses, and I was too full of it to be jingling syllables, for poems spring up after the floods have subsided.

I happen to remember the name of the vessel he mentions our falling in with; it was the brig *Economist*, from Sierra Leone for Leith. This meeting made me feel as if I were reading a story out of a picture-book.

It blew pretty freshly as we neared the land, and a topsail exploded like a torpedo, and hung in rags about the spars. By and by the land grew from a suspicion to a reality, from a mass to a varied surface, and very soon the spire of a church showed itself. The American of English descent is a poor creature if such a sight does not awaken some feeling deeper than mere curiosity or pleasure in its picturesqueness. When the church-bells of England vibrate, the dust of his ancestors of scores of generations,

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,"

thrills with the trembling earth that covers it. There is a magnetism in the soil from which our lives were remotely drawn which not even the infinite humor of our countryman's reflections at the grave of the father of the human race can laugh us out of. If Mr. Appleton and I did not "talk sentiment" when we first caught sight of that steeple, I am ashamed for both of us, — but perhaps our feelings were too deep for any words.

Our first reception in England was cordial, if not hospitable, — cordial, for the best of reasons. The vessel did not put us ashore, but a boat took us on board and had to be paid for. The boat did not put us on shore, but a plank was laid for us to walk over, and this too had to be paid for. We landed at Portsmouth on the 25th day of April.

The Quebec Hotel, to which we went, was a small affair, but we found it comfortable and homelike. What struck me most was the neatness of all outdoors and its conveniences. The roads were so hard and smooth it seemed like maltreatment to drive over them. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw a stagecoach; it looked like a toy, the body so small, and such contrivances for the "outsides." We drove in the environs of Portsmouth, and the variety and beauty of the cottages astonished us. We stood on the deck of the *Victory*, and saw where Nelson fell. While at the navy yard we saw some soldiers, marines, perhaps, under arms. What little fellows they are! we said. They looked like boys. The same remark was often made afterwards in looking at French troops of the line.

We crossed over to the Isle of Wight. How lovely and garden-like! Is the island kept under glass in winter? At Carisbrook Castle we were shown round by a most respectable-looking old gentleman, who appeared more like one of my brother members of the Massachusetts Historical Society than a cicerone whose business was to show a place to strangers. We could not insult such a gentleman by offering him a shilling or half a crown, and we did not, unless some one who knew the ways of British local historians did it quietly. A similar experience we had with the distinguished-looking personage who showed us the royal yacht in which George the Fourth used to take his sea airings.

The feelings of an educated American on first reaching the home of his ancestors have been so fully expressed by Irving in the *Sketch-Book* that it would be superfluous to enlarge upon them here. Only eighteen years had passed since he sailed for Europe. We cannot help smiling as we read of the effect produced upon him by the first sight of a man of distinction in the world of letters: —

"There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling race around him. I inquired his name, and was informed that it was Roscoe. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an author of celebrity; this was one of those men whose voices have gone forth to the ends of the earth, with whose minds I have communed even in the solitude of America."

An American is in little danger of going into hysterics at the sight of a European celebrity in these days. Washington Irving's emotions enlarged the object of his contemplation, as the young Plymouth pilgrim's imagination saw "a great sea" in what proved to be a pond or small lake, which has immortalized his blunder by taking the name of "Billington Sea." The American of today is far more likely to express himself, after meeting "an author of celebrity," in the spirit of the question of the princess in Landor's "Gebir": —

"Is this the mighty ocean, — is this all?"

Since Mark Twain introduced the Mississippi to the Jordan, the American has been in danger of losing that "veneration" which the amiable author of the Sketch-Book yielded so freely to the first well-known writer he met with.

One sensation I had, overpowering, memorable ever after, — the sight of my first cathedral, that of Salisbury. Others that I have since seen are richer in ornament, their spires rise higher and their windows blaze in brighter colors, but the page of memory on which Salisbury Cathedral stamped itself was a fresh one, almost virgin of impressions. Our village meeting-house was visible upon it, and the Old South, and our dear little Saint Peter's which calls itself the State House, its dome not yet gilded; but that mighty pile, with its shaft climbing up as high above its lofty roof as Park Street steeple from the ground on which it rests, with its peace-

ful cloisters, its venerable monuments, its memories of six hundred years, has never faded from my mental picture-gallery. My second pilgrimage in England would naturally carry me first to that precious shrine, that I might look upon it once more through the eyes that saw it when their light was yet undimmed. How that spire seemed to follow me wherever I wandered within the circle of miles around it! Looking down as it does from a height of four hundred feet and more, it was hard to escape its presence. One turned his eyes upward, and over walls and housetops and tall trees; there it was, its vane among the clouds by day and a companion of the stars by night.

Salisbury Plain would have been of little note to me if I had not so well remembered Miss Hannah More's Shepherd. What lessons of content have I not got from that story! The little daughter who pities the poor people that have no salt to their potatoes, — "and see, father, our dish is quite full." Dear Miss Hannah! — I got my most palatable Sunday reading out of her stories in the Cheap Repository Tracts, and I would make one of my first calls upon her; but she has not seen company, — such as I am, — for a long time.

Stonehenge, Big Dominos, — there must have been giants in those days. I knew little more about them then, geologically, historically, ethnologically, than the sheep that nibbled the grass around them. During my first visit to England, of a week only, I visited the places mentioned and others of interest: Southampton and Netley Abbey, Wilton House, home of the Sidneys and the Herberts, and Longford Castle, seat of the Earl of Radnor. To look upon real Claudes, like the famous ones at Longford Castle; to make the acquaintance of Vandyke and other great painters in the originals, not in pallid copies; to walk among genuine ancient marbles and bronzes, the accumulations of gen-

erations, as at Wilton House, was a new and most agreeable feeling, but it made the "Athenæum Gallery" a little less imposing than it had seemed when we were admiring its treasures in the early days of the exhibitions, and writing pert little verses about some of them.

After this taste of Hampshire and Wiltshire, remembering that we had other objects, we crossed the Channel, and found ourselves at Havre. On our way to Paris we were joined by a very social and companionable young man, who was bound to the same place. He knew Boston well, so he said; had been there, and boarded with "Betsy *****," a favorite with the best class of boarders. He had been disappointed, it came out before long, in regard to his remittances. This is a not uncommon affliction, and is apt to bring a train of mourners with it and leave them after it. I did not become a fellow-sufferer with him by playing the part of a substitute for his banker, but others, I believe, did.

At Rouen the sensation was in the narrow streets, with the tall houses and the merest ribbon of blue sky between them, a wholly new effect to me. I could only think of being at the bottom of a deep crack in a mountain of rock or hardened lava.

And so we found ourselves in Paris. What current drifted us to the Hôtel des Quinze Vingts I do not remember. There is a well-known asylum for the blind which is called Hospice des Quinze Vingts, Infirmary of the Three Hundred; but we could hardly have mistaken that for an inn, and the people of the establishment could not have taken three staring medical students for blind persons.

In the morning we sallied forth for breakfast, and soon found ourselves in a *café* in the Place de la Bourse. It was a bright, sunny day, and Paris revealed herself to us in all that irresistible charm which bewitches every one about whom she casts her spangled net. It was a

delight to be alive, to see new faces, to hear a new language, to find everything gay, everything unlike what we had left. But we had come for work, not play. We were soon in the quarters we had selected, on the other side of the river. If the reader would like to know where I passed my two years, I will give him my address as my English friend Thompson (whose *peut-être* was undistinguishable from the English of *pomme de terre*) would have rendered it. He would have said that M^{onsieur} H. lived at *noomero sankont sank Roo M^{onsieur} ler Pranse*. I should have written it 55 Rue M. le Prince. M. Bertrand was my landlord; his wife and her mother were the ladies of the establishment. Both of them died suddenly, not very long after I took my room in the house, and I was *prié* to *assister* at the interment. A lady, not youthful, took the place at the head of the household, and after a decorous interval I was *prié* to *assister* at the ceremony which made the widower and Mademoiselle Susanne a happy couple. I was *au troisième* — on the third floor — the first year, *au second* in the second year.

The mode of life was, for myself and other American students, to take a cup of coffee early in the morning, to walk to the hospital, follow the visit of the physician or surgeon, attend any autopsy there might be, and then go to breakfast.

The favorite resort of myself and my friends was the Café Procope. This café had a remarkable history. It got its name from its founder, who established it in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, now the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, in the year 1689. It is still in existence, and will soon reach its two hundredth anniversary. Here many famous men have been accustomed to repair for their refection, — Voltaire, Piron (*qui ne fût rien; pas même Académicien*), J. B. Rousseau, Marmontel,

Saurin, and, in a later generation, Gambetta. There was no show about the place, but Madame at the Comptoir was pleasant to look upon, and Honoré, our favorite *garçon*, would project a stream of coffee into the middle of a little group about a table with a dash that was audacious and an accuracy that inspired triumphant confidence. The rest of the day was partly taken up in lectures, visits to different hospitals, private instruction, visits to galleries, excursions, and by the time five o'clock arrived we were ready for dinner. For a month I was *en pension*, at a boarding-house, or at least took my dinner there. All was neat and proper, there was the due succession of courses, but Madame's "*Un peu de celà?*" meant *si peu* that I was fain to seek quarters where frugality was a less distinguishing feature. I therefore joined some young Genevese students, who formed a sort of club and dined together. The house in which we dined was noted from having been the one where Marat was stabbed in his bath by Charlotte Corday. We used every day to pass the room that witnessed this event. There were some pleasant things connected with this Bohemian arrangement. The Genevese students seemed to me like a kind of transplanted Bostonians; indeed, the students from Geneva and from Boston were drawn together naturally. Whether it was because both were citizens of a republic, or whether the fact that both came from snug little buttoned-up cities where Calvinism long found its headquarters accounted for it, Theodore Maunoir and James Jackson, Jean Bizot and myself, were as much at home with each other as if all had been fellow-townsmen. Some of the ways of one or two of my fellow-boarders at table were not exactly such as a fastidious young person, with our New England habits, would be pleased with, and I left the house where the spirit of Charlotte Corday seemed ever present, and the

table where my appetite was sometimes discouraged.

In those days one of the most noted, though by no means the most showy or fashionable, restaurants was the *Trois Frères Provençaux*. That was a favorite resort of my companions and myself. Five or six francs apiece gave us a modest but respectable dinner, with a half bottle of Macon or Beaune. On great occasions the wine would be Chamberlain or Clos-Vougeot. We rarely called for Champagne, — not because we were too economical, but it was very much less the favorite than in these days. In Boston we drank Madeira, in Paris Burgundy. Of course we tried various famous restaurants: Very and Vefour, one or both; the *Café Anglais*, famous in those days for its turbot; the *Café de Paris*; Grignon; and the noted resort of epicures, long since extinct, I have heard, the *Rocher de Caudecale*, a kind of intramural "Taft's," where the products of the sea, shell-fish, and the like were to be had in their best condition.

The Latin Quarter, — the left side of the Seine, looking down the river, — compared with the right side, was what a woolen lining is to a silken mantle. There were *cafés* and restaurants, enough of them, but there was a great difference in the service and in the guests. I wonder whether the "*Petit Rocher*" has withstood the floods of half a century. I wonder whether "*Risbec*" still offers his bill of fare as he did in 1833, and whether some grandson of the waiter of that time would ask me, as did his grandsire, "*Voulez-vous des pommes de terre avec?*" That terminal abrupt *avec* — used as the English use "with" and "without" (warm with, cold without, — *sugar*, being understood) — happened to fix itself in my memory, which has forgotten so many dynasties and revolutions. I feel half ashamed as I tell such a triviality.

The whole generation of professors and teachers of my student days has

passed away, with but two exceptions, so far as I know. Philippe Ricord, "*illustre chirurgien*," born in Baltimore in the year 1800, is, I think, still living. Few men have had a larger experience of the infirmities of human nature than this celebrated practitioner. If Voltaire had practiced medicine, his clinical lectures would have been not unlike those of Ricord. It is remarkable that America should furnish two such distinguished men, remarkable also for longevity, as George Bancroft and Philippe Ricord, born in the same year and within two months of each other.

A more extraordinary instance of old age with retention of intellectual and bodily strength is that of Michel-Eugène Chevreul, the great chemist and well-known professor. Born on the 31st of August, 1786, his hundredth birthday is close at hand. His portrait and a notice of his life and labors may be found in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly* (August, 1885). Last January the students of Paris made a manifestation of respect to "the great *savant* by whom France is honored, and who, reaching his hundredth year, still remains robust and valiant, and preserves all the force of his genius and his old energy in work." I regret to say that I never saw him.

But cases like these of Ricord and Chevreul are eminently exceptional. The generation I knew in Paris is extinct. Even of their immediate successors in the professorial chairs, in the prominent positions as practitioners, comparatively few are still living and active. Many Americans still remember Louis, often spoken of erroneously as Baron Louis, the title belonging to a statesman of that name who died in 1837. He was the special object of admiration, the guide and friend, of American, and more peculiarly of Boston, students. We all followed him at his visits and his lectures, believed in his teachings, swore by his words. It seems like

profanation to sit in judgment on the teachers one has looked up to in his earlier years. Louis can bear such a retrospect well. His rectilinear intelligence supplied the best possible corrective to minds disposed to whirl in vortices, to roll in cycles and epicycles, to shoot up in parabolas and off in tangents. I, for one, owe him much. A healthy suspicion of the *à peu près* in matters of science, a willingness to look facts in the face and give them fair play against preconceived notions and prejudices, — these are what he taught, and what I partly learned; others, I doubt not, learned them better.

How strange is the process of disillusion about our early instructors! We judge them from the lofty height of twenty, or thirty, or forty years of human progress, and it dwarfs their labors as we look down upon them. Louis was an admirable man and in certain respects an excellent teacher, a great pathologist for that day; but what was pathology before the reign of the microscope? We all loved him and honored him. His character had a *bonhomie* and simplicity almost Arcadian, — indeed, I suspect his early training was distinctly provincial. He had some expressions which struck me as curious, — I will write them phonetically. When he came to the empty bed of a patient who had died, he said something that sounded like *fiveet*, the Latin *fuit*, perhaps, or *fuite*, flight. He always called number eleven *numero honze*, and he used to say *asswoiez-vous* for *asseyez-vous*, as many of the less educated are in the habit of doing. I am struck with the fact that many of my instructors lived to be very old. I think professorships tend to produce longevity. Quarterly payments of a fixed stipend are tranquillizing prescriptions; and if one loves teaching and has a fair salary, with moderate views of life, he is almost as sure of tiring out the young man who is waiting for his place as an

annuitant of outliving his "expectation of life" and the anticipations of the office which is reckoning on his demise within a reasonable period.

My recollections of the French Theatre are but meagre. I was never much given to theatre-going, but I could not help seeing some of the celebrities of the day. Of these, Mademoiselle Mars was the most distinguished. She was about fifty-five years of age when I saw her in the part of Valerie, the young blind girl. She was not youthful, certainly, but there is a secret compact between time and a French actress which falsifies the baptismal record and the almanac. Her voice retained its wonderful charm, and there was an inundation of tears at the moving point of the drama. The most noted tragedian I saw was Ligier, a favorite pupil of Talma. He acted the part of Gloucester, in Casimir de la Vigne's play, "*Les Enfants d'Edouard*." I well remember his cavernous voice, as the Frenchmen called it, and his pronunciation of Buckingham, — *Bew-kang-gam*, in three pieces, as if he were fitting the fragments of a broken word together. The play was not a great success, but Ligier's formidable personality and voice were very effective. I must have seen him in another part, for among the words which still vibrate in my memory are, *O le conseil des dix!* in tones so awful that they can have been none other than his. I find few persons remember Ligier. But Frédéric Lemaître as Robert Macaire, and Mademoiselle Dejazet at the theatre of the Palais Royal, everybody who ever saw them must remember. Dejazet was still playing forty years after I saw her, she being then nearly forty years old. Tagliani was dancing at the Royal Opera; Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache were singing at the Italian. Auriol, the famous clown, was contorting himself at Franconi's.

One of the last exhibitions I saw in Paris was a Diorama, as I think it was

called, of Switzerland, got up and exhibited by a certain Monsieur Daguerre; a name afterwards to become familiar to all civilization, and enduring as history. I was, during my stay in Paris, a peaceable subject of *le Roi Citoyen*, his Majesty Louis Philippe. Once only I looked upon his august and expansive countenance. A barouche full of royalty and its kindred rolled by me, and I saw the Orleans family, or a good part of it. Louis Philippe had a pair of bulging cheeks, with great whiskers, and a comparatively narrow forehead, with a twisted stem of hair surmounting it. The caricaturists found a resemblance in all this to the shape of a pear, and the blank walls were abundantly ornamented with the outlines of a pear, marks being added for eyes, nose, and mouth. This quasi-portrait was to be seen everywhere in its rudimentary form, and more elaborately presented in the illustrated satirical papers. These papers were often very amusing with their political squibs. General Lobau had broken up a mob by turning the stream of a fire-engine upon it. He figured with a squirt in his hand. M. Thiers had laid himself open to ridicule, and the circumstances of the time furnished an excellent handle for the satirist. The column of the Place Vendôme had just been surmounted by a statue of Napoleon in the little cocked hat and redingote. So M. Thiers was represented at the top of the column with this inscription: "*M. Thiers, ainsi nommé parcequ'il n'est pas le tiers d'un grand homme*." The citizen king himself figured in various aspects, not generally imposing. He offers his old *rifflard* — baggy umbrella — to France, crowned with her towers. She turns scornfully towards him with "*Vous me crottez, monsieur*." In those days Monsieur Mayeux, the little swearing, bullying hunchback, descendant of the Roman Maccus, own cousin to the modern Punch, was the favorite vehicle, so to speak, of

satire. His reign lasted a year or two, after which he disappeared from the throne of caricature.

There were several *émeutes* during my residence in Paris, one, especially, in which the "massacre de la Rue Transnonain" took place. The soldiers were fired upon from one or more of the houses in this street. The next morning's record said, in words deeply imprinted on my memory, "*Tout ce qui se trouvait dans la maison fût passé au fil de l'épée*," — All that were found in the house were put to the edge of the sword. — It was a fearful thought that such Old Testament proceedings were going on in the streets of a Christian city where one was living, but *noomero sankont sank Roo Mónshur ler Pranse* and the Café Procope were not disturbed by the rising, which was made short work of. I visited the Morgue the next day, and saw the bodies of numerous victims of the outbreak.

I was in Switzerland at the time of Fieschi's murderous exploit. News travelled slowly in those days. There were telegraphs in France, it is true, but they consisted of a simple mechanism like a letter T, with movable limbs, placed on some high building. I was living near the great Church of St. Sulpice, and used often to see one of these machines in operation, posturing like a slowly moving jumping-jack. The citizen king was thought to use it for his private ends, as was insinuated in paragraphs like this: "A heavy fog prevented telegraphic communications yesterday. — Certain great personages are said to have made large profits by a sudden rise in the funds." Before I returned to Paris the Fieschi murders were an old story, and his trial and execution did not take place until February, 1836, after I had returned to America. So I missed that great Parisian event, except in the newspapers I fell in with while travelling.

I cannot help remembering the oc-

currences which took place at home while I was in Europe. A few months after the massacre of the Rue Transnonain, in which, in one house at least, Number 12, no human being, old person or infant, well or languishing in bed, was spared, — only a few months after this horror occurred the barbarous burning of the Charlestown convent. A few months after the terrible Fieschi murders, Boston was disgraced by the Garrison mob. I did not feel the excitement of those who witnessed these outrages; they reached me deadened in some measure by distance, coming in broken and sometimes contradictory reports, at intervals and at a time when my thoughts were engrossed by laborious duties. I have always regretted that I was not at home to share the holy indignation which these atrocities called forth, as I hope I should have done.

Among the scraps which my memory has preserved by its own selective action are phrases and verses that have nothing, perhaps, in themselves, but which saw fit to fasten themselves to my recollection as the stray tufts of wool hold to the bramble. The name of François Berton, the musical composer, is, I fear, well-nigh forgotten. He died of cholera the year before I reached Paris, and there was a benefit, or something of that nature, for the relief of those he left after him. Why I should be able to recall the opening lines of a poem recited on the occasion, — I, who cannot remember my own verses, — I am unable to explain, but this is the way it began (errors excepted, of course): —

*"Un fléau d'affreuse mémoire
Naguère épouvantait Paris;
Vertu, talens, beauté, gloire,
Rien ne pût le fléchir, il fut sourd à nos cris. —
François Berton, tenant sa lyre,
Tomba anéanti sous ses coups;
Ses derniers chants, enfans de son délire,
L'infortuné les modulait pour vous."*

This was the beginning of a poem written to be heard once and read the next morning. Very probably no one living,

but myself, has the least recollection of it.

This I happened to retain, but how much else I have forgotten! What had I to do with literature?—trudging to and from hospitals; tramping with a crowd of students, of various nationalities, through long halls, from bedside to bedside; standing on the cold stone floors of the apartment where the secrets of fatal disease were laid open to the eyes of science; living in an atmosphere scented by the infragrant flora of the pharmacopœia. I might have seen and talked with Châteaubriand and Lamartine, with Béranger, with Balzac, with Victor Hugo, with George Sand, with Alfred de Musset; I might have heard Berryer speak from the tribune, and seen Delacroix paint in his studio. If I could live those two years of Paris over again, I should have a very different record from this; but I did my work, such as it was.

If I was not a great theatre-goer, there were two attractions I always yielded to. The first was the quays, where I could mouse for old books, and where I now and then picked up an Aldus or an Elzevir, or some curious work on medicine or alchemy. Hunting for these was a very pleasant and even exciting occupation. It is a bloodless kind of sport; the element of uncertainty makes it fascinating. I am almost afraid to say it, but sometimes when, looking from my window, I have seen a *chiffonnier*, with his lamp, his basket, and his hook, attacking a virgin heap of refuse, the sagacious implement transfixing its destined object as the falcon's beak strikes its quarry, I have thought that he might have as much happiness with his *crochet* as many a sportsman finds in his rod or his gun.

My other favorite haunt was the gallery of the Louvre. One might spend a lifetime there, and wish it could be longer. I do not know that there would be any great advantage in mentioning the pic-

tures and statues which have lasted longest in the memory of an untrained lover of art. The process of natural selection has made up my little ideal gallery. It was not always the merit of the picture which fixed it. I doubt, for instance, if among the more modern pictures that melodramatic one of the Deluge—of course I am not thinking of Poussin's picture—would take a very high rank, but my recollection of it is singularly vivid. It would be more interesting to me than to my reader to see what changes my taste has undergone in half a century, and I hope I may have a chance to test it in the long gallery of the Louvre. One thing I am sure of: my allegiance to the Venus of Milo, which had been but a few years in the Museum when I saw it, has not changed, and can be no more ardent now than it was in those early times when I had heard very little about it.

Among the churches of Paris, my peculiar favorite was Saint Etienne du Mont. It was in the way of my morning walk to and from the Hospital of La Pitié, and I was fond of stepping inside, especially on my return from the morning's visit, and looking around the beautiful interior; admiring the pulpit and the figures about the organ, and reading the inscriptions on the walls. But with what different eyes I should look upon the tablet which bears the name of Blaise Pascal! I am afraid I never read the *Lettres Provinciales* or the *Pensées* until Agassiz, not long after the publication of a book of mine, told me that he thought I should enjoy Pascal, and I soon became well acquainted with his writings. I have such perfect photographs of the interior of Saint Etienne that I know it almost as well as my own library. Can it be that the slender tapers have been burning round that dark sarcophagus all these long years since I stood by its railing?

Once more to stray into the vast soli-

tudes of Saint Eustache at the twilight hour, and hear its mighty organ roll out its sounding billows beneath the lofty arches! Once more to read the ancient legends on the monuments of Saint Germain des Près; to face the square towers and pass under the sculptured portal of Notre Dame; to look up at the soaring roof of the Sainte Chapelle; to stand beneath the mighty dome of the Pantheon, made doubly famous since the time when I last looked upon it by the sublime experiment of Foucault!

Among the striking events which occurred during my residence in Paris was the fatal duel between General Bugeaud, a deputy, and his colleague, Dulong. Words spoken in the Chamber were taken up by the press, and made so much of that the general thought himself obliged to call out the civilian. They were to stand at forty paces and advance towards each other, firing when they chose. The general fired almost immediately, and his ball struck his adversary in the forehead. Single combats affect the imagination more powerfully than the conflict of masses; Achilles and Hector, David and Goliath, the Constitution and the Guerrière, the Chesapeake and the Shannon, the Monitor and the Merrimack, — the story of these combats is never out of our memories.

The Gazette des Tribunaux was on our table at the café, and was full of stories which one could hardly help reading, and sometimes remembering. Among these was the trial of a lieutenant in the army, M. de La Roncière. I read this, as everybody did, but without dreaming that I should ever write a romance and use one of its incidents, as I did in *Elsie Venner*.

I was one day walking with a French fellow-student in the Palais Royal, when my attention was drawn to a singular figure. I had noticed this personage before, and it was hardly possible to pass him without taking a second look,

and wondering who and what he could be. "Who is that man?" I asked my companion.

"*Celui là? Vous ne savez pas? C'est CHODRUC DUCLOS!*" *Chodruc Duclos*, — that did not teach me a great deal, but the name remained with me. A tall man he was; *ancien militaire*, to judge by his appearance; in the last stage of proud and shabby decadence, buttoned tight up to the throat in a frock coat, long worn and shiny, — a calyx of old broadcloth without a petal of linen visible; solitary, silent, haughty, recognizing neither man nor woman, recognized by none. Every day saw him pacing the gallery of the Palais Royal, and all strangers asked, as I did, Who is that tall, beggarly, king-like vagabond in the shocking hat and pauper clothing, walking back and forth as if he owned the royal demesnes?

And this is all I knew about him until within the last year or two. I looked in all the biographies, and could not find his name. Once I saw it mentioned in one of Victor Hugo's novels, but only incidentally. I never lost my curiosity about him, but I had almost given him up when I unearthed him in the great Dictionary of Larousse. There must have been romances written about him, one would think. The reader may know some tale founded upon his life, — nothing was ever more inviting. Here is an outline of the career of the gaunt, poverty-stricken spectre of the Palais Royal:

The "*modern Diogenes*," as the writer of the sketch of his life calls him, was born at Bordeaux, nobody knows when, and nobody would have liked to ask him. A royalist, anti-republican, anti-Bonapartist, he became a soldier, was taken prisoner, escaped, and returned to Bordeaux, where his bravery and his personal beauty gained him the name of *Duclos THE SUPERB*. Plots, imprisonment, escapes, adventures of all kinds, followed in rapid succession. He killed a prison officer who had been rude to

him by breaking a pitcher on his head. Armed with cool audacity and a couple of pistols, he walked up to the captain of gendarmes, who had been sent to arrest him. The officer all at once remembered something which he had forgotten, and turned back to go after it. He had the misfortune to kill the young Marquis de Larochejaquelein in a duel, and incurred the hostility of the powerful family to which the young nobleman belonged. Louis Eighteenth said, when applied to by them, "Duclos has been too useful to me that I should harm him, but I will never bestow any favor upon him."

Returning to Paris, he met with disappointment and humiliation. He wanted to be a Marshal of France, and was offered a captaincy, which he rejected with scorn. After this he became the Timon which he was at the time I saw him. For sixteen years he paced the gallery of the Palais Royal, regularly every day, from four in the afternoon to ten in winter, from two o'clock until midnight in summer. He dressed like a pauper, as a reproach to the ingratitude of his superiors. He carried his personal negligence so far at one time as to outrage propriety, and was put in jail for a fortnight to teach him decency. Poor as he was, he had enough to keep body and soul together, and after his daily promenade he used to retire to a little kennel in the Rue Pierre Lescot, throw down a franc on the table, take his candle, and stretch himself on his pallet for the night.

Such was the career of Chodruc Duclos, the Superb, who in his earlier days had been "the bugbear and the terror of husbands in virtue of his extraordinary strength and skill with his weapon, and the darling of women for his brilliant address and the proportions and beauty of his Antinous-like figure." On the 11th of October, 1842, he was missed at the Palais Royal. He lay dead on his pallet, in his obscure hiding-place.

These are some of the fragments tossed to the surface in the whirlpool of memory. They have been drawn ashore to these pages almost without selection. Most of them came from the shallower portions of the current, as the reader notices. That is apt to be the way with memory: it lets the ponderous events of life sink far into its depths, and brings to light the lesser incidents, the picturesque trivialities, which seem hardly worth the labor of the vortex.

After all, it was the new life of Paris, following that of Cambridge, Andover, Boston, which was the enchantment, the intoxication. Her streets were not of gold, her gates were not of pearl, and her boulevards were not trodden by white-winged angels. But she blended old relics, reeking with historical memories and modern splendors such as no other city could show the sun in his daily visit of inspection. I was met everywhere by the unexpected: *Di-manche* was so different from a New England "Sabbath;" the Seine was so much fuller of strange sights than the Charles; the Pont Neuf was so much more lively than West Boston bridge; the extremes of life were so much more vivid to look upon than a comparatively level mass of mediocrity; the grandiose was so refreshing after the snug and comfortable; and perhaps I ought to say the change from the dreary abodes of disease and death, where I passed many hours of my day, to the palaces and gardens and galleries of the other side of the river, — all this, and so much more, and three and twenty, — can you not understand and pardon the levity of my witty friend and companion, who said that "good Bostonians, when they die, go to Paris"?

My work in Paris was relieved by two vacations. In each of these I took journeys with pleasant friends as my companions.

If I were writing my autobiography, each of these visits might claim a some-

what extended notice. But at this time I will only refer to a few experiences and impressions. The awful remembrance of climbing the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg is one of the most memorable. I felt sure it was swaying in the wind like a reed, and said so at the time. Long afterwards I found that the fact had been recognized, and made the subject of a memoir in a French periodical. As I looked down on the roof, with its flying buttresses like the ribs of some pre-mastodon, to whom the mammoth was as a mouse, my heart sank within me, like the Queen of Sheba's. All this was first built in the brain of a frail being, human like myself. All this immensity and grandeur reaches my consciousness through these two little rings no bigger than the capital O! which expresses my wonder.

Down the Rhine to Rotterdam. Many marvellous paintings I saw in Holland, but one held me so that I could not get away from it, — Van der Helst's great portrait-picture of the municipal guard. I have some Batavian blood in my veins, and it may be that I have a relative or two among these hearty and ruddy burghers. The portraits of the old professors at Leyden interested me. I, too, was an old professor, in embryo, but I did not know it. I never knew much about them until, in after years, I picked up a copy of the *Athenæ Batavæ*, of Meursius, where I found many of their portraits reproduced, with memoirs. Countless windmills, endless meadows, party-colored cows grazing on them, make up three quarters of the hasty traveller's Holland. One strange thing I saw there, which I learn has disappeared from the streets of the cities, namely, *sleds*, as we should call them, each with a cask of water dribbling upon the stones of the pavement before the runners, so that they might slip easily over them. And so good-by to the land of William the Silent, of Barneveldt, of Grotius, of Erasmus, of Van

Tromp and De Ruyter, and of Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, whose name makes me think he may have been of the same race as myself, unless philology or criticism shall prove me an offshoot of the Vandals.

A visit to Holland before going over to England is like a lunch before a dinner. A small steamer took us from Rotterdam across the Channel, and we found ourselves in the capital of England and of the world.

The great sight in London is — London. No man understands himself as an infinitesimal until he has been a drop in that ocean, a grain of sand on that sea-margin, a mote in its sunbeam, or the fog or smoke which stands for it; in plainer phrase, a unit among its millions.

I had two letters to persons in England: one to kind and worthy Mr. Petty Vaughan, who asked me to dinner; one to pleasant Mr. William Clift, conservator of the Hunterian Museum, who asked me to tea. These were my chief social relations with England during this visit.

To Westminster Abbey. What a pity it could not borrow from Paris the towers of Notre Dame! But the glory of its interior made up for this shortcoming. Among the monuments, one to my namesake, Rear Admiral C. H., a handsome young man, standing by a cannon. He accompanied Wolfe in his expedition which resulted in the capture of Quebec. Dryden has immortalized him, in the *Annus Mirabilis*, as

“the Achates of the general's fight.”

My relative, I will take it for granted, as I find him in Westminster Abbey. Camden tells us how we got our name: “*Holme*, plaine grassie ground upon water sides or in the water. S is ioyned to most now, as *Manors*, *Knoles* — *Gates* — *Thornes*, *Holmes*,” etc. Blood is thicker than water, — and warmer than marble, I said to myself, as I laid my hand on the cold stone image of my once famous namesake.

To the Tower, to see the lions, — of all sorts. There I found a "poor relation," who made my acquaintance without introduction. A large baboon, or ape, — some creature of that family, — was sitting at the open door of his cage, when I gave him offence by approaching too near and inspecting him too narrowly. He made a spring at me, and if the keeper had not pulled me back would have treated me unhandsomely, like a quadrumanous rough, as he was. He succeeded in stripping my waistcoat of its buttons, as one would strip a peapod of its peas.

To Vauxhall Gardens. All Americans went there in those days as they go to Madame Tussaud's in these times. There were fireworks and an exhibition of polar scenery. "Mr. Collins, the English PAGANINI," treated us to music on his violin. A comic singer gave us a song, of which I remember the line, —

"You'll find it is in the agony bill."

This referred to a bill proposed by Sir Andrew Agnew, a noted Scotch Sabbatarian agitator.

To the Opera to hear Grisi. The king, William the Fourth, was in his box; also the Princess Victoria, with the Duchess of Kent. The king tapped with his white-gloved hand on the ledge of the box when he was pleased with the singing. — To a morning concert and heard the real Paganini. To one of the lesser theatres and heard a monologue by the elder Mathews, who died a year or two after this time. To another theatre, where I saw Liston in Paul Pry. Is it not a relief that I am abstaining from description of what everybody has heard described?

To Windsor. Woman forgot to give me change for a shilling, in buying some of her strawberries. England owes me sixpence. How one remembers what people owe him! Machinery to the left of the road. Recognized it instantly, by recollection of the plate in Rees's Cyclopædia, as Herschel's great

telescope. — Oxford. Saw only its outside. I knew no one there, and no one knew me. — Blenheim, — the Titians.

The great Derby day of the Epsom races. Went to the race with a coach-load of friends and acquaintances. Plenipotentiary, the winner, "rode by P. Connelly." So says Herring's picture of him, now before me. Sorrel, a great "bullock" of a horse, who easily beat the twenty-two that started. Every New England deacon ought to see one Derby day to learn what sort of a world this is he lives in. Man is a sporting as well as a praying animal.

Stratford on Avon. Emotions, but no scribbling of name on wall. — Warwick. The castle. A village festival, "The Opening of the Meadows," a true exhibition of the semi-barbarism which had come down from Saxon times. — Yorkshire. "The Hangman's Stone." Story told in my book called *The Autocrat*, etc. York Cathedral. — Northumberland. Alnwick Castle. The figures on the walls which so frightened my man John when he ran away from Scotland in his boyhood.

Berwick on Tweed. A regatta going on; a very pretty show. — Scotland. Most to be remembered the incomparable loveliness of Edinburgh. — Stirling. The view of the Links of Forth from the castle. The whole country full of the romance of history and poetry. Made one acquaintance in Scotland, Dr. Robert Knox, who asked my companion and myself to breakfast. That makes four entertainments to which I was treated in Great Britain: breakfast with Dr. Knox; lunch with Mrs. Macadam, — the dear old lady gave me bread, and not a stone; dinner with Mr. Vaughan; tea with Mr. Clift, — for all which attentions I was then and am still grateful, for they were more than I had any claim to expect. Fascinated with Edinburgh. Strolls by Salisbury Crag; to the top of Arthur's Seat; delight of looking up at the grand old castle, of

looking down on Holyrood Palace, of watching the groups on Calton Hill, wandering in the quaint old streets and sauntering on the sidewalks of the noble avenues, even at that time adding beauty to the new city. The weeks I spent in Edinburgh are among the most memorable of my European experiences.

To the Highlands, to the Lakes, in short excursions; to Glasgow, seen to disadvantage under gray skies and with slippery pavements. Through England rapidly to Dover and to Calais, where I found the name of M. Dessein still belonging to the hotel I sought, and where I read Sterne's "Preface written in a désobligeante," sitting in the vehicle most like one that I could find in the stable. Through Calais back to Paris, where I began working again.

In my next summer's excursion, in 1835, three days and nights in the diligence carried us to Geneva. The sight of the mountains and the lakes was a new education to the senses and a new world to the soul. It always seemed to me to have stretched the horizon of thought so that it never came back to its original dimensions. Wordsworth

and, after him, Byron have illustrated the incompetence of words to describe Alpine scenery:—

"High mountains
Were to me as a feeling."

They intrude themselves into the mind, and become, as it were, a part of it for all coming time.

If Switzerland touched the deepest chord in my consciousness, a solemn bass note which Nature had never before set in vibration, Italy reached a string which returned a keener and higher note than any to which my inward sense had before responded. Italy, more especially Rome, leaves after it an infinite longing which haunts the soul forever.

"Aimable Italie,
Sagesse ou folie
Jamais, jamais ne t'oublie
Qui t'a vue un jour!"

If I should visit Switzerland and Italy again, I may revive my early impressions as a foil for more recent ones. But this somewhat gossiping, if not garrulous, paper has been spun out long enough, and I will leave my patient, or perhaps impatient, reader to follow out my reference to these two enchanted regions by the aid of his guide-books.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AT VARIANCE.

THROUGH the frost, and the cold, and the passion
Of winter's despair;
With the Earth buried deep in her shroud, and the raving
Of storms in the air;
Unheeding the gloom, or the shock of the tempest,
Or any wild thing,
I sang, and was glad and triumphant;
In my heart it was spring.

But now in a white world of blossoms,
Wing-haunted and sweet;
A wind blowing light o'er the orchard, and waving
The grass at my feet;

The song of a bird overhead, — I listen,
 And look, and am dumb;
 For lo! in my heart of unreason
 The winter has come.

Cara W. Bronson.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

FIRST PAPER.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

It may be taken as typical of the present writer's intentions in these papers that he has felt uncertain which of the two nationalities he would put first in the title, and that the question has been settled by a mere consideration of euphony. If the reader cares to try the experiment of saying "English and French," and then "French and English" afterwards, he will find that the latter glides the more glibly from the tongue. There is a tonic accent at the beginning of the word "English" and a dying away at the end of it which are very convenient in the last word of a title. "French," on the other hand, comes to a dead stop, in a manner too abrupt to be agreeable.

The supercilious critic will say that I am making over-much of a small matter, but he may allow me to explain why I put the Frenchmen first, lest I be accused of a lack of patriotism. These chapters are not, however, to be written from what is usually considered a patriotic point of view; they are not to be simply an exposition of the follies and sins of another nation for the comparative glorification of my own; nor are they to be examples of what Herbert Spencer has aptly called "anti-patriotism," which is the systematic setting-down of one's own countrymen by a comparison with the superior qualities

of the foreigner. I should like to write with complete impartiality, if it were possible. It is at least possible to write with the desire to be impartial.

Not even the most impartial writer can ever succeed in seeing all things quite from a cosmopolitan point of view. We cannot divest ourselves of our personality, and impersonality includes the hereditary national instincts and feelings. It would not be desirable, if it were possible, to divest ourselves of these. Every Englishman who writes with any force is sure to write not only English words, but English opinions also.

Still, there is an inevitable difference between the Englishman who has always been surrounded by English things and the Englishman who has been surrounded for a long time by foreign things. The first is apt to fall into the common delusion of supposing that all around him is not only right according to English custom, but absolutely right, so that it could not rightly be otherwise; the second has at least had a chance of disengaging, in English customs, what is national from what is universally and inevitably human.

To know two nations intimately is a valuable experience, because it supplies a term of comparison for everything. Whatever the English do is either left undone by the French, or done differently by them. If it is left undone, we may observe the consequences of the omission, and so ascertain whether the thing

has only a national or a more general utility. If the thing is done differently in France, then we have a valuable opportunity for comparing two ways of doing it when we knew of only one before.

These opportunities are especially frequent in England and France, because the two countries are so extremely unlike each other. Except in some minor matters, English usage has not been derived from France, nor French usage from England. Each nation has formed its own customs by a national growth and development, determined for it by its own character and circumstances.

This independence in the formation of usage has probably been one of the strongest reasons for the intense and jealous hatred with which the two nations regarded each other in times past, as we all know that there is nothing that human beings (especially when in a low state of culture) are so little disposed to tolerate as divergences of custom.

In the present day, the English and French can scarcely be said to hate each other, with the exception of some old-fashioned people on both sides the Channel, who understand patriotism in the old way, as an injunction to hate your neighbor and never to forgive his trespasses; but although hatred of the fiercer sort has died away, there remains a fund of quiet malevolence and much jealousy which unscrupulous rulers might easily provoke into hostility.

Every attempt, however humble, to make different nations understand each other better is, in its degree, an impediment to future war; and so perhaps these pages may have a feeble influence in preserving, at any rate, the sort of ill-natured peace which at present subsists between the two great Western powers. A more cordial peace might be desirable, were it not that anything like warm friendship between nations is a condition of things that makes each of them so ready to take offense that a cooler state

is the less dangerous of the two. By a most extraordinary persistence of good luck, the peace between France and England has been unbroken for more than seventy years, and the preservation of it has been certainly due to the influence of a small class of people, who know both nations well enough to counteract in some degree the malevolence natural to rivals.

The reader will observe that I use the pronoun "they" equally for both nations, — that I do not say "we" for the English and "they" for the French, as most English writers would do. This is in consequence of a decision deliberately arrived at. The use of the same pronoun in both cases is a great help to impartiality; and as I happen to be addressing an American audience, there is this additional reason, that my reader will think of the English as "they," though they are nearer to him by blood and language than the French.

II.

THAT TRUE PATRIOTISM DOES NOT CONSIST IN BEING UNJUST TO OTHER NATIONS.

I have been lectured sometimes on my lack of patriotism, and fully expect that the accusation will be repeated with reference to these papers. There is a kind of patriotism which appears to me only suitable to the most crude and ignorant minds, — the patriotism which accepts with credulous avidity whatever can be discovered or invented to the disparagement of the rival state. This patriotism is the delight of the ignorant, and it keeps them permanently in the condition of ignorance which they prefer. To me it seems entirely unsatisfying, for if I have not ascertained to my own satisfaction the *truth* of the accusation against the foreigner, it must be a hollow semblance of satisfaction at the best. But beyond this, if it were really

proved that the foreigner were abominable, how and in what should I be the better for it? It would be a saddening fact, if it were a fact, that English people were the only decent people on the planet. My patriotism feels hurt when English people fall below a certain standard, but there is nothing to hurt it when I learn that a foreign state is advancing in civilization.

To prevent misunderstanding, let me declare frankly that there is a kind of patriotism which no Englishman can possess to a greater degree than I claim to do, — the patriotism which desires the real good of our country as distinguished from the hollow gratification of her vanity. It is not really a good thing to domineer over subject races. The common Englishman can get little good out of the consciousness that, in his name, somebody is lording it over ten Hindoos, or slaying a Soudan Arab, or burning a Zulu's hut; but it would be much for the common Englishman to feel that he was living in a country where his chances of decent existence were as good, at least, as they could be anywhere else. My patriotism desires *that* for him, and the desire includes of necessity a position of such military and naval strength as to insure the most complete security and independence. This for the common Englishman; but there are also many rich Englishmen, and for these something more than simply decent existence may reasonably be desired. For them shall we ask more horses, more servants, more extensive shootings? Nay, they have enough of these and to spare, so let us wish them "neither riches for themselves nor the life of their enemies," but "understanding to discern judgment," that they may meet the difficulties of the future.

It is with nations as with individuals. The best of gifts, the best thing we can desire for them, is wisdom, provided only that they have power enough, liberty enough, to carry their wisdom into

practice. But I began by wishing for England complete security, with sufficient wealth for the well-being of her population. Wisdom and well-being, then, are the two blessings I desire for my country, and to desire these for her is the beginning and end of my patriotism.

After that comes a sentiment of a larger patriotism, felt already by a few, and which is destined to take year by year a larger place in the feelings of educated men.

Looking beyond our own frontiers, we may come to desire sincerely, by human sympathy only, that other nations should enjoy prosperity and happiness. In this way it was a satisfaction to the English that Italy was able to constitute herself. This sympathetic feeling has now become very general with regard to those foreign countries that we are not jealous of; but when jealousy interferes, the kindly desire for the prosperity of others is not yet strong enough to overcome it. There is, however, a reasonable and an unreasonable jealousy. For example, it is a reasonable wish on the part of the French that England should never become a great military power; and it is, I think, a reasonable jealousy that makes some Englishmen displeased at the increasing strength of the French navy. The two nations may be reasonably jealous of each other's power, but such jealousy would never lead rational men in either country to accept untrue, depreciatory statements with regard to the army or navy of the other. Unreasonable jealousy, on the other hand, does not simply take the form of desiring that a rival power should remain in a condition of military inferiority; it enters into a thousand details of ordinary civil existence, and incessantly depreciates what the people in the other country do in the common affairs of life. More than this, it receives and circulates with eagerness innumerable falsehoods concerning the rival people and their ways of life. Or it does what is even

worse than receiving a falsehood that can be simply and easily refuted: it gets hold of some evil thing which is partly true of the rival nation, and affects to believe that it is generally applicable. In this way every Englishwoman drinks, and every married Frenchwoman is an adulteress.

Now, in my view, this kind of feeling is not necessary to true patriotism, but there are numbers of people in England and France who are convinced that there is a staunch patriotic virtue in believing all evil of one's neighbor. In this way the most uncharitable sentiments are kept up, and ideas which are as destitute of truth as they are of charity take root and flourish in both countries.

III.

HOW TO WRITE BRILLIANTLY ABOUT A FOREIGN COUNTRY.

The art consists simply in flattering the patriotic jealousy of your readers by a remorseless satire on the foreigner. As there is always much that is ridiculous in every country, and a fearful amount of most real and undeniable evil besides, you have only to show up one or the other in the pitiless glare of day. A fine contrast may be produced by hiding your own faults and exhibiting those of your neighbor.

The foreigner may be effectively dealt with in two ways. He may be made to appear either ridiculous or wicked. The satire may be humorous, or it may be bitter and severe. The French, with their lighter temperament, take pleasure in making the Englishman absurd. The English, on their part, though by no means refusing themselves the satisfaction of laughing at their neighbors, are not disinclined to assume a loftier tone. It is not so much what is obviously ridiculous in French people that repels as that which cannot be described without a graver reprobation.

A writer cannot acquire experience in his profession without discovering that the spirit of justice is the greatest of all hindrances to effect. *Just* writing does not amuse, but malevolence can easily be made entertaining. What is less obvious is that Justice often puts her veto on those fine effects of simulated indignation which the literary advocate knows to be of such great professional utility. It is a fine thing to have an opportunity for condemning a whole nation in one terribly comprehensive sentence. The literary moralist puts on his most dignified manner when he can deplore the wickedness of thirty million human beings. It is ennobling to feel yourself better and greater than thirty millions, and the reader too has a fine sense of superiority in being encouraged to look down upon such a multitude. Justice comes in and says, "But there are exceptions, and they are too numerous to be passed over." "That may be," replies the Genius of Brilliant Literature, "but if I stop to consider these I shall lose all breadth of effect. Lights will creep into my black shadows, and I shall no longer appall with gloom. I want the most telling oppositions. The interests of art take precedence over commonplace veracity."

And there is such tempting safety in effective untruth about foreigners! A clever Frenchman who sets to work to compose a caustic, superficial book about the English or the Germans is well aware that his readers will never study any answer to his statements. He knows that the secret of success is to make the foreigner either odious or ridiculous. It is not long since a Frenchman wrote two silly little books about the English, treating them in that lively style which is always sure of popularity. Nearly at the same time, another Frenchman, more careful and more serious, published a volume on the same subject, which, though it contained a few unintentional errors, was on the whole likely to

be instructive and useful to his countrymen. The flippant little books had an enormous sale; the instructive book had but a moderate circulation. The rule holds good for a paragraph or a sentence as well as for a volume. An unjust brief paragraph, with a sting in it, has a far better chance of being remembered than a duller but more accurate statement of the truth.

And yet, delightful as may be the pleasures of malice and uncharitableness, there is a far deeper and more delicate satisfaction in knowing the exact truth. The pleasures of uncharitableness must always be alloyed by the secret misgiving that the foreigner may possibly, in reality, not be quite so faulty as we describe him and as we wish him to be. But the pleasure of knowing the truth for its own sake is a satisfaction, without any other alloy than the feeling of regret that the truth should often be no better than it is. This regret has its compensations. The truth sometimes turns out to be an enjoyable surprise.

IV.

MUTUAL FEELING BETWEEN FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

It has already been observed that there is a reasonable and an unreasonable international jealousy. That which exists between France and England is both reasonable and unreasonable, according to the natures of the people who entertain it. In all cases it is very strong.

I cannot think it unreasonable in either country to look with some frank and honest jealousy on the general greatness of the other. Here we see two great nations, two nations which before the rise of Russia and the United States were unquestionably the greatest in the world, so near to each other that on a clear day their shores are visible at the

same time; and even now, after centuries of rivalry, they are so nearly matched in strength that it would take a long war to determine the superiority of either. Try to imagine a French general surrounding London with his troops: the idea is inconceivable; one cannot see how he is to get them there. And now try to imagine an English army, without Continental allies, surrounding Paris with a ring of iron, as the Germans did: the idea is as inconceivable as the other; one cannot see how the English army is to reach Paris. Could it land? And if it landed, could it get as far as Amiens?

In the arts of peace and in the wealth that sustains them, the two countries are comparable to each other in this way: that the superiority on one side in some specialty is generally compensated by an equivalent superiority on the other side in some different specialty. Reasonable jealousy on each side is extremely anxious to prevent the other nation from taking the lead, but unreasonable jealousy utterly denies that the rival has any rank whatever in those arts where her superiority is not so manifest as to be absolutely unassailable.

As an example I may mention the way in which the jealousy of vulgar French patriotism treats English endeavor in the fine arts. The vulgar Frenchman confounds artists of the most opposite kinds, attributes to them principles which they do not themselves either profess or act upon, and then condemns them without mercy as ignorant sciolists in art. "The English," he says, "have no painters." He can say this, because English greatness in art is not recognized on the Continent, like her commercial and manufacturing greatness, and because the French school has for some time been the most influential of the modern schools. The French also say that the English have no musical composers, because English composers do not enjoy the world-wide

fame of Beethoven and Mozart. There is a difficulty about denying the rank of England in literature, and it is not attempted.

The English, on their side, cannot deny that the French have a living school of painters and a living theatre, but they can say, "There is no university in France," and "There are no scholars in France," there being no such institution as a French Oxford.

In these and a hundred ways, the international jealousy is continually betraying itself. It is not serious enough in the present day to produce war, but it permeates the entire thinking of each nation concerning the other.

I have never been able to determine in which nation the feeling of jealousy is the stronger. It varies in intensity from time to time, as circumstances happen to excite it. Possibly it may be more on the surface in France and deeper in England. French jealousy is ready to express itself on trifling as well as important occasions. English jealousy is more taciturn, but unceasingly watchful.

The jealousy aroused in France by the occupation of Egypt was at one time of considerable force, and has diminished only since a pleasing consolation came in the shape of the English disappointment in the Soudan. The English, on their part, betrayed deep feeling about Tonquin and Madagascar, but their sense of pious horror at French rapacity was soothed by exercising a little British rapacity in Burmah.

Enough has been said about jealousy for the present, especially as we may have to recur to the subject. Let us now turn to another question. Do the French and the English respect each other?

There are two qualities in the English that intelligent Frenchmen respect most heartily and desire to see acclimatized in France. The first is the art of adapting the system of government to

the changing needs of the nation without convulsive disturbance; and the second is the skill of English statesmen in the management of their foreign affairs,—a skill which on the whole has had these results, that either England has meddled in Continental matters in such a way as to obtain the results she desired, or else, when she could not compass them, she has been prudent enough to abstain from meddling. Therefore, on the whole, England's foreign policy has been either successful or safe, whereas that of France has on various critical occasions been first a perilous adventure, and then a disastrous failure. Intelligent Frenchmen respect England for this superiority, and endeavor to imitate it by having a constitution that can be modified and by following a prudent policy abroad. I do not perceive that French people respect the English for those eminent virtues to which the English lay claim, or that they greatly believe in the validity of the claim.

The English, on the other hand, often admire the cleverness of the French, but they do not respect them, except in special cases. The exceptions generally belong to the arts and sciences. An Englishman who is a good judge of work in some specialty will respect a Frenchman who shows great skill in that direction. English painters, for example, sometimes express hearty respect for the discipline to which French painters subject themselves; or an English writer may respect the brightness and vigor of a Frenchman's prose, or the perfection of his dramatic skill. The same regard is felt by Englishmen eminent in science for Frenchmen who have done good scientific service. But in these cases it is more the quality of the work that is respected than the character of the nation.

The difficulty with which the English can be brought to respect the French may be partly explicable by their difficulty in respecting foreigners in general,

unless they have been dead for a long time, like Homer and Virgil, or are invested with a sacred character, like Moses and Isaiah.

It may be farther elucidated by the peculiar condition of the English mind with regard to respect and contempt generally. This is a subject of considerable intricacy, which cannot be properly treated in a few words; but I may observe here that although the English are said to be a deferential people, and have, no doubt, the habit of deference for certain distinctions, they are at the same time an eminently contemptuous people, a people remarkably in the habit of despising, even within the limits of their own island. Their habit of contempt is tranquil, but it is almost constant, and they dwell with difficulty in that middle or neutral state which neither reverences nor despises. Consequently, when there is not some very special reason for feeling deference towards a foreigner, the Englishman is likely to despise him.

The French, on the other hand, are generally less disposed both to the feelings of respect and of contempt. They look upon the world with an easier indifference, not much respecting anybody or anything, but ready enough to acknowledge the merits and qualities of people and things that are not the best. The French are severe critics only where there is great pretension; they regard ordinary, unpretending people and things with a good-humored indulgence. When there is much pretension, their leveling instinct makes them ready to *debellare superbos*. It is a remarkable proof of the substantial strength of Victor Hugo's reputation that a man of such immense vanity, such boundless pretension, should have been able to get himself taken at his own estimate in France. Napoleon III., although he had at his

disposal the theatrical machinery of imperial state, was never able to win any real deference.

V.

ON SOME EFFECTS OF GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION.

England and France have the two most favorable situations in Europe, except that they cannot easily increase their European territory.

The confinement of England to one narrow island, with a smaller island close to it which is inhabited by a hostile and alien race,¹ has driven the English people to that peculiar form of expansion which has formed the subject of Professor Seeley's very interesting and instructive lectures. But, after reading them with the care that they deserve, a troublesome doubt came over me. Is it really expansion, after all? Is it not rather propagation? In physics a body is said to expand when it increases in volume, and Littré tells us that the primitive sense of "propagation" is planting afresh, whence planting by slips. Therefore I should say, with all due deference to a much superior authority on the subject, that England has become great by propagation, just because her narrow and fixed geographical boundary made expansion impossible for her. In connection with this subject I remember vaguely an interesting speech by Mr. Gladstone, delivered some time ago, in which he recognized, as the distinction between England and Russia, that annexation by the extension of frontier, which was possible for Russia, was quite different from annexation by crossing the sea, which was all that an insular nation could do. And travelers tell us that the territories absorbed by Russia become with remarkable rapidity a part of Russia, whereas nobody says that but it is useless to deny the plain fact that the Irish are hostile and alien, whatever they may become in the future.

¹ The Irish talk and write as if they considered themselves foreigners with regard to England. Like most other Englishmen, I should be glad to see them as fraternal as our brethren the Scotch,

India is a part of England; and we are only hoping that Australia and New Zealand may be parts, not of the mother country, but of a great confederation.

Another excellent example is the case of the United States, where the extension of the frontier has increased the mother country in such a manner that nobody talks of America's *colonies*, they have so rapidly become part of herself. We all see that if the Western colonies had been separated by an ocean from the Eastern colonizing States, they would have remained colonial, and simply attached to a mother country.

Therefore, notwithstanding the wonderful propagation of the English race, we see that the real Britain is confined by the sea, and confined within narrow limits. France is not confined by the same physical boundary, but there are ethnological limits almost equally restricting. France has not, like the Eastern American States, a great unoccupied territory to expand in. If she would expand her frontiers, it can only be by subjugating populations which would offer strenuous resistance, and on her eastern frontier, at least, the resistance could not be overcome.

France and England are therefore in much the same condition with regard to the possibility of expansion.¹ The only case of real expansion in recent French history has been the annexation of Savoy. That increase of territory was a genuine national growth, for Savoy very quickly became an integral part of France.

In all European countries the military situation is of enormous importance to the happiness of both rich and poor inhabitants. At first sight that of England appears incomparably superior to that of France, as England is a natural fortress surrounded by its ditch; but on

further examination this superiority is seen to be connected with a cause of inferiority to France. A fortress is tenable only so long as its provisions hold out, and the soil of England cannot maintain the population. The people in the fortress maintain themselves partly by what they cultivate, but also in great part by what they purchase outside with the results of their industry. The condition of France is more favorable in this respect. If France were cut off from all communication with the rest of the world, she would still be able to exist on the produce of her soil, missing only luxuries, and not many even of these. The useful things which she most lacks, such as coal and iron, she still possesses in quantity sufficient for all the emergencies of war.

Nevertheless, in spite of these and other compensations, the great difference remains that the English live in a degree of security which is not enjoyed by any nation of Continental Europe. The strongest military state on the Continent is not sure of untroubled existence for a year. But England feels secure; England feels herself safely outside of that armed and watchful and anxious Continental life, which she looks upon as Cedric the Saxon looked upon the Tournament at Ashby. This security places the English in a safe and pleasant position for the exercise of the critical function, and so they have taken upon themselves the office, the thankless office, of critics to the continent of Europe. Now the feeling of Frenchmen, or of any other Continental people, on reading English criticisms, is something of this kind. They believe that in many cases, probably in most cases, the English would act precisely as they themselves act, if they were placed in the same situation. For example, with regard to expansion. A continental nation desires the preservation of one empire, with so many unwilling and heterogeneous provinces, would have been impossible with republican institutions.

¹ For the sake of brevity, I leave out of consideration at present the empire of Napoleon I., which was a temporary creation, owing its existence to a military genius of the most exceptional order.

to expand; all continental nations have this instinctive desire, which is the universal national instinct. England, being an island, cannot expand; she can only propagate beyond the sea. But if the English had been placed on the soil of France, their naturally enterprising disposition would have led them to enlarge their borders at the expense of their Continental neighbors, as the other nations (when they are not so weak that such an enterprise would be utterly hopeless) are always endeavoring to do. No Frenchman doubts the desire of England to absorb and assimilate Ireland if she could; no Frenchman believes that the English would desire to do otherwise than the Russians if they had equal opportunities.

VI.

THE TWO NATIONAL ESTATES.

A thorough and minute comparison of France and Great Britain, as vast properties possessed by the French and English races, would be valuable and interesting, but it lies outside of my manner of writing. It would require extensive statistics, a great array of figures, and that purely scientific style which properly belongs to the writings of economists.

My way is only to point to a few facts or considerations that the ordinary reader is likely to care about and remember. Thus, to begin with, I should say that there is a misleading habit, both in England and France, of considering the two nations as nearly equal to each other geographically, because

they are nearly equal in wealth and population. Very few people in either of the two countries realize how much greater is the area of France. The effect of contrast may make France small for an American or a Russian, but an Englishman who really knows its area looks upon it as a large country in comparison with his own. France is not exactly twice as large as Great Britain and Ireland together, but a very near approximation may be made by taking the British archipelago first, including the Hebrides and the Channel Islands, and then adding a second Scotland, a second Ireland, a second Wales, and Belgium. Then you have nearly, yet still not quite completely, the area of France. Nobody would believe this on simply glancing at the map of Europe, because the British Islands are long and straggling, and have outlines much cut into by the sea, whilst France is a remarkably square and compact country.¹ Few English people travel in France to see the country and the provincial towns; they generally confine themselves to Paris in the north, glancing at Rouen and Amiens, or at Nice and Cannes, in the south, glancing at Avignon, Arles, and Marseilles. There are, however, a very few English people who really try to explore France, and these come gradually to be impressed with a sense of extent and general inexhaustibleness, which, instead of diminishing, curiously increases with their experience. An English lady, who knows the country better than anybody of my acquaintance, said to me last year, "I despair of ever knowing France as I

¹ The reader may like to have the figures on which the above comparison is founded. I take them, in square kilometres, from the most recent authority, the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1886.

The area of France is given as 528,400 by the *Bureau des Longitudes*. The *Statistique de la France* gives it as 528,572, on account of a divergence in the measurement of one department (Alpes-Maritimes). The Russian measurement of France, published in 1882 by General Strelbitsky,

gives a total of 534,479. I have therefore stated the smallest authoritative measurement.

	Areas.
Great Britain and Ireland	314,493
A Second Scotland	78,777
A Second Ireland	84,252
A Second Wales (including Monmouth, etc.)	20,613
Belgium	29,455
Total	527,590

desire ; it seems to get bigger and bigger, and the objects of interest in it that I have *not* seen appear to become more and more numerous." Another, who knew nothing of the country, was surprised to find that towns which she imagined as near together were in fact separated by long railway journeys. Her first impression had been based on the idea that France was nearly the size of England, all distances being reduced accordingly.

From the agriculturist's point of view, France is an incomparably better estate than Great Britain, as well as a far larger one, but the insular power has two great compensations in her rich mines and her many excellent harbors.

As France produces some luxuries, especially wines and silks, and has a great reputation in the fine arts, and is supposed (erroneously enough) to be a land of pleasure, her advantages in matters of common utility are very frequently forgotten. The real superiority of France is, however, in being a great food-producing country, not only in luxurious food, but in that which is used by the poor as well as the rich. To this natural advantage may be added the tendency in the genius of the French people to make the best use of food material and to appreciate variety, so that none of the bounties of Nature are neglected or despised.

The situation of France, with one shore on the Mediterranean and another on the Atlantic, is ideally convenient, and her little India in North Africa is so accessible that it is felt to be a sort of extension or *annexe* of the mother country. France herself has the advantage of the best European latitudes. I have found it practically convenient to remember, in thinking about the geographical situation of France, that the small triangle to the north of Amiens is in English latitudes, and all the great region south of Lyons is in north Italian latitudes, the space between being in those

of Switzerland and Bavaria. It is the best position in Europe, equally free from the cold, wet rigor of Scotland and the dry, hot region of Spain, at least in their excess, though there is something both of Scotch and Spanish weather in the great variety of the French climates.

This variety needs to be remembered both for France and Great Britain, as there is really no single British or French climate to be praised or blamed. All that can be said in a general way is that the summers are hotter in France, and that the eastern and central departments have a more *continental* climate than that of any counties in England; but even in Saône-et-Loire the west wind is still the rain wind, as it is in Scotland, and the east wind has just the same characteristics that make it both disagreeable and dangerous at Edinburgh.

The French are fortunate enough to be profoundly contented with their climates, in this sense : that every Frenchman, at least so far as I have been able to observe, is well satisfied with the climate of his own department, though he criticises that of another region. There are even people in the south who prefer the infliction of the mistral, with its blinding dust, to the refreshment of a little rain. But all who live outside the region of the mistral have feelings of commiseration for those who are subjected to it. The rainy district on the west coast seems to the inhabitants of the dryer departments as trying as Argyllshire might seem to an inhabitant of Norfolk. Nevertheless, each Frenchman is profoundly satisfied with his own climate, and when it becomes unpleasant he always says that it has borrowed its unpleasantness from some other country, — its fogs from England, its cold from Siberia, and its heat from Senegal. There are two things in which the Frenchman's faith is imperturbable, the climate and the decimal system ; if he had only as much faith in the government and the clergy, it is certain that France would be

the most contented country in the world. Even as things are, he believes that France is preëminently favored by Nature or by Providence, and sometimes, with a little qualm of conscience, will humorously admit that the land is a richer gift than the population deserves; or he will put the same idea into another form, and regret that such apparent care for the arrangement of so perfect a land was not extended to the invention of reasonable inhabitants. No Englishman would say that of the race he belongs to, even between jest and earnest. The English believe that if

their country does not grow grapes and olives, it grows men and women in unapproachable perfection. This quiet belief in the excellence of the race makes the English indifferent to any remarks that the foreigner may make upon their climate or the smallness of their island; for as little Greece bore the greatest race of antiquity, so little England has brought forth the best and noblest of the modern races. This is the English belief. It is not precisely humble or modest, but it has at least the merit of the most absolute conviction and sincerity.

Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE.

V.

A NEW PARTNER AT BARCLAY'S ISLAND.

WHEN Paul Barclay went to keep his appointment to go to the State Fair, he found a young girl, of the humbler sort, just taking her leave of Mrs. Varemberg, in the porch of the house. The girl wore a long, dark cloth coat, of a kind in vogue with the shopwomen of the day, fitting closely to a trim figure. From beneath a round hat projected, in front, a fluff of strongly growing, dark hair, and she had a smooth, olive complexion and a pair of hazel eyes, demurely bright.

"I thank you so very much, Mrs. Varemberg," Barclay heard her say, in a voice marked by a trace of foreign accent.

"This is our little friend Stanislava Zelinsky, from the Polish settlement," said the lady, presenting the visitor.

Barclay touched his hat to her. He had seen something of her country and its people at home, and certain recollections drawn from his travels would have

enlisted his interest, even had not the fact of her being Mrs. Varemberg's *protégée* and her own rather pretty face, as she made a timid response to his bow, been sufficient.

"Stanislava has many accomplishments," continued her patroness; "she is never idle. Besides doing all kinds of house-work, she can embroider, paint flowers, play the church organ, and has a most excellent handwriting. Have you not a beautiful handwriting, Stanislava?"

"Well, I don't know. They get me to write the books of the Polish Benevolent Society, though, what keeps the names of all the families in the church," replied the girl, half disclaiming yet accepting the eulogy.

"And how do they get on now at the church? It seems to me they are not always as amiable, down there, as they ought to be."

She referred, no doubt, to a late disturbance, in which the schoolmaster, leading trader, pastor, and militia organization known as the Sobieski Guards had all been mixed up in a confused

combat that had not been straightened out even at the police court itself, to which it had come in last resort.

"Oh, that was mostly the Warsaw men and the Cracow men," said Stanislava, referring to some ancient feud of locality, like that of Cork and Kerry among the Irish.

"Pronounce your pretty name for us," said Mrs. Varemberg.

The girl did so, in a very soft and pleasing way. Being urged, she followed with a few further expressions in the speech of her fatherland.

"How charming! You must give us lessons in the Polish language," said Barclay, playfully.

"No American person wants to know the Polander language;" and she showed her fine white teeth in a smile at the exquisite absurdity of his idea.

When she had gone and they were in the carriage awaiting them, Mrs. Varemberg explained: "She is the child of the bridge-tender who was killed at the same time my father received his own injuries. He has had a fancy to look after her ever since."

A decidedly new touch of interest was added by this to what Barclay had already shown. He wondered, as he had often wondered before, and was on the point of saying aloud:—

"Why was not this motive a source of equal consideration, on David Lane's part, for me?"

"She has just come to me on a rather singular errand. She has arrived at her eighteenth birthday, and for the first time has begun to be troubled with compunctions about the money she receives. She inquires what it is for. She thinks she ought not to accept it any longer without doing some service in return."

"A commendable spirit, surely."

"I urged her to save it against her wedding-day. She did not seem satisfied, and I promised to see my father about it on his return, and find her something to do, if possible."

From the Fair ground, as they drew near, they heard issuing forth a strident music of barrel-organs and the orchestras of side-shows, and they could see, above the far-stretching, high white palisade that encompassed it, a series of the crests of pavilions, booths, and tents, decked with gayly floating banners. Within were parked the dusty vehicles of country folk, who looked upon the occasion as a wonderful festival, and the equipages of wealthy city people, who, like our friends, had made it the terminus of an afternoon's drive. The praises of the Learned Pig mingled with those of the Wild Australian Children, the lowing of animals with the shuffle and clatter of agricultural apparatus, and the steaming and whir and thud of falling stamps in Machinery Hall. A knot of committee-men trudged, with important air, among the stalls arranged around the outer circuit of the inclosure, distributing medals and ribbons to favored live stock. Something could be seen of a sham battle in progress on an elevated green common without; and from time to time a man with a red sash and stentorian voice announced trials of speed on the trotting track.

Ives Wilson was there, in a kiosk specially erected for the Daily Index. He seemed even unusually full of business. With profuse enthusiasm he handed out to our friends a copy of his special State Fair Edition. Thousands of copies of it were being distributed gratis, containing excellently-paid-for puffs of the Eureka farm pump, the Little Giant harvester, the Pearl Feather windmill, and the like. He broke away to confer with two notables known as the "Hop King" and the "Cranberry King," and to receive subscriptions from small country politicians, who made it a point to come and pay in person, at this time, to keep the eye of the Index favorably fixed upon them during the ensuing year. He hurried back, and threw into the lap of Mrs. Varemberg, till it resem-

bled the lap of Abundance, specimens of mammoth fruits, which had been donated him as an editor, and hence the most fitting recipient of all that was curious.

"What an energy! what a zeal!" said Barclay.

"I should not wonder if he even went to sleep with a greater energy than other people," responded his companion. "I have an idea he shuts his eyes with an actual snap, and proposes to show the world one of the most vigorous examples of sleeping on record."

The Art Pavilion, to which they were bound, was found to be a rather rudely finished structure of pine boards, octagonal in shape. On one side was arranged, by itself, the little collection sent by Mrs. Varemberg, consisting chiefly of some choice textile stuffs and bright foreign pictures of the modern schools, from her own home, together with some few other specimens of merit, loaned by their owners with reluctance, and only upon the personal representations of one so influential as herself. The contribution next in importance to her own was that of a certain refined Radbrook family, of whom she spoke incidentally with warm admiration.

"They have almost everything," she said: "money enough for every refined taste, without splendor, health, good looks, charming children, and fondness for each other. It is a most enviable household. The chief pleasure of the master of it is music. It is not for display or applause, in a too common way; on the contrary, he prefers to be alone; and there is something poetic and gentle in the way he sits, by the hour, in his music-room, fingering over to himself his difficult compositions. His wife protects this taste, but does not share it. They are amiable and gay in the world, but pay no weak deference to it, and do not let it invade their genuine, self-centred happiness."

There were indications of her own

ideals of domestic life to be gathered from this.

Another class of pictures, very smoothly varnished copies after the old masters, in very brightly gilded frames, complacently displayed by one of the latest of the class of new rich, perhaps met with the leading favor of connoisseurs. The former were spoken of as "too gaudy," and doubts entertained of their being in good taste. Ingenuous school-girls and the like sought the latter with eagerness. They had read of the originals in text books, and felt that here they were reveling with proper sentiment over the grandest creations of art.

Then followed dull portraits and leaden landscapes by practitioners who eked out a bare subsistence in the place by the aid of teaching; woodeny prize cattle, painted broadside on, to please their owners; a figure-piece by a one-armed veteran of the Soldiers' Home; a smudged crayon drawing "by a boy of thirteen," who spent the greater part of his time before it in rapt admiration; and chromos, lithographed circulars and bill-heads, and a mammoth St. George and the Dragon, executed in Spencerian penmanship.

A number of people they knew were met with in passing through. Miss Justine DeBow, accompanied by Lieutenant Gregg, of the revenue cutter, gave Barclay a gracious nod, among others. Mrs. Varemberg sank down on a bench with fatigue.

"You see the cause of art has not yet made very enormous strides in Keewaydin," she said, summing up.

"Yes, I suppose that is a safe statement to agree to."

"But it is advancing, it is coming this way; it is, really. I myself am old enough to have seen wonderful changes in my time."

"Let it come by itself, then. Let its tottering steps be supported on some more vigorous shoulder than yours." He had noted an unusually pallid and

worn look overspread her face. "Good heavens, why have I let you so overtax your strength? How can I have been so stupid?"

"It is nothing. It is not my proceedings to-day that tire me; the bare exertion of getting these few things together had already done it."

"Then why did you have anything to do with it?" he asked, in energetic reproach.

"I suppose I was weak, and let myself be persuaded. They told me I ought to share my superior advantages with others less fortunate. They said I was a leader; and when one is a leader one ought to lead, you know."

"But in all these ways you dissipate vital force you can ill spare. You ought to lead the calmest, most untroubled life possible."

"'Calm' and 'untroubled' are good. Well, there is sometimes a certain need of distraction. And was it not you who were only lately counseling me athletic sports?"

"This is not athletic sport, and now I counsel you rest," he said, looking into her eyes with deep earnestness. "Come! we must get you well."

"There will be all eternity to rest in."

But this sincere concern in her well-being had evidently awakened her gratitude. As if with compunction for her conduct of yesterday, she returned, of her own accord, to the point at which they had then left off.

"I repulsed your interest in my affairs yesterday. I fear I was very rude to you," she said, with much gentleness. Now I would like to tell you all you may care to know."

"No, no; it was unpardonable in me to trench upon the subject at all. Pray try to forgive and forget it."

"But I *want* to tell you," she insisted, with a gentle imperiousness.

Upon this they resumed their carriage and drove homeward. Restive Caster

and Pollux had been fuming under the unwonted sounds and phantasmagoria of the Fair, and did not recover their customary gait till the inclosure was left well behind them. The drill of the local militia was still in progress. The American Light Guard, the Irish Emmet Guard, the German Jägers, and the Polish Sobieskis marched and counter-marched before one another in gallant style. When the bayonets of the caterpillar-like squads twinkled finally at a distance, and the smoke of their volleys floated on the air like puffs of thistle-down, Mrs. Varemberg began her story.

"Under Varemberg's gay and frank demeanor," said she, "a superficial veneer adopted only for society, he covered a morose and barbarous nature. He developed, in particular, a phenomenal cruelty of disposition which in recollection seems incredible."

"Who would have credited it?"

"Something strange seemed to come between us from the very outset. There was no companionship, not a feeling nor thought in common. It was too hideous. At first I used to persuade myself it was my fault, and try to dispel it. The more I humiliated myself, the harder and more brutal he became."

"There are natures like that Alpine rose, the type of ingratitude, which, comparatively tame in its pastures, bristles with thorns the more it is cultivated," said Barclay.

"His native trait of cruelty was exercised on horses, dogs, inferiors, and all around. I was a daily witness to unmerited suffering. It was an outbreak of this kind that first alienated me from him, even before it had been wreaked on myself."

"And we esteem ourselves judges of character!" said Barclay.

"A poor soldier who had been guilty of some offense, which though certainly a breach of military discipline was not a crime, had been condemned to death, by court-martial. The circumstances

were so peculiar that they had attracted much attention. The soldier was from our own village, where his detachment was stationed at the time. A strong feeling of sympathy was aroused for him among his friends, neighbors, and comrades. He was led out the first time to be shot, and the platoon would not fire. The villagers rushed between, and bared their breasts, crying, 'You shall not harm him; you shall kill us first!' He was led back to his prison, and they came to me, among others, to invoke my intercession with my husband. 'If he can but obtain a reprieve, and the case be carried to the higher authorities,' they pleaded, 'he will surely have justice done him, and be saved.'

"You had identified yourself well with your village, then?"

"Yes, one would naturally do so. A woman's country, you know, is that where she loves." (Her companion winced.) "Though that motive endured but so short a time, I had early found a sort of distraction in the place. My husband was connected, in some retired or supernumerary way, with the army, yet was one of those, though not the principal one, who had to do with the execution of the sentence. When I spoke to him, he repulsed my interference with insulting sarcasms. No reprieve was obtained. The man was once more led out to die."

She paused a moment, and covered her eyes with her hand, as if to shut out a terrible recollection. Barclay waited in respectful silence for her to go on.

"I found myself by accident near the open parade-ground, that morning, quite ignorant of what was to take place. The peasants again ran to me, with streaming eyes, as a melancholy procession came down the village street. I took a few steps, in a confused way, towards it. I was close to both my husband and the prisoner. Hardly knowing what I did, I reached forth

and laid a hand on Varenberg's arm. It seemed to inspire in him a rage like actual madness. He seized a revolver from his holster, and ran and placed it against the head of the prisoner. 'A million devils,' he cried, 'can we never get this vermin shot!' and he fired.

"I was so near that the blood of the poor victim scattered over me, and his pleading eyes directed into mine their last glance on earth."

Barclay's breath came thick and fast, as he listened with horror to this recital.

"After such an event, what more could there ever be between us? He terrified me inexpressibly. I did not know at what moment I might meet a similar fate. His appearance, which I had once thought so gallant and handsome, seemed sinister to the last degree, and his smile froze me. He saw my aversion, and was pleased at first to make some small efforts to overcome it, and be like his former self. But if this shocking deed were not by itself sufficient, others of a like nature followed. Then I began to learn of glaring infidelities. He twice demanded of my father large sums in addition to what had been paid as my wedding portion. He had been a bankrupt, himself, from the very start; and finally his transactions in money were such that he had to leave the country. In the midst of it, my child, too, had died. Ah, if I had had but that solace, I think I might have endured all the rest. How lonely I was in the great foreign house, far from all I had ever known! My father came there and took me home."

"It puzzles me beyond measure, — his pretext for turning to such courses; his motive in throwing away such a happiness as was his."

"He must have followed a natural bias that had been hidden from us. It could not have been the beginning of it we witnessed. Much of his conduct seemed without motive, his cruelty pure wantonness; perhaps it would be most

merciful to suppose it insanity. There are such characters, we know, in history, who delighted in torture for its own sake. His seemed one of those natures that at a certain point had to go wholly and irremediably to the bad."

"But how, but why did such a dreadful mistake ever arise?" exclaimed Barclay excitedly.

"I suppose I chose with a young girl's want of reflection. I must have been very thoughtless, even for my age. Truly, I had formed but a dim conception of what it was to be married, and of the need of a true affection. Varenberg interested and dazzled me. He told me, too, that no one could ever love me as much as he, and I think I allowed myself to believe it."

"And yet it ought not to have been so difficult to love you, in those times," broke in Barclay, with a sad sort of bitterness. "I sometimes used to wonder that everybody who knew you did not do it."

He had yielded momentarily to an emotion against which he vainly struggled. Surely it was evident now that her father had never told her of his proposal, and she had never known the true state of his feelings. Such *naïveté* of statement, as unconscious as her former flippancy, would otherwise have been impossible.

She turned towards him a look of genuine surprise.

"Truly," she said, "you have come back an accomplished flatterer. Once, praise from you was praise from Sir Hubert, to be esteemed indeed."

"Whatever I have come back, it is no flatterer."

"Then it only remains to set you down as misguided. I was far from certain in my own mind about this marriage," she went on presently, "but my father reassured me, and laid my scruples at rest."

"Your father?"

"Yes, alas! he too was deceived."

Paul Barclay's surmise, to which so many indications had pointed, was confirmed. Her father had been the author of the match, she only a consenting party. He groaned in spirit, but too late, to think that all his agony had passed even unnoted, and to recall his own words of consuming passion unspoken, when it appeared how easily the glib sophistries of the foreigner had prevailed with her.

"Bear with me," he resumed, after some one of those casual interruptions from the sights and scenes around them that occur in such out-of-doors jaunts. "And after all this, they tell me, you will not avail yourself even of the poor remedy of the law."

"Oh no, not that; never!" she ejaculated, in a sort of horror.

"And why?"

"There is but one thing for a woman to do in a situation like mine, and that is to accept the consequences of her folly gracefully, and conceal them from the public eye as far as possible. No new trials, no further experiments for me!"

"But even apart from further experiments," he reasoned with her, grieved at the terms, "is it not irksome to drag a ball and chain, as it were, some five or ten thousand miles long?"

"There are international aspects to the case, and it is not certain that release could be obtained, valid in both countries, did I desire it never so much. And where is the great harm in a ball and chain, if one does not wish to dance?" with a melancholy smile.

"I have not heard it was dancers only to whom those appendages were hateful. One would always like to walk unimpeded, even at the slowest pace."

"No, I have firm convictions against what you suggest," she persisted.

"And so have I had till now. Or rather, I fear my attention has never been closely turned to it. But surely the step was never better justified."

"Whom God hath joined together, he only can put asunder. That is what I have always been taught to believe. That is what my father believes, with me. Alas! in many things I no longer know what my convictions are. Varemberg shook my faith, in our early days, with his brilliant, hateful skepticism; that harm he did me with the rest. But, in all my uncertainties, on this point I have never wavered."

Barclay abandoned the argument with a sigh. He afterwards felt greatly his temerity in entering on it. He sighed over his companion in many ways.

"Ah, that such a fate," he said, "should have been hers, so made as she was for sunshine, for distinction! Ah, that yonder wretch should have been allowed to throw away this treasure of affection and loveliness, when I—I would have given my heart's blood to save her from an instant's pain!"

A week after this, the statement was current that a new partner had gone into the management of the Stamped-Ware Works with Maxwell. The news was brought into the Johannisberg House, which stood at no great distance from Barclay's Island, on the main land, by the South Side letter-carrier, Peter Stransky.

It was a quiet afternoon at that respectable caravansary. There were visible a collection of shells and a full-rigged ship, behind the bar of the long, neatly sanded room. A little platform crossed one end of this room, on which a quartette of Tyroleans with zither accompaniment, sometimes sang the national yodel. The wall behind it was painted with a mammoth Alpine scene, with a door in the centre; so that the performers, on taking leave, seemed to disappear into the heart of the mountain, like a species of kobolds. Christian Idak, grown older and confirmed in that important air of the small landlord who is better off than most of his guests, still

moved about in his shirt-sleeves. Frau Idak sat knitting in a corner, and a child by her side was doing sums on its slate. The same marine gossips, or their like, were at their posts, recounting hair-breadth escapes and curious happenings, which are even more common, perhaps, in the lake navigation than that of the salt ocean.

One had told of cruising amid floating ice-fields, twenty feet thick, in Lake Superior, in June. Another had told that, once, when wrecked, he had seen the ghost of a former captain swimming by him in the water. The mysterious questions of a tide and subterranean outlets for the lakes had been touched upon.

"What I know is," said a tug-man, on this latter subject, "that a precious sight more water goes down that Saint Lawrence River than ever gets out o' the lakes fair and above-board."

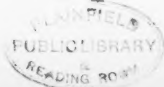
"Most anywhere out Waukesha way, — where I hail from," — added a skipper, corroborating him, "if you bore down into the solid rock you get water comin' up, with live fish in it. And 'cisco,' which is a Lake Superior fish, and nothin' else, appears in Genevy Lake a few days every year, and then disappears again, so you can't find one for love nor money. Now what does all that mean if it ain't that there's underground channels?"

The "hard times," supposed to be existing, next came in for their fair share of attention.

An engineer of the Owl Line complained that they did not get one trip now where they formerly got a dozen.

"It is the same way with us," added a rival of the Diamond Jim Line: "the big craft is eatin' up all the small ones, in the carryin' trade. And even *they* don't make no very heavy pile out of it."

"The bloated money kings and monopolist sharks is at the bottom of it," cried a vigorous exponent of the "green-



back" school of doctrines. "This country 'll never see a well day again till it gets a poor man's currency, and makes it ekil to the wants o' trade."

It was about this time that the South Side letter-carrier came in, from his swift rounds, with his leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

"The Stamped-Ware Works is one place where they don't show much signs o' hard times," said he, pausing a moment, in his thirst imbibing a glass of Keewaydin's excellent beer. "I've just been there. They've got in a new partner; they're puttin' on a new lot of hands, and everything's boomin'."

"Who?" "What?" "How?" greeted the announcement, from all sides, with a lively interest. "Who's the new partner?"

"Name's Barclay, — a New York feller, with loads o' money; same one what his father used to own the island afore him." And he was off again, on his route, down to the remote precincts of Windlake Avenue and Muckwonago Road.

The little notary public, Kroeger, who spent much of his time here, having little to detain him at his own office, and who obtained a repute for wisdom and insight by a policy of cynical smiling and disparagement, commented sagely: —

"I guess Maxwell he got bigger ideas as what he know how to do business."

Akins, the foreman of the Works, came in presently, with a hard-pressed air, and confirmed the intelligence, with additions.

"Of course the concern was solid," said he, "and no need o' changin', but a little more money don't never do no harm. Mr. Barclay, he was lookin' round for a job, and bein' as we suited him, and the island was his, any way, what more natural than that we should strike up a bargain?"

Mrs. Varemberg derived her first authentic information from Barclay him-

self. Some rumor of it had already reached her. She received it with an open enthusiasm.

"You are going to stay?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I am going to stay."

"It seems one of those things really too good to be true."

"It appears that the too-good-to-be-true sometimes happens," he replied, smiling.

He surprised himself in a certain tremor, at her pleasant excitement, but quickly dismissed it. She had had really nothing to do with his staying, he assured himself. She was in the place, it is true, and was weak and suffering, and he might be of some small solace and assistance to her, — as he should be glad to be to any friend in like situation in whom he felt an interest, — but that was all.

"Maxwell put the matter in such a light that I could not decline his offer," he explained. "If I were in earnest in my ideas, — and I assure you I was, — here was an opening just suited to my peculiar case, and, strangely enough, ready to my hand. Why should I search further?"

And so indeed he thought. He had yielded to that subtle warping by inclination and sympathy which sometimes has its way even with the clearest of consciences. He had not the faintest notion in the world of being that equivocal figure, the masculine consoler of an unhappy wife. He was endowed with an excellent Anglo-Saxon common sense, and he felt himself to be, now, with his ample experience, a person of a sturdy temperament, upon which the imagination could play but few of its tricks. Was he not heart-whole? And have we not seen lovers meeting in after years, and even exchanging congratulations on their fortunate escape from each other? It was his general purpose in life to set his face resolutely against all those courses of conduct re-

quiring extenuation or apology, and he had no intention of departing from it in this instance.

When David Lane returned, after the absence we have noted, he found Paul Barclay fairly settled in Keewaydin.

"What does this mean?" he demanded of his daughter, with a face of ominous and rigid severity, of which she by no means comprehended the occasion.

"What *could* it mean, papa? I do not understand you," she responded, in strong astonishment.

"This young man must needs follow us about the world, and now he comes hither, and even makes a pretext of engaging in business."

"And why should he not go into a business here? I do not understand you, papa. As to his following us about the world, surely you remember that it is a good four years since we have seen him, and it was but by the merest accident he knew I was here."

David Lane, in his first access of consternation, had made a very false step. He hastened to repair its consequences as best he could.

"I was only thinking, dearest," he began, in a confused way, "if it should be said that a former admirer had followed you here, at this particular time"—

"But he is not my 'former admirer,'" she interrupted, impatiently. "He was a very staunch friend, whom I should like to keep. At the worst, we hardly have the right to turn out of Keewaydin all those who have been my admirers, —if we can suppose any so misguided. I do not understand you at all. Was not Paul Barclay, at Paris, one of our most esteemed acquaintances?"

"I—I have nothing against him," stammered the wretched man. "Only, your position, just at this time, requires a great deal of circumspection."

Under the influence of her brother, Mrs. Clinton, in her turn, offered a feeble counsel, on the same subject.

"He is a most gentlemanly man, and all that could be desired in every way, I am sure," she said, deprecatingly; "but, since he is now going to remain here, it seems to me I would not see quite so much—not *too* much of him, Florence, dear."

"You know my views and practice on all those matters; you have even urged me to modify them, make them less severe. Why do you now become more loyal than the queen?"

"Your situation is one requiring a great deal of circumspection," said the aunt, repeating her brother's words.

"My situation is one requiring a good cup of tea and a night's rest," returned the object of these expostulations, and she retired to her own chamber.

VI.

"TAUGHT BY MISFORTUNE, I PITY THE UNHAPPY."

At an early day after taking the important step described, Barclay went to New York to settle up certain of his affairs awaiting him there, and finally conclude, by a brief visit to his family, his long tour round the world.

He found himself glad, on reaching New York again, to have chosen Keewaydin as his field of action. The great metropolis would have been too vast, its influence too discouraging for his simple experiment. An individual like himself would have been swallowed up in its Babel of conflicting interests, and could not have hoped to make the faintest impression.

The city had changed much, even during the few years of his absence. The great apartment-houses, for one thing, had then begun to tower up newly above the level of ordinary life, some even surpassing the tops of the churches. His own family, meantime, had moved far up town, near Central Park, choosing their new abode in a quarter that

had been in his day but a waste of desert lots, and abandoning the old one on Fifth Avenue before the encroachments of trade. His sisters came in, one day, and told mournfully how they had made purchases over the counter in the chambers sacred to the most intimate memories of their childhood.

Old acquaintances, whom he met at some clubs, where he still kept his membership, and elsewhere, were inclined to joke him about the remote precinct where, they understood, he had taken up his new habitat; but they were respectful about it, too, identifying it more or less with the cattle ranches of Dakota and Montana, to which various friends, "swell" young Englishmen and the like, had taken lately, and they asked him questions about stock-raising, and begged him to bear them in mind if he should meet with opportunities for money-making he himself might not be able to use.

Paul Barclay returned to Keewaydin, and took up his quarters in the spacious residence of his kinsfolk, the Thornbrooks, a pleasant old couple, quite free from the crabbedness of age, who insisted upon it with a pressing hospitality. They had their own primitive ideas and habits, they said, but these should in no way be allowed to interfere with his convenience. They promised him an exaggerated liberty. They insisted that there was room enough, and to spare, for all; and so indeed it seemed, when Barclay came to inspect the large, comfortable chambers placed at his disposal. The Thornbrooks proceeded forthwith to give a large entertainment, with the view of introducing him to the society of the place, and nearly everybody of note assembled to do him honor. There came, among the rest, his traveling-companions, Jim DeBow, who rose once more on his heel, and Miss Justine DeBow, who this time asked him to come and see her at her home.

But he began his labors immediately

in active earnest. Establishing a regular routine, he rose and breakfasted early; then drove, in a buggy he had set up, — or sometimes walked, for the benefit of the more active exercise, — down to the Works, where he spent a long, busy day. He crossed the Chipewewa Street Bridge, where Ludwig Trapschuh soon came to add him to the large list of acquaintance he claimed "by sight." It was the purpose of Barclay to post himself thoroughly in all parts of his enterprise before he should set out upon any novel schemes. Accordingly, he studied the great books of account, the systems of sales and credit, the character and source of supply of the raw materials, then the processes of manufacture, and finally the shipment of the completed product to many and distant markets.

His "office" was a small wooden house, with platform-scales beside it. It had worn cocoa matting on the floor; it contained a great iron safe, a low desk and another high one; to sit beside this latter it was necessary to mount on a high stool. On the wall was a capacious frame filled with specimens of the smaller wares turned out by the factory, with their price-list attached. The hum of a distant planing-mill rose unceasingly on the ear, like some homely song forever celebrating the plodding industries of the quarter.

The main buildings were partly of brick and partly of wood; their roofs were covered with a preparation of asphalt, which, with the tan-bark, from a not far distant tannery, laid on the road of approach, gave out distinctive odors when heated by the sun. Over the principal doorway was the legend: "No Admission Except on Business." All around was a litter of piece-moulds, old castings, and general débris, and against the walls leaned some mammoth gear-wheels, still so long from their swift revolutions that the slow rust and cobwebs had overtaken them.

The dry, unsentimental nature of his surroundings by no means chilled the early ardor of Barclay; if anything, it even increased it.

"The mine itself does not shine," said he; "it is only the product that comes from its gloomy depths."

There was even a certain romance in their utter commonplaceness. It was a reaction, no doubt, a form of the testimony of respect that the studious, scholarly temperament pays to the more rugged sort that makes the money and carries on the practical affairs of the world. Barclay felt that he had been too long a mere loiterer and looker-on, and he now took a manly delight in knowing himself, at last, a part of the great, stirring, useful, workaday world of affairs.

He had conceived, as we have seen, an ideal of duty towards his men far beyond that of the mere payment of wages. If he were to be the autocrat of their destinies, he meant to be at least an autocrat of the beneficent type. So he was fond of watching them, when he thought them unaware of it, at their work. He found a kind of grotesque pathos, as well as humor, in their smudged faces, their flannel shirts of red and blue, stained with oil, all the vagaries of their grimy costume. He wondered to himself how he would have stood such a life as theirs, had it been forced upon him. The flowers that bloomed for them were the flames and molten metal from the furnaces; the stars that shone for them were the scintillations of the forging; the birds that sang for them were the clink of the hammers; and the grass that grew under their feet was the waste of slag and cinders.

If the men observed him at this study, they thought it only the sharp eye of the task-master bent upon them, to see that they neglected no duty touching his pocket. There was range enough of character. He had timid spirits and

bold, the gay and the morose, the faithful at their tasks and the chronic shirkers, sycophants who would have curried favor with him by spying upon the rest, and the surly independent who seemed even to go out of their way to seek occasions for offense.

Instead of some episode of the humanitarian sort, to which he aspired, curiously enough one of the first experiences he had was to deal with a fractious and rebellious hand. This man, a dangerous character as well as inefficient workman, after having been discharged, returned again, under the influence of drink, and, in the long main shop, fired twice at Barclay with a revolver, almost at point-blank range.

"You'd 'a' thought the boss kind o' liked it," said belligerent young Johnny Maguire, of the packing-room, commenting on the occurrence. "He kep' as cool as a cucumber all the time. Oh, he's got plenty of sand in his gizzard, and don't you forget it."

This proceeding, so questionable, perhaps, as philanthropy, stood Barclay in good stead in other respects. His coolness under fire and indifference to danger won him the respect of the rude class with which he had to deal as the manifestation of no other kind of qualities at first would have done. In the long run it lightened his management in many ways, and gave his labors and influence the more telling efficacy.

The news of it came to Mrs. Varemborg, as that of the steamer accident had done, only from outsiders and after a considerable time. She was alarmed, and said to him, —

"Is it not dangerous for you to mix with such rough characters, and go among them as freely as you do? They may knock you on the head some day for revenge, or robbery; who knows?"

"The only fear is that none of them will be so obliging," he replied, smiling enigmatically, in a way that much puzzled her.

Barclay aimed also, with an all-embracing ambition, to acquaint himself thoroughly with his new abode, Keewaydin. He studied its map, its topography, its past and present. He designed to grasp all the elements of its population; its social life, the sources and prospects of its trade, the method of its government, policing, lighting, heating, water supply, protection from fire; its courts, schools, churches, and cemeteries. There was a definite satisfaction to him in the compactness, the moderate compass, of the city, — large, important, and flourishing though it was. He found it agreeable to have become part of a place in which it would be easily possible to rise to the top, and even, should he so desire, to be one of its controlling spirits.

"The heaven is working," he said to Mrs. Varemberg. "I feel within me the makings of a bitter East or West or South Sider."

He went on 'Change. He wondered if the same wrinkles of shrewdness did not begin to appear about his own eyes as about those of the business people he met with there.

Jim DeBow welcomed him cordially, and discoursed as before on the present and prospective greatness of Keewaydin. Ives Wilson, who was extending the range of his infallibility at the moment to the domain of grain and pork, touched up Jim DeBow a little on the subject of a certain recent large operation of the latter's in winter wheat, — a "corner," in fact, of such extent as to have caused Chicago to claim with pride to be the birthplace of its manipulator. Both leaned nonchalantly back against one of the long tables, and munched grains of wheat as they talked.

"Speaking of winter wheat," said the editor parenthetically, "you'll see winters out here that'll make your hair curl. Why, back in the country where this comes from," and he tossed a few more grains into his mouth, "when the

thermometer's only at zero, the people put their summer clothes on."

On 'Change seemed a sort of commercial club. Vessel-men, agents of freight lines and insurance companies, attorneys, builders, and money-lenders resorted thither, to look for business from its regular constituency and carry on transactions with these and one another. Telegraphic instruments clicked, messengers ran hither and thither, and from time to time the secretary mounted to an upper gallery, and, like a muezzin summoning to prayers, gave out the latest quotations of foreign markets, — the shouting circle around a small platform in the centre pausing briefly in their turmoil to listen.

There Barclay met also with David Lane. In his guise of capitalist, the ex-governor stood about on the outer edge of the circle, supporting his dignified, stocky figure on a cane, and speaking an occasional word with one of the more active members. He was rheumatic now, and at times could walk only with exceeding difficulty.

Ives Wilson came up, and, half presenting Barclay to Lane, in his offhand fashion, said of him, —

"He has become one of us, — I'm glad you know each other. I tell you, little by little Keewaydin is going to gather in all the brains, capital, and industry of the country. By the way," to Barclay, "I'm thinking of sending a man down to write up your place. I think I'll have Goff, our Assistant Local, do it; he's particularly good at those things."

"To write up my place?"

"Yes, a column article, you know, under the head of Keewaydin's Industries. We give you a hundred copies, free, to distribute round among your friends, and you let us have a hundred-dollar advertisement, — see?"

David Lane's manner to the young manufacturer was cold and repellent, — the manner he so well remembered in

the old times. It added to his sense of a confirmed hostility, a feeling vividly aroused by the revelation of Mrs. Varemberg. In the difficulty of forming, at present, any more general programme, and while awaiting the development of events, David Lane had taken refuge in moroseness. The young man should at least have no countenance from him; he would not invite him to his house, nor show any willingness to receive him; he would not encourage, if he could not put an end to, this most ominous invasion.

"It shall never be, — it shall never be!" he muttered. But even those who saw him glance fiercely after the retiring figure of Barclay could have had little idea of all the tragic thoughts passing in his mind.

His most imminent danger had come back, — the danger, too, he had once thought forever averted, by the most cautious of planning, the most doleful of sacrifices. Was it to have been imagined that his punishment would follow him in this of all other forms — follow him through his daughter? Nothing was more probable than that some violent end of Varemberg would be heard of at any moment. And here was this honorable lover, to whom his daughter had never been indifferent, returned and ready to renew his suit.

"Heaven knows it is no malice of mine, but his own interest. I must and will always oppose him!" he cried despairingly. "Have I not done him harm enough? He shall never marry her."

Some others, perhaps, might think it the best of all reparations that the son of the man who was slain should be allowed to wed his heart's desire, the daughter of the slayer, a noble and lovable creature in herself, and the dearest thing in life to her father. Self-protection, too, would have dictated this policy to David Lane, but he had never inclined to it. There was an element of the exalted and unpractical in his

course; he was not seeking his personal safety. He would have no marriage with such a prospective Nemesis on its track! Barclay ought not to be allowed to unite himself with them. He would awake some day to the discovery that his wife had been used as a bait and a snare to tie his hands against the just retribution he would have demanded, awake perhaps to loathe as much as he had once fancied he loved her.

This feeling, misguided perhaps, and fraught already with the bitter consequence of the baneful foreign marriage, had been the ruling force and motive of the destiny of David Lane for years, and he still grimly adhered to it. It was his bias of mind, his whim, his hallucination or mania, perhaps; but so he was constituted, so he had begun, and he could not change. It was to be counted with as an inevitable part of the situation.

He went to his home by way of the City Hall Square, and, as he hobbled along the promenade at one side of it, he turned his eyes upward to the Golden Justice. There had been times, during his stay abroad, when he had all but forgotten its existence, with both his crime and his eccentric reparation. It would be recalled to him, perchance, by some accident of travel, some faint resemblance to this in a foreign building, or some gilded saint gleaming afar, as from the basilicas on the plain of Lombardy. Even at home it had often lapsed into a certain vagueness. But now, since the arrival of this young man, his memory was jogged indeed; his sense of what the image conveyed to him was renewed in all its vividness.

"I gave my pledge to Justice to respond whenever she should call me. Is the fulfillment of the pledge about to be exacted?" he speculated mournfully.

Often, too, had he wished the fateful paper down again and safe in his own possession, and now, as he gazed, this feeling intensely revived. His burn-

ing glance seemed as if it would go straight to the heart of the receptacle, ignite the confession, and consume it where it lay.

"Dry rot has perhaps destroyed it by this time," he speculated; "or the moisture penetrated to it, through some crevice, and caused it to fester away in mildew and mould."

Then he returned to his house, and sat by his window, as was so often his wont, and gazed wistfully still at the *Golden Justice*, above the top of a forest composed of the shade trees interspersed among the dwellings.

Paul Barclay looked up one day from his writing, and inspected a card handed him by a very light-complexioned young man, of energetic aspect, wearing a slouch hat and cloak. The card bore the inscription, "Welby B. Goff, Local Ed. Keewaydin Index." This visitor spoke first of the general state of the country, of the approaching close of navigation, the quantity of wheat in store, and the heavy condition of the country roads, that rendered collections difficult, then finally came down to the business he had in hand.

"The Index is getting up a series of articles on the 'Industries of Keewaydin,'" said he, "and your place will naturally figure among the most prominent. We make it a point always to send to headquarters for our information. The Index, as you know, has a circulation larger than all its contemporaries combined, and it aims to be strictly accurate."

Barclay recollected the hint he had already got from the editor-in-chief, and good humoredly acceded to the scheme, partly because the Index was Ives Wilson's paper, and partly because he was not really averse to having his new enterprise described in print in a form which he might send to some of his friends at a distance. He therefore accompanied the reporter about the factory

in person, and took great pains to supply him with the proper information. He was also led to consider having an advertisement of much larger size than the one first proposed; and when an ingenuous new proprietor once begins to "figure" with a wily agent in this kind of wares, he is extremely likely to do very much more than he may have expected to in the beginning.

"It draws blood," said Welby Goff, as he put up his pencil, after booking a highly profitable contract, "but I've done it, and I'll stick to it. Only I'll ask you as a special favor not to mention it to any one else, as it would do us harm."

In due time the article appeared. It proved a tissue of exaggerations from beginning to end; every figure was at least doubled, and hardly an adjective was used under the superlative degree. The stamped-ware factory was called "one of the marvels of the age," and the new partner, "Paul Barclay, Esq.," was said to have "prepared himself expressly for his present duties by a long and exhaustive course of travel, study, and scientific research among similar establishments."

Barclay hurried round to the Index, in a rage, and found Ives Wilson immersed to the eyes in scissored "exchanges," in a stuffy little office. The editor at first thought he had come to make a complaint of the totally opposite character.

"My own idea of an article of this kind, to tell you the truth," said he, when undeceived, "is that the person it is written about should be almost ashamed to read it himself. I told Goff to do the handsome thing by you, and I suppose he has put it fairly strong."

"But it is absurd; we are made ridiculous," protested Barclay. "We have n't half that number of men at the factory; they do not work 'night and day;' the total product turned out is not"—

"Readers want statements of a bold,

impressive, well-rounded sort; they have no real taste for little, every-day matters, but want to hear about things on a great scale. We give them what they ask for, and they are quite capable of making their own discounts."

This was all the satisfaction to be obtained, and Barclay was fain to content himself with suppressing his part of the edition, and resolving to see to it that any future literature of the kind, of which he might have need, should be conceived after a less highly florid taste. While at the office of the Index, on this visit, he met with one further instance of what readers might "expect" that tended to amuse and to distract him from his own annoyance. A small English-looking man, of a shabby aspect, wearing a hat many seasons out of the mode, came rushing in angrily, and extended a copy of the paper at full length with one hand, while he tapped a certain article in it with the other. The article bore the flaming head-lines, "A Much-Married Impostor of the South Side. A Bogus Doctor Skips the Town." It referred to him, it appeared; it had met his eye as far away as Kansas City, and he had come back, he said, to deny the unwarranted aspersion, and spend, if need be, his last dollar in the prosecution of its author. Ives Wilson, in a diplomatic way, begged the visitor to sit down, which he indignantly refused to do. The editor then whistled up the speaking-tube to the composing-room for Welby Goff to ascertain the responsibility for and true status of the offending article. Welby Goff, coming down, wrinkled his brows, as in reflection.

"I seem to recollect something of this," said he, "and yet, again — I don't know. Surely there must be *some* means of tracing it. I *know* we can. Would you kindly step in again in a few days?"

"Days?" cried the complainant, with a fierce glare.

"Or a week, then," blandly. "If it

should prove that the Index has done you injustice, if this article has been contributed by an outsider, if we have been imposed upon by any personal enemy of yours, of course the — the Index will see you righted. Do you know," confidentially, "the abuses that sometimes creep into the press in these matters are simply infamous. In your case, my dear sir, I should probably feel exactly as you do."

The visitor, who was really a person of questionable standing, no doubt with certain shady features in his record, was little by little mollified by treatment of this sort, and left the office, agreeing to wait till justice was done him.

"I wrote it myself," said Welby Goff, gleefully, to Barclay, as soon as the man's back was turned. "It's the gospel truth, too, — at least, I think it is. Any way, there's a certain amount of truth in it. Of course I had to put him off a little at first, being tackled all at once, that way. I'll keep it up for a while, till I can look up some more information of the same sort to lay him out with. I'm pretty sure I can, and then we'll give him a worse deal than before."

Barclay saw comparatively little of Mrs. Varemberg in these earliest days. His new status as a resident of the place did not seem to warrant a continuance of the close intimacy of the brief preliminary visit. The coolness of his relations with her father, his real devotion to his new undertaking; together with the natural considerations of propriety and good judgment that would occur to Mrs. Varemberg as well, all contributed to this result.

The window of his chamber gave upon the quiet City Hall Park, where he could descry her likeness, in the guise of the Golden Justice. He now got out his field-glass — an exceptionally good one that had served him well in his travels, had looked at macrocosms and microcosms, at a famous beauty in her opera-

box, and down into the seething heart of a volcano — and added to the many sights, both fair and wondrous, it had taken in, a close study of this statue. He would take up the glass sometimes when at his books, and direct at it a long and earnest gaze. It was a distraction, in the brief period of daylight he could pass at this window, from a heavy course of reading he had begun; he was reviewing and extending his acquaintance with socialistic works of every kind, his quick good sense detecting their fallacies, while his imagination often sighed over the utopias of human happiness they embodied. The Golden Justice was his exalted companion. His thoughts would shoot off, arrow-like, to that shining mark, and glancing thence, as it were, fall to Mrs. Varemberg, on the other side, often crossing, no doubt, with those of David Lane, similarly occupied.

Barclay said to himself that he was glad she was there, — glad she should be thus raised aloft above the city, as its emblem of right and justice. There was something grand in the apotheosis; it was in keeping with his worship of her, his enchantment of other days, and it added dignity to that far-off love. He distinguished with his glass the proud and noble poise of the head, under its golden helmet, the subtle, reassuring smile that wreathed the features. They were the features of her blooming, untroubled girlhood, showing a character far less deep and serious, less tempered by experience, than that she possessed at the present time; but she was for that reason only the more goddess-like, since a traditional property of the gods is untroubled calm. Nor was it needed that the model who had so well served the artist as his inspiration should have herself possessed all the grave and tragic qualities he would depict; were it so, the plastic arts must soon come to a stand-still. She had been a point of departure such as is rarely met with, and

the imagination of the spectator was to do the rest.

With the passing of the seasons, with the varying days and times of day, and perhaps even the personal moods of the looker-on, the Golden Justice seemed to take many different aspects. Now she half melted into the delicious skies of autumn, now showed through light mists, like flame burning behind a screen of gauze. She was harsh and coppery in the cold bleakness of November; she seemed yellow, burnished gold against the background of some opaque blue firmament of winter; she glared lurid and threatening as an angel of wrath in the red sunsets; and, again, would twinkle as with genuine merriment, under the shifting lights and shadows of the glorious cloud-masses of the spring-time. Even on obscure nights, as has been said, some wandering star-beam, some vestige of the radiance that is never wholly extinguished from the universe, would seek her out and indicate her position. Barclay noted the peculiar feature that she was to be most distinctly seen on dark days; every lineament and fold of her drapery then came out against the more favoring ground of leaden gray, while in clear sunshine she was apt to be obliterated in a general dazzle.

"That is as it should be," said he. "Justice should show the most clearly in time of adversity and trial; if she conceal her face at all, let it be when all goes well."

He little knew, as yet, the stake she held for him, and what it really might have been, even apart from the features of his lost love, that led him to the close study of this figure and the discovery of all these fine distinctions.

If he did not see Mrs. Varemberg often, as has been said, their friendship and a wholesome feeling of good-comradeship between them were certainly renewed. Mrs. Varemberg seemed to find an unusual content in this element that had come into her life, and an un-

wanted animation arising out of it perhaps accounted, on some of her "well days," for an ephemeral recovery of her looks, an aspect almost of health, that was to be noted in her. She still appeared to Barclay, in truth, a beautiful, lovable woman. Her type, marked by its perpetual pensiveness or sadness, reminded him of those sweet, candid, and noble figures of Raphael, of the earlier period. By some inspiration of natural grace, she seemed to him to fall always into the precise attitudes most becoming to her. She did everything with a certain refined deliberation, an absence of excitability, growing partly out of her invalidism, and partly out of an innate dignity, that gave all her movements an indescribable, fascinating quality of rhythm.

She bantered him about his enthusiasms and his project, called him Watt Tyler and Caius Gracchus, pretended that he was an alarmingly incendiary person, about to upheave the foundations of society. But she was secretly pleased, notwithstanding, with all he told her; for, after living so long in darkness, apathy, distrust, and skepticism, she was disposed to be pleased with anything that was believing, strong, positive, and hopeful.

"Yours is not the indulgent ear into which a reformer could pour all his pet follies," Barclay had objected, to her interest, at first.

"Try me," she answered gayly; "you do not half know how indulgent I can be."

She soon became, in fact, the trusted confidante of most of his doings. By her own wish, she one day, accompanied by her aunt, paid a visit to the Works. To Barclay she seemed to consecrate the dry, rude place, and ever after he thought better of his office, since she had blessed it with the charm of her presence, since she had sat upon the high stool and toyed with the heavy ruler.

"You speak as one having authority.

You say 'go,' and he goeth; and 'come,' and he cometh," she said to him in railery, noting the many subordinates who came to make reports and receive orders from him, and the profound deference with which he was treated on all hands. "I declare I don't know whether it is quite safe to trust you with such arbitrary powers; I am not sure you do not begin to have an odiously overbearing way with you already."

"There is no pressing danger of the rise of any unnecessary conceit." And he proceeded to describe to her some of his difficulties, — traditions arising out of the association with trades-unions, and the like, which the most despot of authority could not overcome.

"I warn you to expect plenty of ingratitude in all this," his young visitor cautioned him, in a mentor-like way.

"Ingratitude is a part of the disease; they are probably too much absorbed in their own troubles, as yet, to have much time for anything else. I look neither for gratitude nor ingratitude; I take the people as I find them."

"It would sometimes be much better to leave them as you found them. You may have to come to that. But I refuse to quarrel with you. Are you not going to show me your favorite protégés?"

So Barclay took the ladies about, and indicated to them a few persons upon whom he had already cast an eye with a view to the improvement of their condition. In the first place, there was one Martin Krieg, a small apprentice lad, black as a powder-monkey, who concealed a real shyness under a quaint imitation of the surly manner affected by some of the older workmen. Barclay had Martin Krieg show a specimen of drawing he had made quite without instruction, and said he thought of giving the boy advantages for cultivating the decided bent he seemed to show in that direction. Next was McClary, a hollow-chested, round-shouldered young

man, with a sickly face, who stood in a stooping position, engaged in filing brass work.

"He is a good workman and an honest fellow," said Barclay; "he is temperate, economical, industrious with an assiduity that spares himself least of all, — but look at him. He files away, like that, day in and day out; takes night work, too, whenever he can get it; and even asks for more to take home over holidays."

"He is killing himself by inches."

"Almost by feet."

"Why will he do it?"

"It is a misguided ambition. It is a good enough motive at bottom; I quite appreciate it. He aspires to a shop and house of his own, and says there is no other way to get them. He married a trim, nice-looking girl, who worked in a paper-box factory. With their two small children they live in two poor rooms in a tenement-house, and his wife ekes out their scanty subsistence by taking a couple of mechanic boarders. But you are not interested in these petty details?"

"Oh, yes, I find them very interesting."

"I hear of a touch of jealousy, too, arising out of one of these boarders. The wife, fast losing her good looks, and becoming a mere drudge, was driven to seek a bit of relaxation in some quarter, I suppose, and let this man take her to the theatre a few times. Her husband was wild about it."

"That is one of the dangers of such a situation, I suppose?"

"Under the pressure of his fierce ambition, McClary is probably as penurious with her as with himself, and, with his poor health added, cannot be the most agreeable companion in the world. And this McClary, I want you to observe, is one of the better class of workmen."

"Why don't you talk to him?"

"I have talked to him."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"What would *you* do? What do you advise?" he asked, trying her.

"Raise his pay?" she suggested, doubtfully. "But dear me! don't ask *me* anything; I haven't a particle of imagination."

"We have stretched a point in that direction; but to pay a man more than he is really worth can be no permanent resource. Oh, this monster of political economy, — how inexorable it is! Absolute right of every workman to sell his labor for all he can get, absolute right of every employer to buy his labor for as little as he can pay, — nobody to blame, and yet what a slaughter of happiness and lives!"

"The improvement of his health would seem to be the first thing to attend to; then, his family arrangements."

"Good! so it seemed to me, also. He is to be drafted into the packing-room at easier work, and I have arranged to move them out of their tenement-house into a cottage, which they can have at even lower rent, and where they can get rid of the boarders."

These may be received as fair ordinary examples of the way the young proprietor aimed to lend a helping hand to those who helped themselves, to extend it at the proper time, and to keep his protégés out of the gutter instead of waiting till they were fairly in it to raise them. If his partner, Maxwell, was disposed to criticise any of this as unbusiness-like, he gladly paid the extra cost from his own pocket; and he defended it on the ground that, by rendering the hands thoroughly contented, he would bring them up to a greatly improved standard of efficiency, and get more work out of them than had ever been known before.

There are usually "characters" of one sort and another in an establishment of the kind. Under this head of a "character," one Fahrenstock was presented to the guests. He was a slow-

speaking, rusty old fellow, the veteran of the shops. In long years of service he had never become a thoroughly skilled workman, nor indeed risen but a few steps above the point at which he started.

"Some of 'em can't," said the foreman, Akins, in explanation. "It's like playin' a good game o' billiards, or anythin' o' that kind; it takes knack; some has got it in 'em, and some has n't, and you can't put it there. Most of 'em that I deal with get just about so fur, and there they stick, and forty yoke of oxen could n't drag 'em an inch ahead."

Akins had all the confidence of a rudely successful man, and showed but little patience with his less efficient and less fortunate brethren.

"It's no trick at all to get a livin'," said he. "It's never been so to me; I've always found it easy enough. There's parties round here, with a crazy German paper, that tells the men it is n't, and they ought to strike, and make folks that's got more than they have divide up with 'em. My idee is that that style o' papers ought to be shut up. I s'pose, though, it's a good deal like blowin' off powder in an open lot; it can't hurt nobody. Hoolan, over there," indicating a saturnine-looking man at a work-bench, "is one o' them red-flag fellers."

Foreman Akins went on to say, furthermore, that, in his belief, things were better for the workingman when times were rather hard and wages comparatively low. "He knows he can't get a place most anywheres, then," said he, "and he sticks to the one he has. You can depend onto him more; he 'tends steadier to his work; and if he don't make quite so much money, he don't drink up so much o' what he *has* got as when times is flush."

Old Fahrenstock, being induced to talk, aired, among other things, some peculiar religious views of his own. His cardinal doctrine was the speedy destruction of the world. He would ar-

gue this topic by the hour, expounding from the law and the prophets and chiefly the prophet Daniel. The beast with the ten horns, the one with teeth and claws of iron, the little horn that sprung out from the greater, the ram that pushed against the west, Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, the Pope, the Sultan, and the Czar, all had their place in his system, together with contemporary portents of all kinds, great and small.

"I don't see how we can last longer than this year — or next — any way," he said. "The Rooshian is going to drive the Turk out o' Europe. Ain't he doin' it now? And ain't it as clear as crystal that that's the last warnin' sign?"

His comrades reported that he had more than once already fixed the date, and gone up on the roof of his boarding-house and flapped his arms in imitation of wings, endeavoring to fly, but part of this may have been only their waggish invention.

In curious contrast with his dismal prognostics for the universe was his desire to possess a certain small house and bit of land at White-Fish Bay. It was an aspiration for which he had long hoarded his savings; he meant to fish, to cultivate vegetables there, and make the spot the retreat of his old age, when he should retire from the factory. This small property, sometimes in the market, and then withdrawn again, had advanced in value at an unequal pace with his accumulations, so that it kept always about a thousand dollars ahead of him.

"I should like to ha' married, too, if it was so s' I could. I can't say I've ever had what I should ha' considered the best in this world," he went on, with a kind of patient smile that Mrs. Varenberg considered pathetic. "They call them improvident that plunges into it whether or no, but sometimes I've thought may be I'd better ben improvident, too; there's just about so much trouble to live through, no matter which

way you fix it. But all that's too late now, for an old party like me."

"Oh, I'm sure, Mr. Fahnenstock, you're still a very young-looking, handsome man," protested Mrs. Varemberg.

"Well, marm," said the veteran, much pleased, at least, if not convinced, "I'm glad there's them as thinks so. I suppose it would n't do for us to have things just as we wanted 'em in this mundane spear, or we would n't want to leave it. But I tell you that's got to be done pretty quick now, and in short order, too."

The talk was rather more sober when they went over next to Hoolan, described as one of the "red-flag fellers." He was a small, spare man, with high cheek-bones, and a skin yellowed as by jaundice. He was distrustful and disposed, at first, to waive all discussion. He thought it idle, so far as the conversation was concerned of persons with such fixed and supercilious opinions as these must necessarily have, and also personally dangerous for one in his situation. He was lured into it by pleasant arts and small controversial traps slyly set for him by Mrs. Varemberg. When asked as to the condition and prospective future of the laboring man, he had but a gloomy picture to draw.

"The mechanic don't live out half his days," he said. "He's old before his time, good for nothing to work, and ready to be planted away, just about the time when others is gettin' ready to live. Look at Fahnenstock. He ain't fifty yet, but you'd take him for seventy."

"And how is old age provided for?" Mrs. Varemberg inquired.

"It ain't provided for. If he has had a family to bring up, he has n't had no chance to save anything; and, by that time, his children have all they can do to take care of themselves, without him. So when he is too old to work, he's

turned out to starve. May be he gets a light place somewhere as night-watchman for a while, but more like he goes to the poorhouse."

"What means had you thought of by which things could be made better?"

"Congress ought to pass a law."

He was evidently unwilling to let out any of the more violent socialistic theories he was said to entertain.

"What kind of a law?"

"A law to give every man a fair day's wages for a fair day's work."

"Would that not be a rather difficult matter for Congress to determine?"

"Yes, made up of money kings, as it is now: but the workin' classes has got to get control of legislation themselves. Labor has got to be unified and stand together."

Hoolan went on to complain of "piece-work" as an agency particularly hard on the men, and largely responsible for their crippled condition. It overstimulated effort, he said, drove them up to an impossible standard of performance. The employers would try it long enough to find out what they could do, and then, returning to the old plan, tried to make this the rule for an ordinary day's work; and so the pressure was increasing to an intolerable degree, while wages as constantly declined.

"I had often wondered what became of the older mechanics," said Mrs. Varemberg; "you so rarely see any of them about."

"No, you don't hardly ever see no old mechanics," responded the saturnine Hoolan; "all you see is young ones, — precious young and frisky."

"I'm sure I don't half see what it's all about," said Mrs. Clinton, wearily, as they went away; but Mrs. Varemberg carried with her a keen interest in these men, and a new appreciation of the problem, that made her a much more valuable assistant to Barclay.

William Henry Bishop.

OUIDA.

It is no light thing to be a popular writer; and when one has been a popular writer for twenty-five years, more or less, and, under whatever variety and severity of protest, is quite as much read as ever at the end of that time, the phenomenon is undoubtedly worthy of attention. So much I take to be strictly true of the indefatigable novelist who calls herself by the curious name of Ouida. Everybody reads her twenty or thirty books. The critic reads with a shrug, and the moralist with a sigh; the grave student with an apology, and the railway traveler with an ostentatious yawn; the school-girl (I mean, of course, the modern, unfettered school-girl) with bated breath and shining eyes, and the bank clerk and the lady help with nameless thrills of envious rapture. The professional translators must watch, one would think, every stroke of this industrious lady's pen, and quarrel, among themselves, for the privilege of extending to the remote barbarian the boon to which the English-speaking races alone are born. And still there are no symptoms of failure in the abundant fountain (it would be more correct, perhaps, to say soda-fountain) from which these highly colored and sharply effervescent waters are drawn. Crowds always come to quaff the sparkling beverage, asking no questions, for conscience' sake, about the chemistry by which it is produced. The old sip for a wonder, and the young for a sign. Let us try and discover why and for what end.

I will premise that this inquiry is going to be, primarily and chiefly, a search for merits, rather than a citation of defects. There is very much reason to believe that this is in all cases the true method of criticism: to get inside of a subject, and then work outward; to fath-

om the character of the mind, if one can, before endeavoring to judge the production. It may not be altogether easy for a plain mortal, with no finer implement than a steel pen, to put herself in Ouida's place, but it ought, by all means, to be attempted.

And first it may be remarked that in the general type of her tales she is really the heir, and the legitimate heir, of very high traditions. She is by nature a flagrant romanticist; but so was Scott a romanticist, and Dumas père and De la Motte Fouqué, and Lord Lytton and Lord Beaconsfield, and George Sand and Victor Hugo, and Jane Porter and the authoress of Thomas Thyrnau, and eke G. P. R. James. To be classifiable with such names, even to be at the foot of such a class, is to be a member of no mean school. Walter Scott is of course the master, as he was, in time, the precursor, and he must ever remain, by virtue of his historic divination, his glorious humor, and his healthful and virile moral sense, far and away the noblest Roman of them all. But there are traces of his method and reflections of his spirit in every one of the writers I have named, and in a good many others, less than the least of these, who have, nevertheless, been able, for a moment each, to catch the popular ear. They are all free, and profess to make their readers free, of a world of ardent love and furious war; of vast riches and dazzling pomp; of heroic virtues and brutal crimes; of consummate personal beauty, flower-like, fairy-like, god-like, as the case may be; of tremendous adventures, enormous windfalls, crushing catastrophes, and miraculous escapes. High color, strong contrasts, loud music, and thrilling sensations ("I can do the big bow-wow style myself with any now going," says Scott, in his gallant and

charming tribute to Jane Austen) are the common properties of them all, and there can be no question that the average human reader has a natural relish for such things, which is bound to gratify itself even when, as happens at the present moment, they are decidedly out of the literary fashion. We smile at the perfumed baths and jeweled hair-brushes of Ouida's young guardsmen; at the cataracts of diamonds which descend from the shoulders of her heroines when they go to the ball, and the curtains of rose-colored Genoa velvet, edged with old Venice point, which the valet or the maid will draw noiselessly aside, in order to let the noontide sun steal in upon her jaded revelers on the morning after a festivity. But Chandos himself is not more expensive in his habits than Lothair, and the ecstatic sibilation, like that of a child over a stick of candy, with which Ouida dilates on the luxuries which surround her favorites is paralleled, to say the least, by the solemn rapture of the great statesman before the stock-in-trade of a fashionable jeweler. The worship of wealth is vulgar and demoralizing, yet it is not absolutely and entirely vulgar. It is a possible root of all evil, but it is not the one, sole root, and even the apostle never meant to say that it was. It *marches*, as we used to say of the boundaries of a country, with very noble things, the supreme splendors of art, the possibilities of a vast beneficence. The transference of wealth from one person to another is apt to be dizzying to him who gains no less than acutely uncomfortable to him who loses, but it is a natural, healthful, inevitable process. The absolute annihilation of wealth in fire, flood, or siege is a universal calamity. Riches — mere giddy, golden riches, such as Ouida and the romanticists generally so constitutionally dote upon — have always played a great part in the moral development of mankind, and were probably intended, from the beginning, so

to do. They are for the possession of the few and the edification of the many; and whoever succeeds, whether by argument or parable, in reconciling the minds of men to the fact that wealth *must be* where civilization is, but cannot be for all; whoever helps the many, in their need, to acquiesce in the abundance of the few, will have done more for his kind than all the socialists. The conception of Ouida as a moralist of this magnanimous type is doubtless a humorous one, and any good she may do in this direction will probably be indirect and involuntary. The great, uninteresting middle class comes in for very little of her consideration; but of the lot of the extremely poor — the positively or possibly suffering poor — she is not ignorant nor forgetful, as I shall have occasion to show, by and by.

Meanwhile, it may be observed in her favor that at least she shows herself a better political economist than the far greater writer with whom we have just compared her. She does set some limit to the wealth even of her most opulent hero. After having handsomely endowed him with "home estates as noble as any in England, a house in Park Lane, a hotel on the Champs-Élysées, a toy villa at Richmond, and a summer palace on the Bosphorus," beside a yacht, "kept always in sailing order, and servants accustomed to travel into Mexico or Asia Minor at a moment's notice," she does, nevertheless, own him subject to the law which entails pecuniary ruin upon the man whose expenditure is exactly four times as great as his income; and he starves, when the time comes, with as much distinction as he had previously squandered. For Lothair, as for Monte Christo, no ruin is possible. Their investments are in the infinite. But then Disraeli and Dumas were not romanticists, merely, but idealists, while Ouida's imagination, vigorous though it be, and prolific, seldom rises to really poetic heights.

It is genuine imagination, however, and takes one well away from the "stuffiness" of the mere society column, which is all the small-fry of the later school seem to aspire to. Let us take as a fair illustration of her earlier manner — of the period when she was wholly untrammelled by probability, and unvexed, apparently, by more than the very slightest experience of life, or a superficial knowledge of books — Idalia. In the first place, we have for a hero the penniless Scotch lord, in his mouldering tower: a man of kingly stature and falcon eye, of indomitable pride and immeasurable descent, and of unparalleled prowess in the pursuit and slaughter whether of beasts or men. A coarse variation upon Ravenswood, indeed, but infinitely better than that daft creature Macleod of Dare, in that he lives and breathes, has wits and uses them. It was a rather happy thought, also, to name him Ercildoune, after the Rhymer; and though we are half tempted to abandon him in disgust, when we meet him in a Paris café, "wringing the amber Moselle from his long mustaches," yet we are willing to believe, what is in itself a tribute to her creative power, that the vulgarity is the author's rather than her hero's, and we decide, upon the whole, that we would like to know more about him. And we are sincerely glad that we have done so, when it comes to following the gallant Scot in his wild night ride, as bearer of dispatches down the lonely Roumanian pass, and in that Homeric fight of his with the men who lay in ambush for him behind the fallen pine. The whole thing is magnificently described, and carries the reader along with something like the breathless credulity of his most tender years, up to the point where the queen's messenger flings his precious papers into the foaming stream, and bares his bosom to the bullets of six thoroughly armed foes. How could he have escaped death, since they all fired,

à bout portant? But escape he did, of course, though left for finished by his cowardly assailants; for are we not still in the first half of the first of the three mystic volumes? The dazzling creature, robed in Eastern silks and blazing with Golconda gems, who found him, and had him conveyed for treatment to the skillful sisters of the white convent upon the mountain side, was no Valkyria, come to unlock the warrior's paradise, but a living woman, very handsome, naturally, and altogether most interesting and extraordinary. I must confess to a weakness for Idalia. As the ubiquitous genius of the Revolution in Europe a generation ago, the airy and beautiful head-centre of countless republican plots, with millions at the beck of her fairy fingers, luring peoples to revolt, and nerving individuals to the most enthusiastic self-sacrifice, she seems to me far more boldly and successfully conceived than the renowned Mary Ann of the author of *Lothair*. Just what manner of woman Idalia was, personally, the author has been at such elaborate pains to tell us that it is somewhat difficult to determine. Here are a few of her "precious indications:" —

"The reverse of Eugénie de Guérin, who was always hoping to live and never lived, she had lived only too much and too vividly. She had had pleasure in it, power in it, triumph in it; but now the perfume and the effervescence of the wine had evaporated. There was bitterness in the cup, and a canker in the roses that crowned its brim, for she was *not free*. Like the Palmyrean queen, she felt her fetters underneath the roses. . . . At last she rose; she knew how many would visit her during the day, and she was, besides, no lover of idle dreams and futile regret. Brilliant as Aspasia and classically cultured as Héloïse, she was not one to let her days drift on in inaction. . . . No days were long for her, even now that she rebelled against the tenor and purport of her life."

The riddle of the Sphinx can have been nothing to that of a lady who is comparable, in the same breath, to Eugénie de Guérin, Zenobia, Aspasia, and Héloïse. Yet, somehow, as in the case of Ercildoune, with whom she is fairly and, in the end, happily matched, the creature is so instinct with life and emotion that we believe in her, in spite of this pompous and foolish description. The suggestion, for instance, that she was "not free" is proved, by the event of the story, to do her gross injustice. It is a particularly vile suggestion, in this case, and may serve as text for a few disagreeable remarks which must inevitably be made, sooner or later, by any one attempting a fair appreciation of Ouida. Her ideal of vice is as fantastic and exaggerated as all her other ideals. She appears to have the same sort of diseased *fancy* for it which some people have for strong and foul odors. She would seem early to have adopted into her theory of life the following principle, which she enunciates clearly enough somewhere in Chandos, and which contains just the grain of truth calculated to make it thoroughly pernicious:—

"The age rants too much against the passions. From them spring things that are vile, but without them life were stagnant and heroic action dead. Storms destroy, but storms purify."

Starting from this premise, and accompanied erelong, it must be confessed, by a goodly number of those who claim to constitute "the age," she proceeds to a sort of glorification of sensuality. She has the honor of having, to some extent, anticipated Zola. She is eager to inform us that all her very noblest heroes, even one who, like Chandos, is made capable of sparing and forgiving a most malignant foe, have been at one time or another "steeped" in degrading indulgence. Nor is ordinary sensuality sufficient for her. Adultery is often too pale, and she must needs hint at

something worse. She makes Idalia consent to pass for the mistress of her own father, and alarms Chandos with the ghastly idea that he may have been making love to a daughter of his. Doubtless her vaulting ambition to portray these ecstasies of crime o'erleaps itself, and suggests the idea that she may really be as ignorant of the world of men as she must be of that of letters, when she talks of poems "half Lucretian and half Catullan," and is reminded how Dante walked the streets of Florence "five hundred centuries ago." The apologists of Lord Byron have sometimes made a similar claim for him, namely, that his worst passages, his most utterly infamous intimations, were rather the freaks of a diseased fancy than the record of disgusting facts; but far distant be the time when it shall not seem specially monstrous for a woman to call for this kind of defense.

Let Idalia stand as the type of the half dozen voluminous tales which belong to the period when Ouida was a romanticist *pure et simple*. It is the ablest, upon the whole, although there may be those who prefer the buoyant and beaming naughtiness of Under Two Flags to the rather reckless display of lofty sentiments and grand heroics which marks the earlier volume. Taken altogether, these books reveal a truly remarkable wealth of invention and no mean constructive power; an ability, which may well challenge our admiration, to conceive an almost endless variety of striking figures and picturesque situations, combined with an independence of conventionalities, whether moral or literary, which moves one to something like awe. These books have, moreover, beside their intrinsic qualities, a certain interest in the history of fiction, as constituting, along with Lothair and perhaps My Novel and What Will He Do With It? as well as the earlier efforts of Ouida's direct imitators, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Wood, etc., the very last

of the strictly romantic novels which can have been written in entire good faith upon the author's part. The times were changing rapidly in the years when these tales appeared, and it was inevitable that a mind as active and impressionable as Ouida's should change its tune and method in them. She was born, like all the restless and imaginative souls of our day who remember the "forties," to the ardent and confident belief in a *cause*: and that was the cause of civil freedom, the propagation of the American idea, the emancipation of "Europe's oppressed peoples" from the supposed tyranny of their effete kings, — the cause of which Kossuth and Mazzini were the prophets, Lamartine the poet-laureate, and Garibaldi the doughty champion. That cause was by no means lost, still less was it admitted by its adherents to be lost, at the time when Ouida began to write. The "clouds of glory" which the century had "trailed" from its tumultuous infancy were still faintly rosy, but they were destined to be pretty thoroughly dissolved in the "light of common day" during its sixth and seventh decades. France kissed the rod of the unprincipled oppressor, and settled down, under her handsome new chains, to a season of material prosperity and physical comfort which she has secretly regretted ever since it came to its inevitable end. Hungary, the haughty and intractable, also seized her opportunity to sign, on advantageous terms, a compact with her mortal foe. Italy alone had apparently remained true to her vivid colors, had broken her yoke and ousted her foreign invader, and set up for a free and united nation, vowed to modern ideas. Incidents of the war of Italian independence are very effectively worked in with the *dénoûment* of several of Ouida's earlier and more exuberant romances, *Idalia* among them. The authoress had, by this time, elected to make Italy her home, and in some sort of very sincere

fashion, albeit with much music and parade, had formally given her heart and plighted her troth to that endearing country. I believe the love which this queer genius bears to Italy to be an entirely genuine and disinterested sentiment, — as much so, perhaps, as any of which she is capable. Those books of hers which, like *Pascarel*, *Signa*, and *In Maremma*, may be classed under the head of Italian idyls do really teem with something resembling the large, lawless, unkempt, and yet impassioned beauty of the land itself, while the chronic and patiently borne misery of a large proportion of the Italian population fires her with a sort of wrathful pity, which in its turn moves her reader to honest sympathy with herself. Moreover, she feels the *picturesque* of Italy in every fibre; and if she is open to the charge of always writing more or less bad Ruskinian when she essays to depict it, which of us who were brought up on the Modern Painters can cast the first stone? There are real artistic verity and poetic feeling in such pictures as this of the Blue Grotto at Capri: —

"Perfect stillness, perfect peace, filled only with the low and murmuring sound of many waters; a beauty not of land nor of sea, sublime and spiritual as that marvelous azure light that seemed to still and change all pulse and hue of life itself; a sepulchre and yet a Paradise, where the world was dead, but the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."

And this, of the olive: —

"For the olive is always mournful. It is, amid trees, like the opal amid jewels. Its foliage, its flowers, its fruits, are all colorless. It shivers softly, as though it were cold, even on those sun-bathed hills. It seems forever to say, 'Peace, peace,' where there is no peace, and to be weary because that whereof it is the emblem has been banished from the earth, — because men delight in war."

And this, on the never-to-be-hackneyed subject of Rome:—

"Rome is terrible in her old age. It is the old age of a mighty murderess of men. About her there is ever the scent of death, the abomination of desolation. She was, in the days of her power and sorcery, a living lie. She called herself the mother of free men, and she conceived only slaves. The shame of her and the sin cling to her still, and the blood which she has shed makes heavy the air which she respire. Her head is crowned with ashes, and her lips, as they mutter of dead days, breathe pestilence."

And this, of the region round Signa, and the stern aspect of winter upon the Tuscan hills:—

"There is wild weather in winter at Signa. The mountain streams brim over, and the great historic river sweeps out in full flood, and the bitter Alpine wind tears, like a living thing, over the hills and across the plain. Not seldom the low-lying fields become sheets of dull, tawny water, and the little hamlets among them are all flooded; and from the clock-towers the tolling bells cry aloud for succor, while the low, white houses seem to float like boats. In these winters, if the harvest before have been bad, the people suffer much. They have little or no bread, and they eat the raw grass, even, sometimes. The country looks like a lake when the floods are on; only for ships there are churches, and the light-houses are the trees, and, like rocky islands, in all directions, the village roofs and the villa walls gleam red and shine gray, in the rain. It is only a short winter, and the people know that when the floods rise and spread they will find compensation, later on, for them in the doubled richness of grass and measure of corn. Still, it is hard to see the finest steer of the herd dashed a lifeless, dun-colored mass against the foaming piles of the bridge; it is hard to see the young trees and the stacks of hay

whirled together against each other; it is hard to watch the broken crucifix and the cottage bed hurled like dead leaves on the waste of waters; it is hardest of all to see the little curly head of a dead child drift with the boughs, and the sheep, and the empty hen-coop, and the torn house-door, down the furious course of the river. . . . There are beautiful hills in this country, steep and bold, and formed chiefly of limestone and sandstone, covered all over with gum-cistus and thyme and wild roses and myrtle, with low-growing laurels, and tall cypresses, and boulders of stone, and old thorn-trees, and flocks of nightingales always, and the little sad-voiced owl that was beloved of Shelley. Bruno's farmstead was on one of these hills; half the hill was cultivated and the other half was wild, and on its height was an old, gray, mighty place, once the palace of a cardinal, and where there now dwelt the steward of the soil on which Bruno had been born. His cottage was a large, low, white building, with a red roof and a great arched door, and a sun-dial on the wall, and a group of cypresses behind and a big walnut-tree before it. There was an old well, with some broken sculpture; some fowls scratching under the fig-boughs; a pig hunting for roots in the bare, black earth. Behind it stretched the wild hillside, and in front a great slope of fields and vineyards; and far below them, in the distance, the valley, and the river, and the bridge, with the high crest of upper Signa and the low-lying wall-towers of the Lastra on either side of the angry waters. . . . When, now and then, a traveler or painter strayed thither, and said that it was beautiful, Bruno smiled, glad because it was his own country, — that was all."

But Italy was destined to do more for Ouida, as an artist, in the larger sense of the word, than to satisfy her ideal of the beautiful in landscape. An experience was reserved for her there, or, more

probably, a series of experiences, which vastly enlarged her knowledge of living men and women, and corrected, rudely perhaps, but effectually, her notions of civilized human society in the nineteenth century. Whatever one may think of the spirit in which it is conceived, there can be no doubt that the book which goes by the sarcastic name of *Friendship* marks a distinct intellectual advance on the part of the author. In it she clears at one leap the bounds which divide the romantic from the realistic school, and comes down on her old Pegasus, indeed, and with plumes all flying, among the grim observers of our disillusioned latter day. *Friendship* is indubitably coarse and crude in parts, but there is no part of it which is not pre-eminently readable, and this is more than can be said of some of the innocuous "idyls." As for the identifications with real people, over which all tongues were busy, for a time, in the city where the scene of *Friendship* is supposed to be laid, the critic has absolutely nothing to do with them. He who will may see a bit of enraptured self-portraiture in the superfine figure of the peerless Étoile. Strictly speaking, the reader is concerned only with the fact that, though the painting is somewhat overcharged, the figure is really one of extraordinary grace; while there is a certain penetration and subtlety in the analysis of Étoile's nature to which, for whatever reason, the author had not previously come near attaining. How profoundly and unsparingly studied, how consummately, if maliciously, painted, are the figures of Lady Joan Challoner and Prince Ioris! Each is almost a new type for the jaded devotee of fiction, and each leaves behind a singularly vivid memory. The intimate mixture of love and scorn with which Ouida seems to regard the entire Italian people is raised to the power of a consuming passion in her portraiture of Ioris: the gentlest and most helpless of

aristocrats; the tenderest, falsest, and most worthless of lovers; the refined, sorrowful, indolent clairvoyant, — appealing and exasperating, fascinating and contemptible, representative of a thoroughly exhausted patrician stock. The picture drawn in *Friendship* of the foreign colony in a Continental city, its frivolity and irresponsibility, its meanness, moral and pecuniary, its prostrate subserviency to rank, and its pest of parasitic toadies and busybodies, is without doubt an ugly one: but it does resemble the real thing, alas! and is not *very* grossly caricatured; and if it have power to dissuade one individual, with strong home ties and affections and an appreciable stake in life, one who is not driven away by the positive compulsion of circumstances, from deciding to expatriate himself, it will not have been dashed off in vain.

The note of sound reality, which Ouida touches almost for the first time in *Friendship*, continues to vibrate more or less perceptibly through all her subsequent productions; checking their extravagance, reducing their feverish temperature, regulating by the laws, at least, of remote probability their often insane and occasionally indecent action, imparting form and unity to her facile and rapid compositions. Enamored of gold and purple she still is, and always will be, but she has evidently learned something of the beauty of *nuances* and the value of alloy. She has by no means ceased to dote upon princes and dukes, but she acknowledges them to be human. She fixes her eyes unwinkingly upon their glories, and dares even to analyze and to judge them. Her Othmars, her Wandas, her Princess Napraxines, endure the limitations and pay the debts of our common humanity. Often entangled in the snares of fine writing, still she succeeds in freeing herself wholly from them at times, and shows herself mistress, for pages in succession, of a clear, nervous, telling style. Om-

niscience is not quite as much her "foible" as formerly. Her mania for allusive and universal quotation has plainly subsided; and her teeming ideas, whether caught from the reviews of books or the hearsay of learned conversation, have become so far clarified and classified that it would no longer be possible for her to write, —

"His eyes dwelt on Trevenna with a strange wistfulness, a look which mutely said, 'Is it *thee*, Brutus?'"

Or, —

"He glanced at his butterflies as he chattered, and saw that *the pin was entering their souls like iron.*"

Or, —

"In *physics* he did not believe; he never touched *them*. Air and sea-water were his sole physicians."

Or, —

"When a name is on the public mouth, the public nostril likes to smell a foulness in it." (!)

Yet more notably, however, does this really shrewd and many-sided writer show the corrective touch of an enlarged experience, the worth of serious observation and reflection upon palpable facts, in the development of what may be called her civic instinct; her power of appreciating the economic and political conditions which actually come under her eyes, and of estimating the probable results of their natural evolution. Already, in the flowery *épopée* of Idalia, amid the hymns and the *fanfares*, the alarms and excursions, and the generally light, scenic, and, so to speak, decorative treatment of a vast and blind popular upheaval, there had occurred the following bit of acute criticism on one of the time-honored traditions of international policy in Europe. It is when there is a question of pecuniary recompense to the sublime Ercildoune, for having all but lost his own life through saving the Queen's secret, in that fine scene in the Roumanian pass, to which allusion has already been made: —

"If you'll pardon my saying so, I don't admire that system of *indemnification*," pursued Ercildoune. "A single scoundrel, or a gang of scoundrels, commits an insult, as in this case, on England, or some other great power, through the person of her representative, or perhaps merely through the person of one of her people. The state to which the rascals belong is heavily mulcted, by way of penalty. Who suffers? Not the guilty, but the unhappy multitude, peasants, traders, farmers, citizens, gentlemen, — all innocent, — who pay the taxes and the imposts. Of an outrage on a great power, if accidentally committed on a traveler by a horde of thieves, you take no notice whatever. If one were obviously done as a political insult, you would declare war. But when the thing happens in a small state, she is punished by an enormous fine, which half ruins her, for a crime which she could no more prevent than you could help, in Downing Street, the last wrecker's murder which took place in Cornwall. Pardon me again, but I fail to see the justice or the dignity of the system; and, for myself, when my own conviction is that the assassins who stopped me were not Moldavians at all, what compensation could it be to me to have the money wrung from a million or two of guiltless people, whose country the cowards chose to select as their field? If you want to avenge *me*, track these dastards, and give them into my power."

This is only a bit of reflex action, to be sure, the gleam of an uncommonly lucid interval, an involuntary cry of common sense; but it foreshadows the powers of sharp insight and independent judgment which Ouida was destined to develop, after her revolutionary revels were ended, and she had settled down to the face-to-face observance of the first results of political emancipation in her beloved Italy. She had expected to assist at an apotheosis; had dreamed of the brilliant exit from its dusty chrysalis

of a regenerated and rejuvenated nation ; of the triumph, self-decreed, of an entire people ; of a procession as long as Italy ; and of a laurel crown for her own flowing locks, very likely, upon the Capitol. She found herself partaker in a sordid and dismal disappointment. Loving the Italian lower class, especially in Tuscany, — as who can help loving who has ever lived among or been served by them ? — loving them with all their faults, and the better, almost, for the childlike character of a good many of their faults, she could not fail soon to perceive that they, at least, were no great gainers by the change which had transferred them from the mild, hap-hazard surveillance of the amiable last Grand Dukes to the hands of the fussy and rapacious bureaucracy which meddles with all their humble affairs in the name of United Italy. There were indications, both in Pascarel and in Signa, that her sympathy with these helpless and obscure victims of modern progress might, some day, get the better of her self-consciousness, and sharpen her busy pen to a more stinging point than that, even, which had recorded the treachery of Ioris and the despair of Étoile. Finally, in the Village Commune, she brings her formal indictment against the present Italian government, and a tremendous indictment it is. The sad and simple *intrigue* of the book, the story of the poor, insignificant folk, whose minute means of subsistence were destroyed, their hopes crushed, and their lives quite ruined, because their lot happened to lie in the pathway of the big, new governmental machine, is told with great terseness and simplicity, for Ouida. It merely illustrates and is quite subordinate to the political purpose of the Village Commune, which is, to say the truth, rather a pamphlet than a novel. Let the reader listen for a little to the erewhile flowery and languishing romanticist, in this new vein of hers. It will at least give him a respectful notion of her versatility.

"Tyranny is a safe amusement, in this liberated country. Italian law is based on the Code Napoleon, and the Code Napoleon is, perhaps, the most ingenious mechanism for human torture that the human mind ever constructed. In the cities, its use for torment is not quite so easy, because where there are crowds there is always fear of riot ; and besides, there are horrid things called newspapers, and citizens wicked and daring enough to write in them. But away in the country, the embellished and filtered Code Napoleon can work like a steam-plough ; there is nobody to appeal, and nobody to appeal to ; the people are timid and perplexed ; they are as defenseless as sheep in the hands of the shearer ; they are frightened at the sight of the printed papers and the carabinier's sword ; there is nobody to tell them that they have any rights, and, besides, rights are very expensive luxuries anywhere, and cost as much to take care of as a carriage-horse."

"The public creates the bureaucracy, and is eaten up by it : it is the old story of Saturn and his sons. Messer Gaspardo was a very insignificant item of the European bureaucracy, it is true, but he was big enough to swallow the commune of Vezzaja and Ghiralda. . . . Government, according to Messer Nellemane, — and many greater public men have thought the same before him, — was a delicate and elaborate machinery for getting everything out of the public that could be got. The public was a kid to be skinned, a grape to be squeezed, a sheep to be shorn ; the public was to be managed, cajoled, bullied, put in the press, made wine of, in a word, — wine for the drinking of Messer Nellemane. He was only a clerk, indeed, with a slender salary, but he had the soul of a statesman. When a donkey kicks, beat it ; when it dies, skin it : so only will it profit you. That was his opinion, and the public was the donkey of Messer Nellemane."

"Messer Gaspardo Nellemane stopped, espying, as I have said, that thing whose sight was beatitude and yet exasperation to him, — a *contravention*. He had made a code of little by-laws, all brand new and of his own invention. He thought administration should be persecution. If it did not perpetually assert itself, who would respect it? He had made everything punishable that could possibly be distorted into requiring punishment. Every commune has the right to make its own by-laws, and Messer Gaspardo had framed about three hundred and ninety; and the Giunta, sleepily and indifferently, had assented to them, and the worshipful Syndic Cavaliere Durellazzo had looked them over and said, '*Va bene; va benissimo!*' And so, in Santa Rosalia, all the secretary's regulations had been adopted and had become law. Quite recently, he had incorporated into these regulations the law that nobody should cut reeds in the Rosa without permission of and payment to the commune. *L'état, c'est moi*, and its pocket is mine, too, was always in the thoughts of Messer Nellemane."

"So the fountain became a thing of the past, and the labor for its destruction was entered, for a considerable sum, in the communal expenses, under the head of 'Works for the salubrity and decoration of Santa Rosalia.' An ugly waste ground, filled with nettles and rubbish, was all the people got in its place; and as for the old stones, some people did say they were reërected in a rich Russian's villa, fifty miles away, Messer Gaspardo knowing the reason why. A gardener of the neighborhood swore to his neighbors that he had seen them there, and that he had heard they were the carved work of a great ancient sculptor. But Messer Nellemane said they had all been broken up to mend the roads, and had been of no value for aught else whatever. And so the subject had dropped, as most inquiries into

public wrongs or the expenditure of public money do drop; and though Santa Rosalia mourned for its lost fountain, it mourned altogether in vain, and the Giunta unanimously considered that the piazza looked very much better bare. Both trees and fountain begat humidity, they thought, and why should they not do in Rosalia just what was doing in Rome?"

"The law should be a majesty, solemn, awful, unerring, just, as man hopes that God is just; and, from its throne, it should stretch out a mighty hand to seize and grasp the guilty, and the guilty only. But when the law is only a petty, meddlesome, cruel, greedy spy, mingling in every household act and peering in at every window-pane, then the poor, who are guiltless, would be justified if they spat in its face, and called it by its right name, a foul extortion. . . . The Inquisitors are dead, but their souls live again in the *Impiegati*."

This is a one-sided statement of the case, doubtless, but there is no denying that it is a remarkably able one. It is said to have had the result of adding a decided element of romantic insecurity to the audacious lady's own residence in Signa, and to have so exasperated the powers that be as to make them look back, with unavailing regret, to the summary way, with its assailants, of the *régime* which theirs has displaced. Other liberal-minded foreigners, long resident in Italy, not so sensational and impassioned as Ouida, and better instructed, perhaps, in the countless difficulties of practical administration, will admit that there is too much truth in the Village Commune, even while they smile at its extravagance, and point to the fact that if the Tuscan peasant was happy and contented in his poverty under the Grand Dukes, it was because his pet peccadilloes were all blandly overlooked, and none but political offenses were punished at all; while he lent his

foolish voice as loudly as any to the *plébiscite* which decreed their expulsion. My own impression is that in the more guarded and temperate re-affirmations of Ouida's appendix to the book in question, we come as near as may be to the real gist of the matter:—

"It is irritating to see the foreign press, which knows nothing, actually, of the condition of things, laying down the law on Italian affairs. The English press attributes all the official evils of New Italy to the transmitted vices of the old régimes. Now I did not live during the old régimes, and cannot judge of them, but this I do know, that the bulk of the people regret passionately the personal peace and simple plenty that were had under them. The vices of the present time are those of a grasping, swarming bureaucracy everywhere, and of the selfishness which is the worst note of the Italian character. . . . It is strange that, with the present state of Ireland before their eyes, the whole of the public men of Italy should be as indifferent as they are to the perpetual irritation of the industrious classes at the hands of the municipalities and their organization of spies and penalties. But indifferent they are. Whether Bismarck approve their Greek policy, or Gambetta do not oppose their doings at Tunis, is all they think about. The suffering of a few million of their own people is too small a thing to catch their attention. They think, like Molière's doctor, 'Un homme mort n'est qu'un homme mort, et il ne fait point de conséquence, mais une formalité negligée porte un notable préjudice à tout le corps de médecins.'"

"No one can accuse me of any political prejudices. My writings have alternately been accused of a reactionary conservatism and a dangerous socialism, so that I may, without presumption, claim to be impartial. I love conservatism when it means the preservation of beautiful things, I love revolution

when it means the destruction of vile ones. What I despise in the pseudo-liberalism of the age is that it has become only the tyranny of narrow minds, vested under high-sounding phrases, and the deification of a policeman."

Impressed, at all events, by the deep feeling and evident candor of the writer, and the almost total absence, in passages like these, of her wonted vanity and parade, we may cordially admit that there is matter here fit to atone for many literary and social sins, and to give this erratic and often reckless story-teller a plausible claim on the immunities promised to him "who considereth the poor."

I have, I think, fulfilled my engagement to say all that can fairly be said in favor of one whose books are in many hands and whose name is on many lips, while it is wholly impossible to dissociate either books or name from a certain persistent odium. Power and variety are two very distinguished qualities in a writer, and these are possessed by Ouida in so large a degree that very few indeed of the female writers now living can rival her. Let it not be supposed, however, that fiction such as hers, even at its best, is claimed to represent the highest type. When I said that the romantic style, though illustrated by great and memorable names, was no longer the literary *mode*, I was far indeed from intending any disrespect to the school which has succeeded it. If we weary, sometimes, of the incessant occupation of the realist with every-day types of character, of the monotonous march of the action of his piece over the vast and melancholy levels of average human experience, we must needs revere his universal sympathies, his indifference to outside show and vulgar celebrity, his patient study of the springs of action and unflagging researches into the dim secrets of the human soul. Not every realist can be as George Eliot, or Daudet at his best, or the colossal

Russians; or even as those refined representatives of the new school, who have done so much to enhance, with the reading world, the reputation of American letters. But each, in his degree, may claim to have accepted the ideal, may appropriate something of the spirit of the greatest and weightiest of them all in his latest — may we not yet for a long time have to say the last — of his published utterances:—

“J’ai dit tout ce que je voulais dire, pour cette fois du moins: mais un doute pénible m’accable. Il aurait peut-être mieux valu se taire, car peut-être ce que j’ai dit est du nombre de ces vérités pernicieuses, obscurément enfouies dans l’âme de chacun, et qui, pour rester inoffensives ne doivent pas être exprimées; de même qu’il ne faut pas remuer un vieux vin, de crainte que le

dépôt ne remonte, et ne trouble la liqueur. Où donc, dans ce récit, voyons nous le mal qu’il faut éviter, et le bien vers lequel il faut tendre? Où est le traître? Où, le héros? Tous sont bons et tous sont mauvais. Ce n’est pas Kalouguine, avec son brillant courage, sa bravoure de gentilhomme, et sa vanité, principal moteur de toutes ses actions. Ce n’est pas Praskoukine, nul et inoffensif, bien qu’il soit tombé sur le champ de bataille, pour la foi, le trône, et la patrie; ni Mikhaïlof, si timide, ni Pesth cet enfant sans conviction et sans règle morale, qui pouvaient passer pour des traîtres ou des héros.

“Non, le héros de mon récit, celui que j’aime de toutes les forces de mon âme, celui que j’ai tâché de reproduire dans toute sa beauté, celui qui a été, est et sera toujours beau, — c’est le Vrai.”¹

Harriet Waters Preston.

THE PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA.

BOOK FOURTH.

XXXVII.

HALF an hour after Paul Muniment’s departure the Princess heard another rat-tat-tat at her door; but this was a briefer, discreeter peal, and was accompanied by a faint tinnabulation. The person who had produced it was presently ushered in, without, however, causing Madame Grandoni to look round, or rather to look up, from an arm-chair as low as a sitz-bath, and of very much the shape of such a receptacle, in which, near the fire, she had been immersed. She left this care to the Princess, who rose on hearing the name of the visitor pronounced, inadequately, by her maid. “Mr. Fetch,” Assunta called it; but the Princess recognized without difficulty the little fat, rusty

fiddler of whom Hyacinth had talked to her, who, as Pinnie’s most intimate friend, had been so mixed up with his existence, and whom she herself had always had a curiosity to see. Hyacinth had not told her he was coming, and the unexpectedness of the apparition added to its interest. Much as she liked seeing queer types and exploring out-of-the-way social corners, she never engaged in a fresh encounter, nor formed a new relation of this kind, without a fit of nervousness, a fear that she might be awkward and fail to hit the right tone. She perceived in a moment, however, that Mr. Vetch would take her as she was, and require no special adjustments;

¹ Cte. Léon Tolstôï. Scènes du Siège de Sebastopol. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December 1, 1885.

he was a gentleman and a man of experience, and she would only have to leave the tone to him. He stood there with his large, polished hat in his two hands, a hat of the fashion of ten years before, with a rusty sheen and an undulating brim — stood there without a salutation or a speech, but with a little fixed, acute, tentative smile, which seemed half to inquire and half to explain. What he explained was that he was clever enough to be trusted, and that if he had come to see her that way, abruptly, without an invitation, he had a reason which she would be sure to think good enough when she should hear it. There was even a certain jauntiness in this confidence — an insinuation that he knew how to present himself to a lady; and though it quickly appeared that he really did, that was the only thing about him that was inferior — it suggested a long experience of actresses at rehearsal, with whom he had formed habits of advice and compliment.

"I know who you are — I know who you are," said the Princess, though she could easily see that he knew she did.

"I wonder whether you also know why I have come to see you," Mr. Vetch replied, presenting the top of his hat to her as if it were a looking-glass.

"No, but it does n't matter. I am very glad; you might even have come before." Then the Princess added, with her characteristic honesty, "Don't you know of the great interest I have taken in your nephew?"

"In my nephew? Yes, my young friend Robinson. It is in regard to him that I have ventured to intrude upon you."

The Princess had been on the point of pushing a chair toward him, but she stopped in the act, staring, with a smile. "Ah, I hope you haven't come to ask me to give him up!"

"On the contrary — on the contrary!" the old man rejoined, lifting his

hand expressively, and with his head on one side, as if he were holding his violin.

"How do you mean, on the contrary?" the Princess demanded, after he had seated himself and she had sunk into her former place. As if that might sound contradictory, she went on: "Surely he has n't any fear that I shall cease to be a good friend to him?"

"I don't know what he fears; I don't know what he hopes," said Mr. Vetch, looking at her now with a face in which she could see there was something more tonic than old-fashioned politeness. "It will be difficult to tell you, but at least I must try. Properly speaking, I suppose, it's no business of mine, as I am not a blood relation to the boy; but I have known him since he was an urchin, and I can't help saying that I thank you for your great kindness to him."

"All the same, I don't think you like it," the Princess remarked. "To me it ought n't to be difficult to say anything."

"He has told me very little about you; he does n't know I have taken this step," the fiddler said, turning his eyes about the room, and letting them rest on Madame Grandoni.

"Why do you call it a 'step'?" the Princess asked. "That's what people say when they have to do something disagreeable."

"I call very seldom on ladies. It's a long time since I have been in the house of a person like the Princess Casamassima. I remember the last time," said the old man. "It was to get some money from a lady at whose party I had been playing — for a dance."

"You must bring your fiddle some time, and play to us. Of course I don't mean for money," the Princess rejoined.

"I will do it with pleasure, or any thing else that will gratify you. But my ability is very small. I only know vulgar music — things that are played at theatres."

"I don't believe that; there must be things you play for yourself, in your room, alone."

For a moment the old man made no reply; then he said, "Now that I see you, that I hear you, it helps me to understand."

"I don't think you do see me!" cried the Princess, kindly, laughing; while the fiddler went on to ask whether there were any danger of Hyacinth's coming in while he was there. The Princess replied that he never came, unless by pre-arrangement, but in the evening, and Mr. Vetch made a request that she would not let their young friend know that he himself had been with her. "It does n't matter; he will guess it, he will know it by instinct, as soon as he comes in. He is terribly subtle," said the Princess; and she added that she had never been able to hide anything from him. Perhaps it served her right, for attempting to make a mystery of things that were not worth it.

"How well you know him!" Mr. Vetch murmured, with his eyes wandering again to Madame Grandoni, who paid no attention to him as she sat staring at the fire. He delayed, visibly, to say what he had come for, and his hesitation could only be connected with the presence of the old lady. He said to himself that the Princess might have divined this from his manner; he had an idea that he could trust himself to convey such an intimation with clearness and yet with delicacy. But the most she appeared to apprehend was that he desired to be presented to her companion.

"You must know the most delightful of women. She also takes a particular interest in Mr. Robinson: of a different kind from mine — much more sentimental," and then she explained to the old lady, who seemed absorbed in other ideas, that Mr. Vetch was a distinguished musician, a person whom she, who had known so many in her day,

and was so fond of that kind of thing, would like to talk with. The Princess spoke of "that kind of thing" quite as if she herself had given it up, though Madame Grandoni heard her by the hour together improvising on the piano revolutionary battle-songs and pæans.

"I think you are laughing at me," Mr. Vetch said to the Princess, while Madame Grandoni twisted herself slowly round in her chair, and considered him. She looked at him leisurely, up and down, and then she observed, with a sigh —

"Strange people — strange people!"

"It is indeed a strange world, madame," the fiddler replied; and he then inquired of the Princess whether he might have a little conversation with her in private.

She looked about her, embarrassed and smiling. "My dear sir, I have only this one room to receive in. We live in a very small way."

"Yes, your ladyship is laughing at me. Your ideas are very large, too. However, I would gladly come at any other time that might suit you."

"You impute to me higher spirits than I possess. Why should I be so gay?" the Princess asked. "I should be delighted to see you again. I am extremely curious as to what you may have to say to me. I would even meet you anywhere — in Kensington Gardens or the British Museum."

The fiddler looked at her a moment before replying; then, with his white old face flushing a little, he exclaimed, "Poor dear little Hyacinth!"

Madame Grandoni made an effort to rise from her chair, but she had sunk so low that at first it was not successful. Mr. Vetch gave her his hand, to help her, and she slowly erected herself, keeping hold of him for a moment after she stood there. "What did she tell me? That you are a great musician? Is n't that enough for any man? You ought to be content, my dear gentleman.

It has sufficed for people whom I don't believe you surpass."

"I don't surpass any one," said poor Mr. Vetch. "I don't know what you take me for."

"You are not a conspirator, then? You are not an assassin? It surprises me, but so much the better. In this house one can never know. It is not a good house, and if you are a respectable person it is a pity you should come here. Yes, she is very gay, and I am very sad. I don't know how it will end. After me, I hope. The world is not good, certainly; but God alone can make it better." And as the fiddler expressed the hope that he was not the cause of her leaving the room, she went on, "*Doch, doch*, you are the cause; but why not you as well as another? I am always leaving it for some one or for some thing, and I would sooner do so for an honest man, if you *are* one—but, as I say, who can tell?—than for a destroyer. I wander about. I have no rest. I have, however, a very nice room, the best in the house. Me, at least, she does not treat ill. It looks to-day like the end of all things. If you would turn your climate the other side up, the rest would do well enough. Good-night to you, whoever you are."

The old lady shuffled away, in spite of Mr. Vetch's renewed apologies, and the Princess stood before the fire, watching her companions, while he opened the door. "She goes away, she comes back; it does n't matter. She thinks it's a bad house, but she knows it would be worse without her. I remember now," the Princess added. "Mr. Robinson told me that you had been a great democrat in old days, but that now you had ceased to care for the people."

"The people—the people? That is a vague term. Whom do you mean?"

The Princess hesitated. "Those you used to care for, to plead for; those who are underneath every one, every

thing, and have the whole social mass trampling on them."

"I see you think I'm a renegade. The way certain classes arrogate to themselves the title of the people has never pleased me. Why are some human beings the people, and the people only, and others not? I am of the people myself, I have worked all my days like a knife-grinder, and I have really never changed."

"You must not let me make you angry," said the Princess, laughing, and sitting down again. "I am sometimes very provoking, but you must stop me off. You would n't think it, perhaps, but no one takes a snub better than I."

Mr. Vetch dropped his eyes a minute; he appeared to wish to show that he regarded such a speech as that as one of the Princess's characteristic humors, and knew that he should be wanting in respect to her if he took it seriously or made a personal application of it. "What I want is this," he began, after a moment: "that you will—that you will"—But he stopped before he had got further. She was watching him, listening to him, and she waited while he paused. It was a long pause, and she said nothing. "Princess," the old man broke out at last, "I would give my own life many times for that boy's!"

"I always told him you must have been fond of him!" she cried, with bright exultation.

"Fond of him? Pray, who can doubt it? I made him, I invented him!"

"He knows it, moreover," said the Princess, smiling. "It is an exquisite organization." And as the old man gazed at her, not knowing, apparently, what to make of her tone, she continued: "It is a very interesting opportunity for me to learn certain things. Speak to me of his early years. How was he as a child? When I like people I want to know everything about them."

"I should n't have supposed there

was much left for you to learn about our young friend. You have taken possession of his life," the fiddler added, gravely.

"Yes, but as I understand you, you don't complain of it? Sometimes one does so much more than one has intended. One must use one's influence for good," said the Princess, with the noble, gentle air of accessibility to reason that sometimes lighted up her face. And then she went on, irrelevantly: "I know the terrible story of his mother. He told it me himself, when he was staying with me; and in the course of my life I think I have never been more touched."

"That was my fault, that he ever learned it. I suppose he also told you that."

"Yes, but I think he understood your idea. If you had the question to determine again, would you judge differently?"

"I thought it would do him good," said the old man, simply and rather wearily.

"Well, I dare say it has," the Princess rejoined, with the manner of wishing to encourage him.

"I don't know what was in my head. I wanted him to quarrel with society. Now I want him to be reconciled to it," Mr. Vetch remarked, earnestly. He appeared to wish the Princess to understand that he made a great point of this.

"Ah, but he is!" she immediately returned. "We often talk about that; he is not like me, who see all kinds of abominations. He's a tremendous aristocrat. What more would you have?"

"Those are not the opinions that he expresses to me," said Mr. Vetch, shaking his head sadly. "I am greatly distressed, and I don't understand. I have not come here with the presumptuous wish to cross-examine you, but I should like very much to know if I *am* wrong in believing that he has gone about with

you in the bad quarters — in St. Giles's and Whitechapel."

"We have certainly inquired and explored together," the Princess admitted, "and in the depths of this huge, luxurious, wanton, wasteful city we have seen sights of unspeakable misery and horror. But we have been not only in the slums; we have been to a music hall and a penny-reading."

The fiddler received this information at first in silence, so that his hostess went on to mention some of the phases of life they had observed; describing with great vividness, but at the same time with a kind of argumentative moderation, several scenes which did little honor to "our boasted civilization." "What wonder is it, then, that he should tell me that things cannot go on any longer as they are?" he asked, when she had finished. "He said only the other day that he should regard himself as one of the most contemptible of human beings if he should do nothing to alter them, to better them."

"What wonder, indeed? But if he said that, he was in one of his bad days. He changes constantly, and his impressions change. The misery of the people is by no means always weighing on his heart. You tell me what he has told you; well, he has told me that the people may perish over and over, rather than the conquests of civilization shall be sacrificed to them. He declares, at such moments, that they will be sacrificed — sacrificed utterly — if the ignorant masses get the upper hand."

"He needn't be afraid! That will never happen."

"I don't know. We can at least try!"

"Try what you like, madam, but, for God's sake, get the boy out of his mess!"

The Princess had suddenly grown excited, in speaking of the cause she believed in, and she gave, for the moment, no heed to this appeal, which broke

from Mr. Vetch's lips with a sudden passion of anxiety. Her beautiful head raised itself higher, and the deep expression that was always in her eyes became an extraordinary radiance. "Do you know what I say to Mr. Robinson when he makes such remarks as that to me? I ask him what he means by civilization. Let civilization come a little, first, and then we will talk about it. For the present, face to face with those horrors, I scorn it, I deny it!" And the Princess laughed ineffable things, like some splendid siren of the Revolution.

"The world is very sad and very hideous, and I am happy to say that I soon shall have done with it. But before I go I want to save Hyacinth. If he's a little aristocrat, as you say, there is so much the less fitness in his being compromised, entangled. If he does not even believe in what he pretends to do, that's a pretty situation! What is he in for, madam? What devilish folly has he undertaken?"

"He is a strange mixture of contradictory impulses," said the Princess, musingly. Then, as if calling herself back to the old man's question, she continued: "How can I enter into his affairs with you? How can I tell you his secrets? In the first place, I don't know them, and if I did — fancy me!"

The fiddler gave a long, low sigh, almost a moan, of discouragement and perplexity. He had told the Princess that now he saw her he understood how Hyacinth should have become her slave, but he would not have been able to tell her that he understood her own motives and mysteries, that he embraced the immense anomaly of her behavior. It came over him that she was incongruous and perverse, a more complicated form of the feminine character than any he had hitherto dealt with, and he felt helpless and baffled, foredoomed to failure. He had come prepared to flatter her without scruple, thinking that would

be the clever, the efficacious, method of dealing with her; but he now had a sense that this primitive device had, though it was strange, no application to such a nature, while his embarrassment was increased rather than diminished by the fact that the lady at least made the effort to be accommodating. He had put down his hat on the floor beside him, and his two hands were clasped on the knob of an umbrella which had long since renounced pretensions to compactness; he collapsed a little, and his chin rested on his folded hands. "Why do you take such a line? Why do you believe such things?" he asked; and he was conscious that his tone was weak and his inquiry beside the question.

"My dear sir, how do you know what I believe? However, I have my reasons, which it would take too long to tell you, and which, after all, would not particularly interest you. One must see life as one can; it comes, no doubt, to each of us in different ways. You think me affected, of course, and my behavior a fearful *pose*; but I am only trying to be natural. Are you not yourself a little inconsequent?" the Princess went on, with the bright mildness which had the effect of making Mr. Vetch feel that he should not extract any pledge of assistance from her. "You don't want our young friend to pry into the wretchedness of London, because it excites his sense of justice. It is a strange thing to wish, for a person of whom one is fond and whom one esteems, that his sense of justice shall not be excited."

"I don't care a fig for his sense of justice — I don't care a fig for the wretchedness of London; and if I were young, and beautiful, and clever, and brilliant, and of a noble position, like you, I should care still less. In that case I should have very little to say to a poor mechanic — a youngster who earns his living with a glue-pot and scraps of old leather."

"Don't misrepresent him; don't make him out what you know he's not!" the Princess retorted, with her baffling smile. "You know he's one of the most civilized people possible."

The fiddler sat breathing unhappily. "I only want to keep him — to get him free." Then he added, "I don't understand you very well. If you like him because he's one of the lower orders, how can you like him because he's a swell?"

The Princess turned her eyes on the fire a moment, as if this little problem might be worth considering, and presently she answered, "Dear Mr. Vetch, I am very sure you don't mean to be impertinent, but some things you say have that effect. Nothing is more annoying than when one's sincerity is doubted. I am not bound to explain myself to you. I ask of my friends to trust me, and of the others to leave me alone. Moreover, anything not very nice you may have said to me, out of awkwardness, is nothing to the insults I am perfectly prepared to see showered upon me before long. I shall do things which will produce a fine crop of them — oh, I shall do things, my dear sir! But I am determined not to mind them. Come, therefore, pull yourself together. We both take such an interest in young Robinson that I can't see why in the world we should quarrel about him."

"My dear lady," the old man pleaded, "I have indeed not the least intention of failing in respect or courtesy, and you must excuse me if I don't look after my manners. How can I when I am so worried, so haunted? God knows I don't want to quarrel. As I tell you, I only want to get Hyacinth free."

"Free from what?" the Princess asked.

"From some abominable brotherhood or international league that he belongs to, the thought of which keeps me awake at night. He's just the sort of little fellow to be made a cat's-paw."

"Your fears seem very vague."

"I hoped you would give me chapter and verse."

"On what do your suspicions rest? What grounds have you?" the Princess inquired.

"Well, a great many; none of them very definite, but all contributing something — his appearance, his manner, the way he strikes me. Dear madam, one feels those things, one guesses. Do you know that poor, infatuated phrasemonger, Eustace Poupin, who works at the same place as Hyacinth? He's a very old friend of mine, and he's an honest man, considering everything. But he is always conspiring, and corresponding, and pulling strings that lead away into God knows what. He has nothing in life to complain of, and he drives a roaring trade. But he wants folks to be equal, heaven help him; and when he has made them so, I suppose he's going to start a society for making the stars in the sky all of the same size. He isn't serious, though he thinks that he's the only human being who never trifles; and his machinations, which I believe are for the most part very innocent, are a matter of habit and tradition with him, like his theory that Christopher Columbus, who discovered America, was a Frenchman, and his hot foot-bath on Saturday nights. He has *not* confessed to me that Hyacinth has taken some secret engagement to do something for the cause which may have nasty consequences, but the way he turns off the idea makes me almost as uncomfortable as if he had. He and his wife are very sweet on Hyacinth, but they can't make up their minds to interfere; perhaps for them, indeed, as for me, there is no way in which interference can be effective. Only I did n't put him up to those devil's tricks — or, rather, I did, originally! The finer the work, I suppose, the higher the privilege of doing it; yet the Poupins heave socialistic sighs over the boy, and their peace of mind evidently is n't

all that it ought to be, if they have given him a noble opportunity. I have appealed to them, to a lively tune, and they have assured me that every hair of his head is as precious to them as if he were their own child. That does n't comfort me much, however, for the simple reason that I believe the old woman (whose grandmother, in Paris, in the Revolution, must certainly have carried bloody heads on a pike) would be quite capable of chopping up her own child, if it would do any harm to proprietors. Besides, they say, what influence have they on Hyacinth any more? He is a deplorable little backslider; he worships false gods. In short, they will give me no information, and I dare say they themselves are tied up by some unholy vow. They may be afraid of a vengeance if they tell tales. It's all sad rubbish, but rubbish may be a strong motive."

The Princess listened attentively, following her visitor with patience. "Don't speak to me of the French; I have never liked them."

"That's awkward, if you're a socialist. You are likely to meet them."

"Why do you call me a socialist? I hate labels and tickets," she declared. Then she added, "What is it you suppose on Mr. Robinson's part?—for you must suppose something."

"Well, that he may have drawn some accursed lot, to do some idiotic thing—something in which even he himself does n't believe."

"I have n't an idea of what sort of thing you mean. But, if he does n't believe in it, he can easily let it alone."

"Do you think he's a customer who will back out of an engagement?" the fiddler asked.

The Princess hesitated a moment. "One can never judge of people, in that way, until they are tested." The next thing, she inquired, "Have n't you even taken the trouble to question him?"

"What would be the use? He would

tell me nothing. It would be like a man giving notice when he is going to fight a duel."

The Princess sat for some moments in thought; then she looked up at Mr. Vetch with a pitying, indulgent smile. "I am sure you are worrying about a mere shadow; but that never prevents, does it? I still don't see exactly how I can help you."

"Do you want him to commit some atrocity, some crime?" the old man murmured.

"My dear sir, I don't want him to do anything in all the wide world. I have not had the smallest connection with any arrangement of any kind, that he may have entered into. Do me the honor to trust me," the Princess went on, with a certain dryness of tone. "I don't know what I have done to deprive myself of your confidence. Trust the young man a little, too. He is a gentleman, and he will behave like a gentleman."

The fiddler rose from his chair, smoothing his hat, silently, with the cuff of his coat. Then he stood there, whimsical and piteous, as if the sense that he had still something to urge mingled with that of his having received his dismissal, and both of them were tinged with the oddity of another idea. "That's exactly what I am afraid of!" he exclaimed. Then he added, continuing to look at her, "But he *must* be very fond of life."

The Princess took no notice of the insinuation contained in these words, and indeed it was of a sufficiently impalpable character. "Leave him to me—leave him to me. I am sorry for your anxiety, but it was very good of you to come to see me. That has been interesting, because you have been one of our friend's influences."

"Unfortunately, yes! If it had not been for me, he would not have known Poupin; and if he had n't known Poupin, he would n't have known his chem-

ical friend — what's his name? Muniment."

"And has that done him harm, do you think?" the Princess asked. She had got up.

"Surely: that fellow has been the main source of his infection."

"I lose patience with you," said the Princess, turning away.

And indeed her visitor's persistence was irritating. He went on, lingering, with his head thrust forward and his short arms out at his sides, terminating in his hat and umbrella, which he held grotesquely, as if they were intended for emphasis or illustration. "I have supposed for a long time that it was either Muniment or you that had got him into his scrape. It was you I suspected most — much the most; but if it is n't you, it must be he."

"You had better go to him, then!"

"Of course I will go to him. I scarcely know him — I have seen him but once — but I will speak my mind."

The Princess rang for her maid to usher the fiddler out, but at the moment he laid his hand on the door of the room she checked him with a quick gesture. "Now that I think of it, don't go to Mr. Muniment. It will be better to leave him quiet. Leave him to me," she added, smiling.

"Why not, why not?" he pleaded. And as she could not tell him on the instant why not, he asked, "Does n't he know?"

"No, he does n't know; he has nothing to do with it." She suddenly found herself desiring to protect Paul Muniment from the imputation that was in Mr. Vetch's mind — the imputation of an ugly responsibility; and though she was not a person who took the trouble to tell fibs, this repudiation, on his behalf, issued from her lips before she could check it. It was a result of the same desire, though it was also an in-consequence, that she added, "Don't do that — you'll spoil everything!" She

went to him, suddenly eager, and herself opened the door for him. "Leave him to me — leave him to me," she continued, persuasively, while the fiddler, gazing at her, dazzled and submissive, allowed himself to be wafted away. A thought that excited her had come to her with a bound, and after she had heard the house-door close behind Mr. Vetch she walked up and down the room half an hour, restlessly, under the possession of it.

XXXVIII.

Hyacinth found, this winter, considerable occupation for his odd hours, his evenings and holidays, and scraps of leisure, in putting in hand the books which he had promised himself, at Medley, to inclose in covers worthy of the high station and splendor of the lady of his life (these brilliant attributes had not then been shuffled out of sight), and of the confidence and generosity she showed him. He had determined she should receive from him something of value, and took pleasure in thinking that after he was gone they would be passed from hand to hand as specimens of rare work, while connoisseurs bent their heads over them, smiling and murmuring, handling them delicately. His invention stirred itself, and he had a hundred admirable ideas, many of which he sat up late at night to execute. He used all his skill, and by this time his skill was of a very high order. Old Crookenden recognized it by raising the rates at which he was paid; and though it was not among the traditions of the proprietor of the establishment in Soho, who to the end wore the apron with his workmen, to scatter sweet speeches, Hyacinth learned, accidentally, that several books that he had given him to do had been carried off and placed on a shelf of treasures at the villa, where they were exhibited to the members of the Crookenden circle who

came to tea on Sundays. Hyacinth himself, indeed, was included in this company on a great occasion — invited to a musical party, where he made the acquaintance of half a dozen Miss Crookendens, an acquaintance which consisted in his standing in a corner behind several broad-backed old ladies, and watching the rotation, at the piano and the harp, of three or four of his master's thick-fingered daughters. "You know it's a tremendously musical house," said one of the old ladies to another (she called it "'ouse"); but the principal impression made upon him by the performance of the Miss Crookendens was that it was wonderfully different from the Princess's playing.

He knew that he was the only young man from the shop who had been invited, not counting the foreman, who was sixty years old, and wore a wig so curly that it was in itself a qualification for festive scenes, besides being accompanied by a little frightened, furtive wife, who closed her eyes, as if in the presence of a blinding splendor, when Mrs. Crookenden spoke to her. The Poupins were not there — which, however, was not a surprise to Hyacinth, who knew that (even if they had been asked, which they were not) they had objections of principle to putting their feet *chez les bourgeois*. They were not asked, because, in spite of the place Eustace had made for himself in the prosperity of the business, it had come to be known that his wife was somehow not his wife (though she was certainly no one's else); and the evidence of this irregularity was conceived to reside, vaguely, in the fact that she had never been seen save in a camisole. There had doubtless been an apprehension that if she had come to the villa she would not have come with the proper number of hooks and eyes, though Hyacinth, on two or three occasions, notably the night he took the pair to Mr. Vetch's theatre, had been witness of the pro-

portions to which she could reduce her figure when she wished to give the impression of a lawful tie.

It was not clear to him how the distinction conferred upon him became known in Soho, where, however, it excited no sharpness of jealousy — Grugan, Roker, and Hotchkiss being hardly more likely to envy a person condemned to spend a genteel evening than they were to envy a monkey performing antics on a barrel organ: both forms of effort indicated an urbanity painfully acquired. But Roker took his young comrade's breath half away with his elbow, and remarked that he supposed he saw the old man had spotted him for one of the darlings at home; inquiring, furthermore, what would become, in that case, of the little thing he took to France, the one to whom he had stood champagne and lobster. This was the first allusion Hyacinth had heard made to the idea that he might some day marry his master's daughter, like the virtuous apprentice of tradition; but the suggestion, somehow, was not inspiring, even when he had thought of an incident or two which gave color to it. None of the Miss Crookendens spoke to him — they all had large faces, and short legs, and a comical resemblance to that stertorous elderly male, their father, and, unlike the Miss Marchants, at Medley, they knew who he was — but their mother, who had on her head the plumage of a cockatoo, mingled with a structure of glass beads, looked at him with an almost awful fixedness, and asked him three distinct times if he would have a glass of negus.

He had much difficulty in getting his books from the Princess; for when he reminded her of the promise she had given him at Medley to make over to him as many volumes as he should require, she answered that everything was changed since then, that she was completely *dépouillée*, that she had now no pretension to have a library, and that,

in fine, he had much better leave the matter alone. He was welcome to any books that were in the house, but, as he could see for himself, these were cheap editions, on which it would be foolish to expend such work as his. He asked Madame Grandoni to help him—to tell him, at least, whether there were not some good volumes among the things the Princess had sent to be warehoused; it being known to him, through casual admissions of her own, that she had allowed her maid to save certain articles from the wreck, and pack them away at the Pantechnicon. This had all been Assunta's work, the woman had begged so hard for a few reservations—a loaf of bread for their old days; but the Princess herself had washed her hands of the business. "*Chi, chi*, there are boxes, I am sure, in that place, with a little of everything," said the old lady, in answer to his inquiry; and Hyacinth conferred with Assunta, who took a sympathetic, talkative, Italian interest in his undertaking, and promised to fish out for him whatever worthy volumes should remain. She came to his lodging, one evening, in a cab, with an armful of pretty books, and when he asked her where they had come from waved her forefinger in front of her nose, in a manner both mysterious and expressive. He brought each volume to the Princess, as it was finished; but her manner of receiving it was to shake her head over it with a kind, sad smile. "*It's beautiful*, I am sure, but I have lost my sense for such things. Besides, you must always remember what you once told me, that a woman, even the most cultivated, is incapable of feeling the difference between a bad binding and a good. I remember your once saying that fine ladies had brought shoemaker's bindings to your shop, and wished them imitated. Certainly, those are not the differences I most feel. My dear fellow, such things have ceased to speak to me; they are doubtless charming, but they leave me

cold. What will you have? One can't serve God and mammon." Her thoughts were fixed on far other matters than the delight of dainty covers, and she evidently considered that in caring so much for them Hyacinth resembled the mad emperor who fiddled in the flames of Rome. European society, to her mind, was in flames, and no frivolous occupation could give the measure of the emotion with which she watched them. It produced occasionally demonstrations of hilarity, of joy and hope, but these always took some form connected with the life of the people. It was the people she had gone to see, when she accompanied Hyacinth to a music hall in the Edgeware Road; and all her excursions and pastimes, this winter, were prompted by her interest in the classes on whose behalf the revolution was to be wrought.

To ask himself whether she were in earnest was now an old story to him, and, indeed, the conviction he might arrive at on this head had ceased to have any practical relevancy. It was just as she was, superficial or profound, that she held him, and she was, at any rate, sufficiently animated by a purpose for her actions to have consequences, actual and possible. Some of these might be serious, even if she herself were not, and there were times when Hyacinth was much visited by the apprehension of them. On the Sundays that she had gone with him into the darkest places, the most fetid holes, in London, she had always taken money with her, in considerable quantities, and always left it behind. She said, very naturally, that one could n't go and stare at people, for an impression, without paying them, and she gave alms right and left, indiscriminately, without inquiry or judgment, as simply as the abbess of some beggar-haunted convent, or a Lady Bountiful of the superstitious, unscientific ages who should have hoped to be assisted to heaven by her doles. Hyacinth never

said to her, though he sometimes thought it, that since she was so full of the modern spirit, her charity should be administered according to the modern lights, the principles of economical science; partly because she was not a woman to be directed and regulated, she could take other people's ideas, but she could never take their way. Besides, what did it matter? To himself, what did it matter to-day whether he were drawn into right methods or into wrong ones, his time being too short for regret or for cheer? The Princess was an embodied passion—she was not a system; and her behavior, after all, was more addressed to relieving herself than to relieving others. And then misery was sown so thick in her path that wherever her money was dropped it fell into some trembling palm. He wondered that she should still have so much cash to dispose of, until she explained to him that she came by it through putting her personal expenditure on a rigid footing. What she gave away was her savings, the margin she had succeeded in creating; and now that she had tasted of the satisfaction of making little hoards for such a purpose, she regarded her other years, with their idleness and waste, their merely personal motives, as a long, stupid sleep of the conscience. To do something for others was not only so much more human, but so much more amusing!

She made strange acquaintances, under Hyacinth's conduct; she listened to extraordinary stories, and formed theories about them, and about the persons who narrated them to her, which were often still more extraordinary. She took romantic fancies to vagabonds of either sex, attempted to establish social relations with them, and was the cause of infinite agitation to the gentleman who lived near her in the Crescent, who was always smoking at the window, and who reminded Hyacinth of Mr. Micawber. She received visits that were a

scandal to the Crescent, and Hyacinth neglected his affairs, whatever they were, to see what tatterdemalion would next turn up at her door. This intercourse, it is true, took a more fruitful form as her intimacy with Lady Aurora deepened; her ladyship practiced discriminations which she brought the Princess to recognize, and before the winter was over Hyacinth's services in the slums were found unnecessary. He gave way with relief, with delight, to Lady Aurora, for he had not in the least understood his behavior for the previous four months, nor taken himself seriously as a *cicerone*. He had plunged into a sea of barbarism without having any civilizing energy to put forth. He was conscious that the people were miserable—more conscious, it often seemed to him, than they themselves were; so frequently was he struck with their brutal insensibility, a grossness impervious to the taste of better things or to any desire for them. He knew it so well that the repetition of contact could add no vividness to the conviction; it rather smothered and befogged his impression, peopled it with contradictions and difficulties, a violence of reaction, a sense of the inevitable and insurmountable. In these hours the poverty and ignorance of the multitude seemed so vast and preponderant, and so much the law of life, that those who had managed to escape from the black gulf were only the happy few, people of resource as well as children of luck; they inspired in some degree the interest and sympathy that one should feel for survivors and victors, those who have come safely out of a shipwreck or a battle. What was most in Hyacinth's mind was the idea, of which every pulsation of the general life of his time was a syllable, that the flood of democracy was rising over the world; that it would sweep all the traditions of the past before it; that, whatever it might fail to bring, it would at least carry in its bosom a magnificent energy; and that it might

be trusted to look after its own. When democracy should have its way everywhere, it would be its fault (whose else?) if want and suffering and crime could continue to be ingredients of the human lot. With his mixed, divided nature, his conflicting sympathies, his eternal habit of swinging from one view to another, Hyacinth regarded this prospect in different moods, with different kinds of emotion. In spite of the example Eustache Poupin gave him of the reconciliation of disparities, he was afraid the democracy wouldn't care for perfect bindings or for the finest sort of conversation. The Princess gave up these things in proportion as she advanced in the direction she had so audaciously chosen; and if the Princess could give them up, it would take very extraordinary natures to stick to them. At the same time there was joy, exultation, in the thought of surrendering one's self to the wave of revolt; of floating in the tremendous tide, of feeling one's self lifted and tossed, carried higher on the sun-touched crests of billows than one could ever be by a dry, lonely effort of one's own. That vision could deepen to a kind of ecstasy; make it indifferent whether one's ultimate fate, in such a heaving sea, were not almost certainly to be submerged in bottomless depths or dashed to pieces on resisting cliffs. Hyacinth felt that, whether his personal sympathy should rest finally with the victors or the vanquished, the victorious force was colossal, and would require no testimony from the irresolute.

The reader will doubtless smile at his mental debates and oscillations, and not understand why a little bastard book-binder should attach importance to his conclusions. They were not important for either cause, but they were important for himself, if only because they would rescue him from the torment of his present life, the perpetual laceration of the rebound. There was no peace

for him between the two currents that flowed in his nature, the blood of his passionate, plebeian mother and that of his long-descended, supercivilized sire. They continued to toss him from one side to the other; they arrayed him in intolerable defiance and revenges against himself. He had a high ambition: he wanted neither more nor less than to get hold of the truth and wear it in his heart. He believed, with the candor of youth, that it was brilliant and clear-cut, like a royal diamond; but in whatever direction he turned in the effort to find it, he seemed to know that behind him, bent on him in reproach, was a tragic, wounded face. The thought of his mother had filled him, originally, with the vague, clumsy fermentation of his first impulses toward social criticism; but since the problem had become more complex by the fact that many things in the world as it was constituted grew intensely dear to him, he had tried more and more to construct some conceivable and human countenance for his father — some expression of honor, of tenderness and recognition, of unmerited suffering, or at least of adequate expiation. To desert one of these presences for the other — that idea had a kind of shame in it, as an act of treachery would have had; for he could almost hear the voice of his father ask him if it were the conduct of a gentleman to take up the opinions and emulate the crudities of fanatics and cads. He had got over thinking that it would not have become his father to talk of what was proper to gentlemen, and making the mental reflection that from him, at least, the biggest cad in London could not have deserved less consideration. He had worked himself round to allowances, to interpretations, to such hypotheses as the evidence in the Times, read in the British Museum on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, did not exclude; though they had been frequent enough, and too frequent, his hours of hot re-

sentment against the man who had attached to him the stigma he was to carry forever, he threw himself, in other conditions, and with a certain success, into the effort to find condonations, excuses, for him. It was comparatively easy for him to accept himself as the son of a terribly light Frenchwoman; there seemed a deeper obloquy even than that in his having for his other parent a nobleman altogether wanting in nobleness. He was too poor to afford it. Sometimes, in his imagination, he sacrificed one to the other, throwing over Lord Frederick much the oftener; sometimes, when the theory failed that his father would have done great things for him if he had lived, or the assumption broke down that he had been Florentine Vivier's only lover, he cursed and disowned them alike; sometimes he arrived at conceptions which presented them side by side, looking at him with eyes infinitely sad, but quite unashamed — eyes which seemed to tell him that they had been hideously unfortunate, but had not been base. Of course his worst moments now, as they had always been the worst, were those in which his grounds for thinking that Lord Frederick had really been his father perverse, cynically, fell away from him. It must be added that they always passed, for the mixture that he felt himself, so tormentingly, so insolubly, to be could be accounted for in no other manner.

I allude to these divagations not because they belong in an especial degree to the history of our young man during the winter of the Princess's residence in Madeira Crescent, but because they were a constant element in his moral life, and need to be remembered in any view of him at a given time. There were nights of November and December, as he trod the greasy pavements that lay between Westminster and Paddington, groping his way through the baffled lamplight and tasting the smoke-seasoned fog, when there was more happiness in his

heart than he had ever known. The influence of his permeating London had closed over him again; Paris and Milan and Venice had shimmered away into picture and reminiscence; and as the great city which was most his own lay round him under her pall, like an immeasurable breathing monster, he felt, with a vague excitement, as he had felt before, only now with more knowledge, that it was the richest expression of the life of man. His horizon had been immensely widened, but it was filled, again, by the expanse that sent dim night-gleams and strange blurred reflections and emanations into a sky without stars. He suspended, as it were, his small sensibility in the midst of it, and it quivered there with joy and hope and ambition, as well as with the effort of renunciation. The Princess's quiet fireside glowed with deeper assurances, with associations of intimacy, through the dusk and the immensity; the thought of it was with him always, and his relations with the mistress of it were more organized than they had been in his first vision of her. Whether or no it was better for the cause she cherished that she should have been reduced to her present simplicity, it was better, at least, for Hyacinth. It made her more near and him more free; and if there had been a danger of her nature seeming really to take the tone of the vulgar things about her, he would only have had to remember her as she was at Medley to restore the perspective. In truth, her beauty always appeared to have the setting that best became it; her fairness made the element in which she lived, and, among the meanest accessories, constituted a kind of splendor. Nature had multiplied the difficulties in the way of her successfully representing herself as having properties in common with the horrible populace of London. Hyacinth used to smile at this pretension in his night-walks to Paddington, or homeward; the populace of London were

scattered upon his path, and he asked himself by what wizardry they could ever be raised to high participations. There were nights when every one he met appeared to reek with gin and filth, and he found himself elbowed by figures as foul as lepers. Some of the women and girls, in particular, were appalling—saturated with alcohol and vice, brutal, bedraggled, obscene. "What remedy but another deluge, what alchemy but annihilation?" he asked himself, as he went his way; and he wondered what fate there could be, in the great scheme of things, for a planet overgrown with such vermin, what fate but to be hurled against a ball of consuming fire. If it was the fault of the rich, as Paul Muniment held, the selfish, congested rich, who allowed such abominations to flourish, that made no difference, and only shifted the shame; for the terrestrial globe, a visible failure, produced the cause as well as the effect.

It did not occur to Hyacinth that the Princess had withdrawn her confidence from him because, for the work of investigating still further the condition of the poor, she placed herself in the hands of Lady Aurora. He could have no jealousy of the noble spinster; he had too much respect for her philanthropy, the thoroughness of her knowledge, and her capacity to answer any question it could come into the Princess's extemporizing head to ask, and too acute a consciousness of his own desultory and superficial attitude toward the great question. It was enough for him that the little parlor in Madeira Crescent was a spot round which his thoughts could revolve, and toward which his steps could direct themselves, with an unalloyed sense of security and privilege. The picture of it hung before him half the time, in colors to which the feeling of the place gave a rarity that doubtless did not literally characterize the scene. His relations with the Princess had long since ceased to appear to him to belong to the world

of fable; they were as natural as anything else (everything in life was queer enough); he had by this time assimilated them, as it were, and they were an indispensable part of the happiness of each. "Of each"—Hyacinth risked that, for there was no particular vanity now involved in his perceiving that the most remarkable woman in Europe was, simply, very fond of him. The quiet, familiar, fraternal welcome he found on the nasty winter nights was proof enough of that. They sat together like very old friends, whom long pauses, during which they simply looked at each other with kind, acquainted eyes, could not make uncomfortable. Not that the element of silence was the principal part of their conversation, for it interposed only when they had talked a great deal. Hyacinth, on the opposite side of the fire, felt at times almost as if he were married to his hostess, so many things were taken for granted between them. For intercourse of that sort, intimate, easy, humorous, circumscribed by drawn curtains and shaded lamp-light, and inter-fused with domestic embarrassments and confidences, all turning to the jocular, the Princess was incomparable. It was her theory of her present existence that she was picnicking; but all the accidents of the business were happy accidents. There was a household quietude in her steps and gestures, in the way she sat, in the way she listened, in the way she played with the cat, or looked after the fire, or folded Madame Grandoni's ubiquitous shawl; above all, in the inveteracy with which she spent her evenings at home, never dining out nor going to parties, ignorant of the dissipations of the town. There was something in the isolation of the room, when the kettle was on the hob, and he had given his wet umbrella to the maid, and the Princess made him sit in a certain place near the fire, the better to dry his shoes—there was something that evoked the idea of the *vie de province*, as he had

read about it in French works. The French term came to him because it represented more the especial note of the Princess's company, the cultivation, the facility of talk. She expressed herself often in the French tongue itself; she could borrow that convenience, for certain shades of meaning, though she had told Hyacinth that she did n't like the people to whom it was native. Certainly, the quality of her conversation was not provincial; it was singularly free and unrestricted; there was nothing one might n't say to her, or that she was not liable to say herself. She had cast off prejudices, and gave no heed to conventional danger-posts. Hyacinth admired the movement — his eyes seemed to see it — with which in any direction, intellectually, she could fling open her windows. There was an extraordinary charm in this mixture of liberty and humility — in seeing a creature capable, socially, of immeasurable flights sit dove-like, with folded wings.

The young man met Lady Aurora several times in Madeira Crescent (her days, like his own, were filled with work, and she came in the evening), and he knew that her friendship with the Princess had arrived at a rich maturity. The two ladies were a source of almost rapturous interest to each other, and each rejoiced that the other was not a bit different. The Princess prophesied freely that her visitor would give her up — all nice people did, very soon; but to Hyacinth the end of her ladyship's almost breathless enthusiasm was not yet in view. She was bewildered, but she was fascinated; and she thought the Princess not only the most distinguished, the most startling, the most edifying, and the most original person in the world, but the most amusing and the most delightful to have tea with. As for the Princess, her sentiment about Lady Aurora was the same that Hyacinth's had been: she thought her a saint, the first she had ever seen, and the purest specimen con-

ceivable; as good in her way as St. Francis of Assisi, as tender and naive and transparent, of a spirit of charity as sublime. She held that when one met a human flower as fresh as that in the dusty ways of the world, one should pluck it and wear it; and she was always inhaling Lady Aurora's fragrance, always kissing her and holding her hand. The spinster was frightened at her generosity, at the way her imagination embroidered; she wanted to convince her (as the Princess did on her own side) that such exaggerations destroyed their unfortunate subject. The Princess delighted in her clothes, in the way she put them on and wore them, in the economies she practiced in order to have money for charity and the ingenuity with which these slender resources were made to go far, in the very manner in which she spoke, a kind of startled simplicity. She wished to emulate her in all these particulars; to learn how to economize still more cunningly, to get her bonnets at the same shop, to care as little for the fit of her gloves; to ask, in the same tone, "Is n't it a bore Susan Crotty's husband has got a ticket of leave?" She said Lady Aurora made her feel like a French milliner, and that if there was anything in the world she loathed it was a French milliner. Each of these persons was powerfully affected by the other's idiosyncrasies, and each wanted the other to remain as she was, while she herself should be transformed into the image of her friend.

One evening, going to Madeira Crescent a little later than usual, Hyacinth met Lady Aurora on the doorstep, leaving the house. She had a different air from any he had seen in her before; appeared flushed and even a little agitated, as if she had been learning a piece of bad news. She said, "Oh, how do you do?" with her customary quick, vague laugh; but she went her way, without stopping to talk.

Hyacinth, on going in, mentioned to

the Princess that he had encountered her, and this lady replied, "It's a pity you did n't come a little sooner. You would have assisted at a scene."

"At a scene?" Hyacinth repeated, not understanding what violence could have taken place between mutual adorers.

"She made me a scene of tears, of most earnest remonstrance—perfectly well meant, I need n't tell you. She thinks I am going too far."

"I imagine you tell her things that you don't tell me," said Hyacinth.

"Oh, you, my dear fellow!" the Princess murmured. She spoke absently, as if she were thinking of what had passed with Lady Aurora, and as if the futility of telling things to Hyacinth had become a commonplace.

There was no annoyance for him in this, his pretension to keep pace with her "views" being quite extinct. The tone they now, for the most part, took with each other was one of mutual derision, of shrugging commiseration for insanity on the one hand and benightedness on the other. In discussing with her, he exaggerated deliberately, went to fantastic lengths in the way of reaction; and it was their habit and their entertainment to hurl all manner of denunciation at each other's head. They had given up serious discussion altogether, and when they were not engaged in bandying, in the spirit of burlesque, the amenities I have mentioned, they talked of matters as to which it could not occur to them to differ. There were evenings when the Princess did nothing but relate her life and all that she had seen of humanity, from her earliest years, in a variety of countries. If the evil side of it appeared mainly to have been presented to her view, this did not diminish the interest and vividness of her reminiscences, nor her power, the greatest Hyacinth had ever encountered, of sketchy, fresh evocation and portraiture. She was irreverent and invidious,

but she made him hang on her lips; and when she regaled him with anecdotes of foreign courts (he delighted to know how sovereigns lived and conversed), there was often, for hours together, nothing to indicate that she would have liked to get into a conspiracy, and that he would have liked to get out of one. Nevertheless, his mind was by no means exempt from wonder as to what she was really doing in the dark, and in what queer consequences she might find herself landed. When he questioned her she wished to know by what title, with his sentiments, he pretended to inquire. He did so but little, not being himself altogether convinced of the validity of his warrant; but on one occasion, when she challenged him, he replied, smiling and hesitating, "Well, I must say, it seems to me that, from what I have told you, it ought to strike you that I have a title."

"You mean your engagement, your promise? Oh, that will never come to anything."

"Why won't it come to anything?"

"It's too absurd, it's too vague. It's like some silly humbug in a novel."

"Vous me rendez la vie," said Hyacinth theatrically.

"You won't have to do it," the Princess went on.

"I think you mean I won't do it. I have offered, at least; is n't that a title?"

"Well, then, you won't do it," said the Princess; and they looked at each other a couple of minutes in silence.

"You will, I think, at the pace you are going," the young man resumed.

"What do you know about the pace? You are not worthy to know," the Princess rejoined.

He did know, however; that is, he knew that she was in communication with foreign socialists, and had, or believed that she had, irons on the fire, that she held in her hand some of the strings that are pulled in great movements.

She received letters that made Madame Grandoni watch her askance, of which, though she knew nothing of their contents, and had only her general suspicions and her scent for disaster, now become constant, the old woman had spoken more than once to Hyacinth. Madame Grandoni had begun to have sombre visions of the interference of the police: she was haunted with the idea of a search for compromising papers; of being dragged, herself, as an accomplice in direful plots, into a court of justice, and possibly into a prison. "If she would only burn—if she would only burn! But she keeps—I know she keeps!" she groaned to Hyacinth, in her helpless gloom. Hyacinth could only guess what it might be that she kept; asking himself whether she were seriously entangled, were being exploited by revolutionary Bohemians, predatory adventurers who counted on her getting frightened at a given moment, and offering hush-money to be allowed to slip out (out of a complicity which they, of course, would never have taken seriously); or were merely coquetting with paper schemes, giving herself cheap sensations, discussing preliminaries which, for her, could have no second stage. It would have been easy for Hyacinth to smile at the Princess's impression that she was in it, and to conclude that even the cleverest women do not know when they are superficial, had not the vibration remained which had been imparted to his nerves two years before, of which he had spoken to his hostess at Medley—the sense, vividly kindled and never quenched, that the forces secretly arrayed against the present social order were pervasive and universal, in the air one breathed, in the ground one trod, in the hand of an acquaintance that one might touch, or the eye of a stranger that might rest a moment upon one's own. They were above, below, within, without, in every contact and combination of life; and it was no disproof of them to say

it was too odd that they should lurk in a particular improbable form. To lurk in improbable forms was precisely their strength, and they would doubtless exhibit much stranger incidents than this of the Princess's being a genuine participant even when she flattered herself that she was.

"You do go too far," Hyacinth said to her, the evening Lady Aurora had passed him at the door.

To which she answered, "Of course I do—that's exactly what I mean. How else does one know one has gone far enough? That poor, dear woman! She's an angel, but she isn't in the least in it," she added, in a moment. She would give him no further satisfaction on the subject; when he pressed her she inquired whether he had brought the copy of Browning that he had promised the last time. If he had, he was to sit down and read it to her. In such a case as this Hyacinth had no disposition to insist; he was glad enough not to talk about the everlasting nightmare. He took *Men and Women* from his pocket, and read aloud for half an hour; but on his making some remark on one of the poems, at the end of this time, he perceived the Princess had been paying no attention. When he charged her with this levity, she only replied, looking at him musingly, "How *can* one, after all, go too far? That's a word of cowards."

"Do you mean her ladyship is a coward?"

"Yes, in not having the courage of her opinions, of her conclusions. The way the English can go half-way to a thing, and then stick in the middle!" the Princess exclaimed, impatiently.

"That's not your fault, certainly!" said Hyacinth. "But it seems to me that Lady Aurora, for herself, goes pretty far."

"We are all afraid of some things, and brave about others," the Princess went on.

"The thing Lady Aurora is most afraid of is the Princess Casamassima," Hyacinth remarked.

His companion looked at him, but she did not take this up. "There is one particular in which she would be very brave. She would marry her friend — your friend — Mr. Muniment."

"Marry him, do you think?"

"What else, pray?" the Princess asked. "She adores the ground he walks on."

"And what would Belgrave Square, and Inglesfield, and all the rest of it, say?"

"What do they say already, and how much does it make her swerve? She would do it in a moment; and it would be fine to see it, it would be magnificent," said the Princess, kindling, as she was apt to kindle, at the idea of any great freedom of action.

"That certainly would n't be a case of what you call sticking in the middle," Hyacinth rejoined.

"Ah, it wouldn't be a matter of logic; it would be a matter of passion. When it's a question of that, the English, to do them justice, don't stick."

This speculation of the Princess's was by no means new to Hyacinth, and he had not thought it heroic, after all, that their high-strung friend should feel her-

self capable of sacrificing her family, her name, and the few habits of gentility that survived in her life, of making herself a scandal, a fable, and a nine days' wonder, for Muniment's sake; the young chemist's assistant being, to his mind, as we know, exactly the type of man who produced convulsions, made ruptures and renunciations easy. But it was less clear to him what ideas Muniment might have on the subject of a union with a young woman who should have come out of her class for him. He would marry some day, evidently, because he would do all the natural, human, productive things; but for the present he had business on hand which would be likely to pass first. Besides — Hyacinth had seen him give evidence of this — he did n't think people could really come out of their class; he held that the stamp of one's origin is ineffaceable, and that the best thing one could do was to wear it and fight for it. Hyacinth could easily imagine how it would put him out to be mixed up, closely, with a person who, like Lady Aurora, was fighting on the wrong side. "She can't marry him unless he asks her, I suppose — and perhaps he won't," he reflected.

"Yes, perhaps he won't," said the Princess, thoughtfully.

Henry James.

AT THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

You sat in judgment on him, — you, whose feet
Were set in pleasant places; you, who found
The Bitter Cup he dared to break still sweet,
And shut him from your consecrated ground.

Come, if you think the dead man sleeps a whit
Less soundly in his grave, — come, look, I pray:
A violet has consecrated it.
Henceforth you need not fear to walk this way.

S. M. B. Piatt.

FAILURE OF AMERICAN CREDIT AFTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

At the close of the eighteenth century the barbarous superstitions of the Middle Ages concerning trade between nations still flourished with scarcely diminished vitality. The epoch-making work of Adam Smith had been published in the same year in which the United States declared their independence. The one was the great scientific event, as the other was the great political event, of the age; but of neither the one nor the other were the scope and purport fathomed at the time. Among the foremost statesmen, those who, like Shelburne and Gallatin, understood the principles of the Wealth of Nations were few indeed. The simple principle that when two parties trade both must be gainers, or one would soon stop trading, was generally lost sight of; and most commercial legislation proceeded upon the theory that in trade, as in gambling or betting, what the one party gains the other must lose. Hence towns, districts, and nations surrounded themselves with walls of legislative restrictions intended to keep out the monster trade, or to admit him only on strictest proof that he could do no harm. On this barbarous theory, the use of a colony consisted in its being a customer which you could compel to trade with yourself, while you could prevent it from trading with anybody else; and having secured this point, you could cunningly arrange things by legislation so as to throw all the loss upon this enforced customer, and keep all the gain to yourself. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the commercial legislation of the great colonizing states was based upon this theory of the use of a colony. For effectiveness, it shared to some extent the characteristic features of legislation for making water run up-

hill. It retarded commercial development all over the world, fostered monopolies, made the rich richer and the poor poorer, hindered the interchange of ideas and the refinement of manners, and sacrificed millions of human lives in misdirected warfare; but what it was intended to do it did not do. The sturdy race of smugglers—those despised pioneers of a higher civilization—thrived in defiance of kings and parliaments; and as it was impossible to carry out such legislation thoroughly without stopping trade altogether, colonies and mother countries contrived to increase their wealth in spite of it. The colonies, however, understood the animus of the theory in so far as it was directed against them, and the revolutionary sentiment in America had gained much of its strength from the protest against this one-sided justice. In one of its most important aspects, the Revolution was a deadly blow aimed at the old system of trade restrictions. It was to a certain extent a step in realization of the noble doctrines of Adam Smith. But where the scientific thinker grasped the whole principle involved in the matter, the practical statesmen saw only the special application which seemed to concern them for the moment. They all understood that the Revolution had set them free to trade with other countries than England, but very few of them understood that, whatever countries trade together, the one cannot hope to benefit by impoverishing the other.

This point is much better understood in England to-day than in the United States; but a century ago there was little to choose between the two countries in ignorance of political economy. England had gained great wealth and power through trade with her rapidly

growing American colonies. One of her chief fears, in the event of American independence, had been the possible loss of that trade. English merchants feared that American commerce, when no longer confined to its old paths by legislation, would somehow find its way to France and Holland and Spain and other countries, until nothing would be left for England. The Revolution worked no such change, however. The principal trade of the United States was with England, as before, because England could best supply the goods that Americans wanted; and it is such considerations, and not acts of Parliament, that determine trade in its natural and proper channels. In 1783 Pitt introduced into Parliament a bill which would have secured mutual unconditional free trade between the two countries; and this was what such men as Franklin, Jefferson, and Madison desired. Could this bill have passed, the hard feelings occasioned by the war would soon have died out, the commercial progress of both countries would have been promoted, and the stupid measures which led to a second war within thirty years might have been prevented. But the wisdom of Pitt found less favor in Parliament than the dense stupidity of Lord Sheffield, who thought that to admit Americans to the carrying trade would undermine the naval power of Great Britain. Pitt's measure was defeated, and the regulation of commerce with America was left to the king in council. Orders were passed as if upon the theory that America poor would be a better customer than America rich. The carrying trade to the West Indies had been one of the most important branches of American industry. The men of New England were famous for seamanship, and better and cheaper ships could be built in the seaports of Massachusetts than anywhere in Great Britain. An oak vessel could be built at Gloucester or Salem for twenty-four

dollars per ton; a ship of live-oak or American cedar cost not more than thirty-eight dollars per ton. On the other hand, fir vessels built on the Baltic cost thirty-five dollars per ton, and nowhere in England, France, or Holland could a ship be made of oak for less than fifty dollars per ton. Often the cost was as high as sixty dollars. It was not strange, therefore, that before the war more than one third of the tonnage afloat under the British flag was launched from American dock-yards. The war had violently deprived England of this enormous advantage, and now she sought to make the privation perpetual, in the delusive hope of confining British trade to British keels, and in the belief that it was the height of wisdom to impoverish the nation which she regarded as her best customer. In July, 1783, an order in council proclaimed that henceforth all trade between the United States and the British West Indies must be carried on in British-built ships, owned and navigated by British subjects. A serious blow was thus dealt not only at American shipping, but also at the interchange of commodities between the States and the islands, which was greatly hampered by this restriction. During the whole of the eighteenth century the West India sugar trade with the North American colonies and with Great Britain had been of immense value to all parties, and all had been seriously damaged by the curtailment of it due to the war. Now that the artificial state of things created by the war was to be perpetuated by legislation, the prospect of repairing the loss seemed indefinitely postponed. Moreover, even in trading directly with Great Britain, American ships were only allowed to bring in articles produced in the particular States of which their owners were citizens,—an enactment which seemed to add insult to injury, inasmuch as it directed especial attention to the want of union among the thirteen States. Great indignation

was aroused in America, and reprisals were talked of, but efforts were first made to obtain a commercial treaty. In 1785 Franklin returned from France, and Jefferson was sent as minister in his stead, while John Adams became the first representative of the United States at the British court. Adams was very courteously received by George III., and presently set to work to convince Lord Carmarthen, the foreign secretary, of the desirableness of unrestricted intercourse between the two countries. But popular opinion in England was obstinately set against him. But for the Navigation Act and the orders in council, it was said, all ships would by and by come to be built in America, and every time a frigate was wanted for the navy the Lords of Admiralty would have to send over to Boston or Philadelphia and order one. Rather than do such a thing as this, it was thought that the British navy should content itself with vessels of inferior workmanship and higher cost, built in British dock-yards. Thirty years after, England gathered an unexpected fruit of this narrow policy, when, to her intense bewilderment, she saw frigate after frigate outsailed and defeated in single combat with American antagonists. Owing to her exclusive measures, the rapid improvement in American ship-building had gone on quite beyond her ken, until she was thus rudely awakened to it. With similar short-sighted jealousy, it was argued that the American share in the whale-fishery and in the Newfoundland fishery should be curtailed as much as possible. Spermaceti oil was much needed in England: complaints were rife of robbery and murder in the dimly lighted streets of London and other great cities. But it was thought that if American ships could carry oil to England and salt fish to Jamaica, the supply of seamen for the British navy would be diminished; and accordingly such privileges must not be granted the Americans unless

valuable privileges could be granted in return. But the government of the United States could grant no privileges because it could impose no restrictions. British manufactured goods were needed in America, and Congress, which could levy no duties, had no power to keep them out. British merchants and manufacturers, it was argued, already enjoyed all needful privileges in American ports, and accordingly they asked no favors and granted none.

Such were the arguments to which Adams was obliged to listen. The popular feeling was so strong that Pitt could not have stemmed it if he would. It was in vain that Adams threatened reprisals, and urged that the British measures would defeat their own purpose. "The end of the Navigation Act," said he, "as expressed in its own preamble, is to confine the commerce of the colonies to the mother country; but now we are become independent States, instead of confining our trade to Great Britain, it will drive it to other countries:" and he suggested that the Americans might make a navigation act in their turn, admitting to American ports none but American-built ships, owned and commanded by Americans. But under the articles of confederation such a threat was idle, and the British government knew it to be so. Thirteen separate state governments could never be made to adopt any such measure in concert. The weakness of Congress had been fatally revealed in its inability to protect the loyalists or to enforce the payment of debts, and in its failure to raise a revenue for meeting its current expenses. A government thus slighted at home was naturally despised abroad. England neglected to send a minister to Philadelphia, and while Adams was treated politely, his arguments were unheeded. Whether in this behavior Pitt's government was influenced or not by political as well as economical reasons, it was certain that a political purpose

was entertained by the king and approved by many people. There was an intention of humiliating the Americans, and it was commonly said that under a sufficient weight of commercial distress the States would break up their feeble union, and come straggling back, one after another, to their old allegiance. The fiery spirit of Adams could ill brook this contemptuous treatment of the nation which he represented. Though he favored very liberal commercial relations with the whole world, he could see no escape from the present difficulties save in systematic retaliation. "I should be sorry," he said, "to adopt a monopoly, but, driven to the necessity of it, I would not do things by halves. . . . If monopolies and exclusions are the only arms of defense against monopolies and exclusions, I would venture upon them without fear of offending Dean Tucker or the ghost of Dr. Quesnay." That is to say, certain commercial privileges must be withheld from Great Britain, in order to be offered to her in return for reciprocal privileges. It was a miserable policy to be forced to adopt, for such restrictions upon trade inevitably cut both ways. Like the non-importation agreement of 1768 and the embargo of 1808, such a policy was open to the objections familiarly urged against biting off one's own nose. It was injuring one's self in the hope of injuring somebody else. It was perpetuating in time of peace the obstacles to commerce generated by a state of war. In a certain sense, it was keeping up warfare by commercial instead of military methods, and there was danger that it might lead to a renewal of armed conflict. Nevertheless, the conduct of the British government seemed to Adams to leave no other course open. But such "means of preserving ourselves," he said, "can never be secured until Congress shall be made supreme in foreign commerce."

It was obvious enough that the sep-

arate action of the States upon such a question was only adding to the general uncertainty and confusion. In 1785 New York laid a double duty on all goods whatever imported in British ships. In the same year Pennsylvania passed the first of the long series of American tariff acts, designed to tax the whole community for the alleged benefit of a few greedy manufacturers. Massachusetts sought to establish committees of correspondence for the purpose of entering into a new non-importation agreement, and its legislature resolved that "the present powers of the Congress of the United States, as contained in the articles of confederation, are not fully adequate to the great purposes they were originally designed to effect." The Massachusetts delegates in Congress — Gerry, Holten, and King — were instructed to recommend a general convention of the States for the purpose of revising and amending the articles of confederation; but the delegates refused to comply with their instructions, and set forth their reasons in a paper which was approved by Samuel Adams, and caused the legislature to reconsider its action. It was feared that a call for a convention might seem too much like an open expression of a want of confidence in Congress, and might thereby weaken it still further without accomplishing any good result. For the present, as a temporary expedient, Massachusetts took counsel with New Hampshire, and the two States passed navigation acts, prohibiting British ships from carrying goods out of their harbors, and imposing a fourfold duty upon all such goods as they should bring in. A discriminating tonnage duty was also laid upon all foreign vessels. Rhode Island soon after adopted similar measures. In Congress a scheme for a uniform navigation act, to be concurred in and passed by all the thirteen States, was suggested by one of the Maryland delegates; but it was opposed by Richard Henry Lee

and most of the delegates from the far South. The Southern States, having no ships or seamen of their own, feared that the exclusion of British competition might enable Northern ship-owners to charge exorbitant rates for carrying their rice and tobacco, thus subjecting them to a ruinous monopoly; but the gallant Moultrie, then governor of South Carolina, taking a broader view of the case, wrote to Bowdoin, governor of Massachusetts, asserting the paramount need of harmonious and united action. In the Virginia assembly, a hot-headed member, named Thurston, declared himself in doubt "whether it would not be better to encourage the British rather than the eastern marine;" but the remark was greeted with hisses and groans, and the speaker was speedily put down. Amid such mutual jealousies and misgivings, during the year 1785 acts were passed by ten States granting to Congress the power of regulating commerce for the ensuing thirteen years. The three States which refrained from acting were Georgia, South Carolina, and Delaware. The acts of the other ten were, as might have been expected, a jumble of incongruities. North Carolina granted all the power that was asked, but stipulated that when all the States should have done likewise their acts should be summed up in a new article of confederation. Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and Maryland had fixed the date at which the grant was to take effect, while Rhode Island provided that it should not expire until after the lapse of twenty-five years. The grant by New Hampshire allowed the power to be used only in one specified way,—by restricting the duties imposable by the several States. The grants of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and Virginia were not to take effect until all the others should go into operation. The only thing which Congress could do with these acts was to refer them back to the several legislatures, with a polite

request to try to reduce them to something like uniformity.

Meanwhile, the different States, with their different tariff and tonnage acts, began to make commercial war upon one another. No sooner had the other three New England States virtually closed their ports to British shipping than Connecticut threw hers wide open, an act which she followed up by laying duties upon imports from Massachusetts. Pennsylvania discriminated against Delaware, and New Jersey, pillaged at once by both her greater neighbors, was compared to a cask tapped at both ends. The conduct of New York became especially selfish and blameworthy. That rapid growth which was so soon to carry the city and the State to a position of primacy in the Union had already begun. After the departure of the British the revival of business went on with leaps and bounds. The feeling of local patriotism waxed strong, and in no one was it more completely manifested than in George Clinton, the Revolutionary general, whom the people elected governor for nine successive terms. From a humble origin, by dint of shrewdness and untiring push, Clinton had come to be for the moment the most powerful man in the State of New York. He had immense influence with the mass of the people, and he has left behind him a reputation far beyond his real merit. So far as New York was concerned, he was a public-spirited man. He had come to look upon the State almost as if it were his own private manor, and his life was devoted to furthering its interests as he understood them. It was his first article of faith that New York must be the greatest State in the Union. But his conceptions of statesmanship were extremely narrow. In his mind, the welfare of New York meant the pulling down and thrusting aside of all her neighbors and rivals. He was the vigorous and steadfast advocate of every illiberal and exclusive measure, and the

most uncompromising enemy to a closer union of the States. His great popular strength and the commercial importance of the community in which he held sway made him at this time the most dangerous man in America. The political victories presently to be won by Hamilton, Schuyler, and Livingston, without which our grand and pacific federal union could not have been brought into being, were victories won by most desperate fighting against the dogged opposition of Clinton. Under his guidance, the history of New York, during the five years following the peace of 1783, was a shameful story of greedy monopoly and sectional hate. Of all the thirteen States, none behaved worse except Rhode Island. A single instance, which occurred early in 1787, may serve as an illustration. The city of New York, with its population of 30,000 souls, had long been supplied with firewood from Connecticut, and with butter and cheese, chickens and garden vegetables, from the thrifty farms of New Jersey. This trade, it was observed, carried thousands of dollars out of the city and into the pockets of detested Yankees and despised Jerseymen. It was ruinous to domestic industry, said the men of New York. It must be stopped by those effective remedies of the Sangrado school of economic doctors, a navigation act and a protective tariff. Acts were accordingly passed, obliging every Yankee sloop which came down through Hell Gate, and every Jersey market boat which was rowed across from Paulus Hook to Cortlandt Street, to pay entrance fees and obtain clearances at the custom-house, just as was done by ships from London or Hamburg; and not a cart-load of Connecticut firewood could be delivered at the back-door of a country-house in Beekman Street until it should have paid a heavy duty. Great and just was the wrath of the farmers and lumbermen. The New Jersey legislature made up its

mind to retaliate. The city of New York had lately bought a small patch of ground on Sandy Hook, and had built a light-house there. This light-house was the one weak spot in the heel of Achilles where a hostile arrow could strike, and New Jersey gave vent to her indignation by laying a tax of \$1800 a year on it. Connecticut was equally prompt. At a great meeting of business men, held at New London, it was unanimously agreed to suspend all commercial intercourse with New York. Every merchant signed an agreement, under penalty of \$250 for the first offense, not to send any goods whatever into the hated State for a period of twelve months. By such retaliatory measures, it was hoped that New York might be compelled to rescind her odious enactment. But such meetings and such resolves bore an ominous likeness to the meetings and resolves which in the years before 1775 had heralded a state of war; and but for the good work done by the federal convention another five years would scarcely have elapsed before shots would have been fired and seeds of perennial hatred sown on the shores that look toward Manhattan Island.

To these commercial disputes there were added disputes about territory. The chronic quarrel between Connecticut and Pennsylvania over the valley of Wyoming was decided in the autumn of 1782 by a special federal court, appointed in accordance with the articles of confederation. The prize was adjudged to Pennsylvania, and the government of Connecticut submitted as gracefully as possible. But new troubles were in store for the inhabitants of that beautiful region. The traces of the massacre of 1778 had disappeared, the houses had been rebuilt, new settlers had come in, and the pretty villages had taken on their old look of contentment and thrift, when in the spring of 1784 there came an accumulation of disasters.

During a very cold winter great quantities of snow had fallen, and lay piled in huge masses on the mountain sides, until in March a sudden thaw set in. The Susquehanna rose, and overflowed the valley, and great blocks of ice drifted here and there, carrying death and destruction with them. Houses, barns, and fences were swept away, the cattle were drowned, the fruit trees broken down, the stores of food destroyed, and over the whole valley there lay a stratum of gravel and pebbles. The people were starving with cold and hunger, and President Dickinson urged the legislature to send prompt relief to the sufferers. But the hearts of the members were as flint, and their talk was incredibly wicked. Not a penny would they give to help the accursed Yankees. It served them right. If they had stayed in Connecticut, where they belonged, they would have kept out of harm's way. And with a blasphemy thinly veiled in phrases of pious unction, the desolation of the valley was said to have been contrived by the Deity with the express object of punishing these trespassers. But the cruelty of the Pennsylvania legislature was not confined to words. A scheme was devised for driving out the settlers and partitioning their lands among a company of speculators. A force of militia was sent to Wyoming, commanded by a truculent creature named Patterson. The ostensible purpose was to assist in restoring order in the valley, but the behavior of the soldiers was such as would have disgraced a horde of barbarians. They stole what they could find, dealt out blows to the men and insults to the women, until their violence was met with violence in return. Then Patterson sent a letter to President Dickinson, accusing the farmers of sedition, and hinting that extreme measures were necessary. Having thus, as he thought, prepared the way, he attacked the settlement, turned some five hundred people out-of-doors, and burned

their houses to the ground. The wretched victims, many of them tender women, or infirm old men, or little children, were driven into the wilderness at the point of the bayonet, and told to find their way to Connecticut without further delay. Heart-rending scenes ensued. Many died of exhaustion, or furnished food for wolves. But this was more than the Pennsylvania legislature had intended. Patterson's zeal had carried him too far. He was recalled, and the sheriff of Northumberland County was sent, with a posse of men, to protect the settlers. Patterson disobeyed, however, and, withdrawing his men to a fortified lair in the mountains, kept up a guerrilla warfare. All the Connecticut men in the neighboring country flew to arms. Men were killed on both sides, and presently Patterson was besieged. A regiment of soldiers was then sent from Philadelphia, under Colonel Armstrong, who had formerly been on Gates's staff, the author of the infamous Newburgh addresses. On arriving in the valley, Armstrong held a parley with the Connecticut men, and persuaded them to lay down their arms; assuring them on his honor that they should meet with no ill treatment, and that their enemy, Patterson, should be disarmed also. Having thus got them into his clutches, the knave forthwith treated them as prisoners. Seventy-six of them were handcuffed and sent under guard, some to Easton and some to Northumberland, where they were thrown into jail.

Great was the indignation in New England when these deeds were heard of. The matter had become very serious. A war between Connecticut and Pennsylvania might easily grow out of it. But the danger was averted through a very singular feature in the Pennsylvania constitution. In order to hold its legislature in check, Pennsylvania had a council of censors, which was assembled once in seven years in order to in-

quire whether the State had been properly governed during the interval. Soon after the troubles in Wyoming the regular meeting of the censors was held, and the conduct of Armstrong and Patterson was unreservedly condemned. A hot controversy ensued between the legislature and the censors, and as the people set great store by the latter peculiar institution, public sympathy was gradually awakened for the sufferers. The wickedness of the affair began to dawn upon people's minds, and they were ashamed of what had been done. Patterson and Armstrong were frowned down, the legislature disavowed their acts, and it was ordered that full reparation should be made to the persecuted settlers of Wyoming.¹

In the Green Mountains and on the upper waters of the Connecticut there had been trouble for many years. In the course of the Revolutionary War, the fierce dispute between New York and New Hampshire for the possession of the Green Mountains came in from time to time to influence most curiously the course of events. It was closely connected with the intrigues against General Schuyler, and more remotely with the Conway cabal and the treason of Arnold. About the time of Burgoyne's invasion the association of Green Mountain Boys endeavored to cut the Gordian knot by declaring Vermont an independent State, and applying to the Continental Congress for admission into the Union. The New York delegates in Congress succeeded in defeating this scheme, but the Vermont people went on and framed their constitution. Thomas Chittenden, a man of rough manners but very considerable ability, a farmer and innkeeper, like Israel Putnam, was chosen governor, and held that position for many years. New Hampshire thus far had not actively opposed these measures, but fresh grounds of quarrel were soon at hand. Several

towns on the east bank of the Connecticut River wished to escape from the jurisdiction of New Hampshire. They preferred to belong to Vermont, because it was not within the Union, and accordingly not liable to requisitions of taxes from the Continental Congress. It was conveniently remembered that by the original grant, in the reign of Charles II., New Hampshire extended only sixty miles from the coast. Vermont was at first inclined to assent, but finding the scheme unpopular in Congress, and not wishing to offend that body, she changed her mind. The towns on both banks of the river then tried to organize themselves into a middle State, — a sort of Lotharingia on the banks of this New World Rhine, — to be called New Connecticut. By this time New Hampshire was aroused, and she called attention to the fact that she still believed herself entitled to dominion over the whole of Vermont. Massachusetts now began to suspect that the upshot of the matter would be the partition of the whole disputed territory between New Hampshire and New York, and, ransacking her ancient grants and charters, she decided to set up a claim on her own part to the southernmost towns in Vermont. Thus goaded on all sides, Vermont adopted an aggressive policy. She not only annexed the towns east of the Connecticut River, but also asserted sovereignty over the towns in New York as far as the Hudson. New York sent troops to the threatened frontier, New Hampshire prepared to do likewise, and for a moment war seemed inevitable. But here, as in so many other instances, Washington appeared as peacemaker, and prevailed upon Governor Chittenden to use his influence in getting the dangerous claims withdrawn. After the spring of 1784 the outlook was less stormy in the Green Mountains. The conflicting claims were

¹ A very interesting account of these troubles may be found in the first volume of Professor

McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*.

allowed to lie dormant, but the possibilities of mischief remained, and the Vermont question was not finally settled until after the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Meanwhile, on the debatable frontier between Vermont and New York the embers of hatred smouldered. Barns and houses were set on fire, and belated wayfarers were found mysteriously murdered in the depths of the forest.

Incidents like these of Wyoming and Vermont seem trivial, perhaps, when contrasted with the lurid tales of border warfare in older times between half-civilized peoples of mediæval Europe, as we read them in the pages of Froissart and Sir Walter Scott. But their historic lesson is none the less clear. Though they lift the curtain but a little way, they show us a glimpse of the untold dangers and horrors from which the adoption of our Federal Constitution has so thoroughly freed us that we can only with some effort realize how narrowly we have escaped them. It is fit that they should be borne in mind, that we may duly appreciate the significance of the reign of law and order which has been established on this continent during the greater part of a century. When reported in Europe, such incidents were held to confirm the opinion that the American confederacy was going to pieces. With quarrels about trade and quarrels about boundaries, we seemed to be treading the old-fashioned paths of anarchy, even as they had been trodden in other ages and other parts of the world. It was natural that people in Europe should think so, because there was no historic precedent to help them in forming a different opinion. No one could possibly foresee that within five years a number of gentlemen at Philadelphia, containing among themselves a greater amount of political sagacity than had ever before been brought together within the walls of a single room, would amicably discuss the situation and agree

upon a new system of government whereby the dangers might be once for all averted. Still less could any one foresee that these gentlemen would not only agree upon a scheme among themselves, but would actually succeed, without serious civil dissension, in making the people of thirteen States adopt, defend, and cherish it. History afforded no example of such a gigantic act of constructive statesmanship. It was, moreover, a strange and apparently fortuitous combination of circumstances that were now preparing the way for it and making its accomplishment possible. No one could forecast the future. When our ministers and agents in Europe raised the question as to making commercial treaties, they were disdainfully asked whether European powers were expected to deal with thirteen governments or with one. If it was answered that the United States constituted a single government so far as their relations with foreign powers were concerned, then we were forthwith twitted with our failure to keep our engagements with England with regard to the loyalists and the collection of private debts. Yes, we see, said the European diplomats; the United States are one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow, according as may seem to subserve their selfish interests. Jefferson, at Paris, was told again and again that it was useless for the French government to enter into any agreement with the United States, as there was no certainty that it would be fulfilled on our part; and the same things were said all over Europe. Toward the close of the war most of the European nations had seemed ready to enter into commercial arrangements with the United States, but all save Holland speedily lost interest in the subject. John Adams had succeeded in making a treaty with Holland in 1782. Frederick the Great treated us more civilly than other sovereigns. One of the last acts of his life was to conclude a treaty for ten

years with the United States; asserting the principle that free ships make free goods, taking arms and military stores out of the class of contraband, agreeing to refrain from privateering even in case of war between the two countries, and in other respects showing a liberal and enlightened spirit. This treaty was concluded in 1786. It scarcely touched the subject of international trade in time of peace, but it was valuable as regarded the matters it covered, and in the midst of the general failure of American diplomacy in Europe it fell pleasantly upon our ears. Our diplomacy had failed because our weakness had been proclaimed to the world. We were bullied by England, insulted by France and Spain, and looked askance at in Holland. The humiliating position in which our ministers were placed by the beggarly poverty of Congress was something almost beyond credence. It was by no means unusual for the superintendent of finance, when hard pushed for money, to draw upon our foreign ministers, and then sell the drafts for cash. This was not only not unusual; it was an established custom. It was done again and again, when there was not the smallest ground for supposing that the minister upon whom the draft was made would have any funds wherewith to meet it. He must go and beg the money. That was part of his duty as envoy, — to solicit loans without security for a government that could not raise enough money by taxation to defray its current expenses. It was sickening work. Just before John Adams had been appointed minister to England, and while he was visiting in London, he suddenly learned that drafts upon him had been presented to his bankers in Amsterdam to the amount of more than a million florins. Less than half a million florins were on hand to meet these demands, and unless something were done at once the greater part of this paper would go back to America protested.

Adams lost not a moment in starting for Holland. In these modern days of precision in travel, when we can translate space into time, the distance between London and Amsterdam is eleven hours. It was accomplished by Adams, after innumerable delays and vexations and no little danger, in fifty-four days. The bankers had contrived, by ingenious excuses, to keep the drafts from going to protest until the minister's arrival, but the gazettes were full of the troubles of Congress and the bickerings of the States, and everybody was suspicious. Adams applied in vain to the regency of Amsterdam. The promise of the American government was not regarded as valid security for a sum equivalent to about three hundred thousand dollars. The members of the regency were polite, but inexorable. They could not make a loan on such terms; it was unbusiness-like and contrary to precedent. Finding them immovable, Adams was forced to apply to professional usurers and Jew brokers, from whom, after three weeks of perplexity and humiliation, he obtained a loan at exorbitant interest, and succeeded in meeting the drafts. It was only too plain, as he mournfully confessed, that American credit was dead. Such were the trials of our American minister in Europe in the dark days of the League of Friendship. It was not a solitary, but a typical, instance. John Jay's experience at the unfriendly court of Spain was perhaps even more trying.

European governments might treat us with cold disdain, and European bankers might pronounce our securities worthless, but there was one quarter of the world from which even worse measure was meted out to us. Of all the barbarous communities with which the civilized world has had to deal in modern times, perhaps none have made so much trouble as the Mussulman states on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. After the breaking up of the great Moorish kingdoms of the Middle

Ages, this region had fallen under the nominal control of the Turkish sultans as lords paramount of the orthodox Mohammedan world. Its miserable populations became the prey of banditti. Swarms of half-savage chieftains settled down upon the land like locusts, and out of such a pandemonium of robbery and murder as has scarcely been equaled in historic times the pirate states of Morocco and Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli, gradually emerged. Of these communities history has not one good word to say. In these fair lands, once illustrious for the genius and virtues of a Hannibal and the profound philosophy of St. Augustine, there grew up the most terrible despotisms ever known to the world. The things done daily by the robber sovereigns were such as to make a civilized imagination recoil with horror. One of these cheerful creatures, who reigned in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was called Muley Abdallah, especially prided himself on his peculiar skill in mounting a horse. Resting his left hand upon the horse's neck, as he sprang into the saddle he simultaneously swung the sharp scimitar in his right hand so deftly as to cut off the head of the groom who held the bridle. From his behavior in these sportive moods one may judge what he was capable of on serious occasions. He was a fair sample of the Barbary monarchs. The foreign policy of these wretches was summed up in piracy and blackmail. Their corsairs swept the Mediterranean and ventured far out upon the ocean, capturing merchant vessels, and murdering or enslaving their crews. Of the rich booty, a fixed proportion was paid over to the robber sovereign, and the rest was divided among the gang. So lucrative was this business that it attracted hardy ruffians from all parts of Europe, and the misery they inflicted upon mankind during four centuries was beyond calculation. One of their favorite practices was the kidnapp-

ing of eminent or wealthy persons, in the hope of extorting ransom. Cervantes and Vincent de Paul were among the celebrated men who thus tasted the horrors of Moorish slavery; but it was a calamity that might fall to the lot of any man or woman, and it was but rarely that the victims ever regained their freedom. Against these pirates the governments of Europe contended in vain. Swift cruisers frequently captured their ships, and from the days of Joan of Arc down to the days of Napoleon their skeletons swung from long rows of gibbets on all the coasts of Europe, as a terror and a warning. But their losses were easily repaired, and sometimes they cruised in fleets of seventy or eighty sail, defying the navies of England and France. It was not until after England, in Nelson's time, had acquired supremacy in the Mediterranean that this dreadful scourge was destroyed. Americans, however, have just ground for pride in recollecting that their government was foremost in chastising these pirates in their own harbors. The exploits of our little navy in the Mediterranean at the beginning of the present century form an interesting episode in American history, but in the weak days of the confederation our commerce was plundered with impunity, and American citizens were seized and sold into slavery in the markets of Algiers and Tripoli. One reason for the long survival of this villainy was the low state of humanity among European nations. An Englishman's sympathy was but feebly aroused by the plunder of Frenchmen, and the bigoted Spaniard looked on with approval so long as it was Protestants that were kidnapped and bastinadoed. In 1783 Lord Sheffield published a pamphlet on the commerce of the United States, in which he shamelessly declared that the Barbary pirates were really useful to the great maritime powers, because they tended to keep the weaker nations out of their share in the carry-

ing trade. This, he thought, was a valuable offset to the Empress Catherine's device of the armed neutrality, whereby small nations were protected; and on this wicked theory, as Franklin tells us, London merchants had been heard to say that "if there were no Algiers, it would be worth England's while to build one." It was largely because of such feelings that the great states of Europe so long persisted in the craven policy of paying blackmail to the robbers, instead of joining in a crusade and destroying them. In 1786 Congress felt it necessary to take measures for protecting the lives and liberties of American citizens. The person who called himself "Emperor" of Morocco at that time was different from most of his kind. He had a taste for reading, and had thus caught a glimmering of the enlightened liberalism which French philosophers were preaching. He wished to be thought a benevolent despot, and with Morocco, accordingly, Congress succeeded in making a treaty. But nothing could be done with the other pirate states without paying blackmail. Few scenes in our history are more amusing, or more irritating, than the interview of John Adams with an envoy from Tripoli in London. The oily-tongued barbarian, with his soft voice and his bland smile, asseverating that his only interest in life was to do good and make other people happy, stands out in fine contrast with the blunt, straightforward, and truthful New Englander; and their conversation reminds one of the old story of Cœur-de-Lion with his curtal-axe and Saladin with the blade that cut the silken cushion. Adams felt sure that the fellow was either saint or devil, but could not quite tell which. The envoy's love for mankind was so great that he could not bear the thought of hostility between the Americans and the Barbary States, and he suggested that everything might be happily arranged for a million dollars or so. Adams thought it better to fight than

to pay tribute. It would be cheaper in the end, as well as more manly. At the same time, it was better economy to pay a million dollars at once than waste many times that sum in war risks and loss of trade. But Congress could do neither one thing nor the other. It was too poor to build a navy, and too poor to buy off the pirates; and so for several years to come American ships were burned and American sailors enslaved with utter impunity. With the memory of such wrongs deeply graven in his heart, it was natural that John Adams, on becoming President of the United States, should bend all his energies to founding a strong American navy.

A government touches the lowest point of ignominy when it confesses its inability to protect the lives and property of its citizens. A government which has come to this has failed in discharging the primary function of government, and forthwith ceases to have any reason for existing. In March, 1786, Grayson wrote to Madison that several members of Congress thought seriously of recommending a general convention for remodeling the government. "I have not made up my mind," says Grayson, "whether it would not be better to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of. I am, however, in no doubt about the weakness of the federal government. If it remains much longer in its present state of imbecility, we shall be one of the most contemptible nations on the face of the earth." "It is clear to me as A, B, C," said Washington, "that an extension of federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without them we shall soon be everything which is the direct reverse. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches and tottering at every step."

John Fiske.

SIBYL THE SAVAGE.

THE little village of Deepgrove, in Western Massachusetts, has a tragical colonial history. Legends cluster around the ancient mansions of Queen Anne's War, of the surprise by the French and Indians and the long march to Canada through the winter snows. The Deepgrove people are tenacious of these memories, and have founded an antiquarian society for the preservation of objects of historical interest. Prominent in their museum is the Memorial Hall, devoted to mural tablets bearing the names of the captives. One of these stones bears the curt inscription,

SIBYL FORRESTER.

SHE MARRIED A SAVAGE AND BECAME ONE.

This brief legend stimulated my curiosity. What could have induced a gentle Puritan maiden to marry an Indian? I searched through all the records and papers belonging to the society for some clue, but could find no other relic of the girl than a bit of lace, finely wrought by Sibyl at the age of fourteen, and given to a member of the family at Hadley before the burning of the village; and a miniature, poorly painted, depicting a child with a high forehead and thoughtful eyes. The miniature and lace had been contributed to the museum by descendants of their first owners. The more I studied the pathetic face of this unknown girl, the greater became my interest in her. Other of the Deepgrove captives had married and settled among the Indians, but none were so held up to scorn as my poor Sibyl. I longed to find some excuse for her, and to defend her from the reproach of becoming "a savage." Later, her own defense fell into my hands in a somewhat remarkable manner.

I was spending the summer in Canada, and, always interested in what con-

cerned the history of the Deepgrove captives, I paid a visit to the Indian village of Caughnawaga, the home of the descendants of the very tribe which assisted the French in their raid on Western Massachusetts. I chatted with the kindly priest, with the taciturn chief, and the courteous surveyors. I wandered over the La Crosse grounds, watched the launching of canoes, bought bright bead-work, and asked every one for legends and stories and old writings. I was most unexpectedly rewarded by a rich discovery. The store-keeper had a quantity of paper, which I was welcome to examine. It had belonged to a former curé, but after his death, when his desk had been reviewed by the new incumbent, a bushel or so of trash had been turned out to the store-keeper as wrapping-paper. It had been slowly used all these years, brown paper being greatly preferred, as this was closely written over on both sides, and was not considered quite nice enough for lard and cheese. Prowling in the barrel brought from under the counter, I found several imperfect MSS. that greatly interested me. One of these was a neat little roll, closely written in English, and entitled *The Story of Sibyl Cœur de Femme*. Across it a manly goose-quill had scrawled in French and in red ink, "The said Sibyl Cœur de Femme left this paper with me at her death, praying that it be sent to her relatives in New England; but as we know not who or where they may be, I have seen fit to preserve it among my papers until called for. [Signed] ———, Curé."

At last "Sibyl's Story" was called for.

I know not [she wrote] whether any may miss me at home, for my father and mother were killed at the first onslaught, and my little brothers, who

were redeemed and returned, were of too tender an age to care greatly for me; and yet would I fain hear news of my old playmates, and since that may not be would have them know how I fare. And first I must go back to a day in summer before the taking of the town, when there came to my father's house two strangers appareled as Dutchmen, traveling, as they said, from Rensselaerswyck on the Hudson to Boston, and demanding shelter over night from the approaching storm. When we marveled that they should have undertaken such a journey on foot, they replied that their horses had escaped from them at their last camping place. Of the two men, one was young and handsome, in despite of his tanned face and one hand sadly scarred as by fire and torture of the barbarous savages. He held himself silent, but courteous, eating little and talking still less, and that in such outlandish English that none could understand. Supper had, the parson, coming in to see us, essayed some conversation, asking with which of the citizens of Albany they had acquaintance, upon which we understood the names of Schuyler and Van Rensselaer; and as it chanced that Parson Williams had some knowledge of John Schuyler, he was the better pleased, though disappointed to find they bore no letters. After the going of the parson the younger man did divert the children by imitating the cry and song of divers wild birds and little beasts. He also drew for us with a coal upon the hearth, so that we could scarce tear ourselves from him, and there was much clamor at our putting to bed.

Rising the next morning by candle, as our custom was, and having laid the trenchers for breakfast, my mother sent me to the cellar for provisions; where I found all in confusion and much good victuals carried away, namely, a ham, a jug of cider, two neat's tongues, with a baking of bread, a hog's harslet, and three dressed geese. When I made re-

port of this to my mother there was much dole and pother. My little brother, also, being sent to rouse our guests, made us to be still more consternated by the news that they were clean gone, having departed the house with our provender during the night. Nor was my mother greatly mollified when she found in one of her pans a paper addressed unto herself, containing a pass for one person on the Dutch ship Rhyneland, from New York to Rotterdam, signed by Johannes Schuyler. "For," quoth she, "though the reparation be greater than the damage, yet am I not likely soon to avail myself of this safe conduct, and we will find it but scanty eating in this large family."

After this, search being made along the bank of the river, a small boat or skiff which had been moored thereabouts was discovered to have been stolen; and parties following down the stream found the boat bottom upward on a rock, as though wrecked by the storm and the violence of the current. But the men, or their bodies, did they not find, so that it was never certainly known whether they were that night drowned, or whether they escaped safe to Canada; for it was now certainly believed that they were French spies.

This belief was confirmed later on in this fashion. Mr. Williams wrote to his friend, Mr. Schuyler, of Albany, to know if he had knowledge of these men. And he replied that the friendly Indians of the Five Nations, or Iroquois, had brought into Shinctady two prisoners, which they had taken on the shores of the great lakes; which prisoners had been in their power upwards of a twelvemonth, and had been very cruelly treated by them. One of these was a Jesuit priest, of note in Canada for his zeal for the conversion of the Indians and for his astonishing journeys. The other was a *coureur de bois*, as the French call the lawless traders who, without license from their governor, do

traffic with the savages for peltries, selling the same to smugglers. When Mr. and Mistress Williams had read thus far they were scandalized to think to what excess of villainy we had given harborage. Mr. Williams read on, how Mr. Schuyler had offered to buy these captives, and that the Iroquois were well pleased to barter the priest for a keg of rum, two Dutch cheeses, and a clock; for, said they, he is so great an eater, we had better charge ourselves with the famine or the pestilence. But the young trader was the property of a chief's widow, whose husband had been slain by the French. She at the torture of the prisoners had it in her power to say whether one of them should die or be given her as a slave. And she, seeing this man, by name Jacques Belœil, patiently endure all the malice of these wretches (nay, when she had herself suggested new tortures of more frantic cruelty, and had burned off two of his fingers in a heated calumet), was filled with so ardent an admiration for his heroism that she chose him, not as her slave, but as her husband; claiming that he should be adopted into the tribe to fill the place of the dead chief. But Jacques Belœil did steadfastly refuse to become her husband, declaring that he would die first, and calling upon the Indians to put him to death. But the woman would not suffer this, saying that if he would not be her husband, then should he be her slave, and in the bitterness of her resentment reserving him to the daily experience of every degradation and cruelty which her malice could invent. But when he fell sick, either from pity or the fear that he might by death escape her persecutions, she had him brought to the habitations of the Dutch, seeking physic and a surgeon to recover him of his illness. Mr. Schuyler said, moreover, that he did his endeavor to purchase Jacques Belœil from this woman, being greatly tendered in mind by his sad case; but she would

in no wise part with him, and the tribe set out for their country, carrying him with them. But in the middle of the night he was awakened by a tapping upon his window, and there found the young man demanding succor and hiding, having escaped his foes. Whereupon he in mercy secreted him, and when the Indians returned on the morrow stoutly denied his presence. The rage of the chieftainess, thus defrauded of her victim, was, he wrote, frightful to behold, she swearing that she would follow him to the confines of the other world, — yea, and into the hunting-grounds of the dead, — to wreak her revenge upon him. When the tribe finally departed, bearing this half-crazed woman with them, Mr. Schuyler related that he brought these escaped captives to Albany, and there, supplying both with clothes and money, did secure passage for them on a vessel bound for Rotterdam. This he did for that he counted it not safe for two unprotected men to journey through the wilderness to Canada, and for that these same Indians had brought tidings of unfriendly intentions on the part of the French, and a design of the late Count Frontenac, like to be carried out by his successor the present governor, the Chevalier Vaudreuil, of descending upon the unprotected frontier settlements of the English.

Scarce was the wonder of this event forgotten when Mr. Schuyler's fear was realized, the French overflowing us as a flood; burning, pillaging, and slaying. Separated from my kindred, I became the captive of a young brave, Woman's Heart: so called for his gentleness, and that he delighted not in cruelty and torture. The other Indians derided him also for his kindness to me; for, finding that my feet were half frozen, he dragged me on a sledge the whole of the toilsome way. Nevertheless, for all this, I gave him scant thanks, for my heart was full of bitterness. While on the

march I marked one of the French soldiers, whom methought I had seen elsewhere, so that I stared at him, until he was out of countenance, and, falling behind the others, he came to me and took my hand, and I saw that it was Jacques Belœil, whom we had harbored the summer before, and who repaid our confidence with such villainy. Notwithstanding, when he spoke me fair and kindly, I was in such a despair of misery that meseemed I had encountered a true friend, and I besought him with tears to rid me out of the power of my Indian master, which he promised to do; making me to understand that when we were come to Canada, where he could attain to his money, he would ransom me from the Indian, and see me safe returned to my people. After this he walked the whole of the way by my sledge, and I could see that he had learned more English words than formerly, for we made shift to understand each other passing well. He parted also his rations with me, and sang French chansons, and sometimes with his gun brought down a bird, which he would lay in my lap. Moreover, at night he stood guard before the wigwam of boughs which Woman's Heart built for my shelter; and though the Indian liked these attentions indifferently well, yet he suffered him, and they warmed themselves and cooked their food at the same camp-fire. And once Jacques Belœil spake of the victuals which he stole from our cellar, saying that he had never eat so good, and he was sorry that we had not served ourselves of the passage on the Dutch ship to escape these sorrows, for that this sortie was not of his liking, for he had himself been captivated, and liked it not. Then I told him what we had heard concerning him from Mr. Schuyler. At the mention of the chieftainess he crossed himself and looked behind, as though he felt her following. And verily at that time a strange Indian was walking si-

lently behind him, and this savage did not belong to the tribe of Mahogs [Mohawks], who were the allies of the French, but had come with them from whence none knew. He was an ill-favored man, deeply pitted in the visage of the small-pox, and no one companied with him. At times Jacques Belœil flung him a bone or a morsel of moose meat, and it was for this reason, methought, that he followed him like a shadow.

At last we came to a place where the commander, the *Sieur Hertel de Rouville*, divided the band, taking the soldiers with him to Canada by one way, and sending the Indians and captives another. At which parting it was made known to me that perchance I cared more for this French soldier than be-seemed mine own comfort. He too seemed loath to go, and promised me that he would make all speed to find me again. When the dividence was made the strange Indian feigned not to understand, and went with the army; but he was presently sent back, and joined us again, and so we all came to the dwellings of the Indians, called the village of *Cagnawaga*, on the right bank of the *St. Lawrence*, near to the city of *Mount Royal*. Here is a mission and a Jesuit priest, wherefore these Indians are called "praying Indians" by their neighbors. Here also, with the spray of the rapids blown in their faces, they pitch their lodges, and shoot the falls in their birchen boats. And surely I found kindness here, where I expected misery: for Woman's Heart gave me to his mother, an aged squaw, whom I served as slave; but she was old and bed-ridden, and could not beat me, so that what I did I did of my own free will, and seeing that I shirked not my tasks and strove to please her, she treated me more daughter-wise. Woman's Heart too was brother-like, and gave me none occasion to bewail. But now something happened which caused me great uneasi-

ness ; not for myself, indeed, but for one for whom I cherished as great concern, namely, the young soldier, Jacques Belœil. The strange pock-marked Indian came often to our lodge, and with him others like him, who, Woman's Heart told me, were Iroquois, come from a far country as ambassadors, to treat with the French concerning certain captives which they wished returned to them ; and they had brought with them also their princess, a great woman in their country. This woman came to us one day, and my heart froze at the beholding of her, for never in my life had I seen so bloodthirsty a face, or one so devoid of all charitableness. I knew when I saw her that this was she who had so cruelly tortured Jacques Belœil, and I knew also by the famished look in her eyes that insomuch as she was capable of loving, if an insensate, tigerish passion be love, she loved that man. They talked some time in the Iroquois language, and Woman's Heart asked me if I knew where Jacques Belœil dwelt, and I was glad to tell him that I knew not. Then he spake still more with her, and I comprehended that he counseled her to wait patiently, for where I was Jacques Belœil would surely come, for he had promised it. Then was I in great fear, for meseemed to be the bait to draw my friend into this deadly trap and gin.

Woman's Heart bade me place meat before his guests, and I did so ; but the chieftainess discovered a long and sharp knife, hid in the folds of her robe and fastened about her neck by a cord, and she told us that as she hungered the knife hungered, and that she had vowed not to satisfy herself with flesh until this knife had eaten of Jacques Belœil's heart.

After they had left us I reproached Woman's Heart for aiding her murderous designs, when he said that he would fain have the Frenchman dead, seeing, if this were so, I might think kindly on

him. Then I understood for the first time that Woman's Heart cared for me, and was eaten with jealousy ; and I feared him, though he was gentle and gave me none affront by word or act.

And now spring was come, and the bateaux began to go up the river, laden with fur-traders, coureurs de bois, and adventurers ; and something said within my heart that he would soon come. One day, when the Iroquois Indians were hunting in the forest, and I had gone with some of the Indians to Mount Royal to barter goods, he did come.

When I returned that evening I found the Iroquois pulling to pieces their lodge and preparing to depart hastily. And when I asked Woman's Heart the meaning of this, he told me that while we were all away there arrived a bateaux of coureurs de bois, and that Jacques Belœil was with them ; that he sought the curé, and talked with him much, as also with Woman's Heart, and was in a great chafe that he could not find me ; but that his companions would not stay, and carried him presently away with them. The Iroquois were angry, when they returned, to have missed him, and their princess had given orders to follow by the first light. Then I fell on my knees before Woman's Heart, and caught his hand, and begged him to follow after, and if possible outstrip the Iroquois, and warn Jacques Belœil, and save him. But he made answer moodily, " Wherefore ? That you may be his squaw ? " Then my fear and despair were so great that I promised Woman's Heart that if he saved my friend from his enemies, for my sake, then would I renounce all white people and civilized life, and willingly become his wife.

With that he rose up quickly, quitted the lodge, and returned presently with two young braves, his friends, and an Indian wench, who, he said, should care for his mother during our absence ; for that I should go with them, to see the

business well done. At these tidings my heart leapt for joy, and I said, "We will save him, — we will yet save him!"

Now Jacques Belœil and his companions, being bound for Lake Nipissing, had gone by the way of Saint Anne's up the river Ottawa, and it was over this route that the Iroquois proposed to track them; but Woman's Heart was of the opinion that, being strangers to the country, they could never come up with the more experienced voyagers, by reason of the numerous portages, the dense forests and swamps, and the crookedness and blindness of the way. His counsel, therefore, was that we should not attempt to follow, when we should undoubtedly fall in with the Iroquois and excite their suspicions, but should rather go before, taking the longer but easier way up the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, the Lac Frontenac [Ontario], the Lac du Dauphin [Erie], and the Lac d'Orleans [Huron], and so come against him before he could be made subject to any villainy.

There was another reason why this decision of Woman's Heart was good and sensible: for that all along our route at convenient distances we found settlements, either of the French or Indians, where we put in to provision ourselves; whereas the Ottawa throughout its entire course is a houseless wilderness. Our first stopping was at Fort de la Gallette, where was the former mission of the Abbé Piquet; thence past thousands of islands to the well-garrisoned Fort Frontenac; and so by ways and villages whose names I do not now recollect, — I paddling often to aid the others, or fishing in the clear water to the portage of Toronto, and thence by a long portage past the great cataract of Niagara. And surely in all my life I have seen nothing so awful as these falls, coming straight down out of the hand of God, and filling the soul with amazement.

Then came we to the abandoned fort of Niagara, and here found we all in

good condition as left by the Chevalier de la Motthe; the great cross in the square, and the cabins empty, but not fallen in pieces. We entered into the bake-house, and I did bake bread in an oven the first time since my captivity, and it tasted exceeding good. It irked me also to leave these civilized habitations thus empty to the winds.

So journeyed we on to the *détroit* of the lake, where were fifty men who had made a trading post for beaver and other peltries, which they say they smuggle to the English, and that they create great havoc among the Indians by supplying them with Dutch rum and French brandy in exchange for their commodities; and indeed I liked not the manner of life of these men, for they were many of them drunken, and they quarreled loudly among themselves, and we got away with all speed. Thus by stages, which it would be tedious to describe, we came in June to the settlement of Indians, of the Squirrel tribe, on Lake Nipissing, where we had counted on lighting on Jacques Belœil. We heard, indeed, that he and his companions had been there, but not finding the beaver as abundant as they had hoped, they had departed only four days before us for Michilimakinac. The chieftainess, or her people, none had seen; it was therefore to be surmised that they were still upon the way. Glad at heart that we had at least outstripped them, we prepared to ascend the Lac d'Orleans, bound for Michilimakinac, which is a strait communicating between the Lac d'Orleans and the Lac des Illinois [Michigan]. But here a fresh disappointment awaited us, for we found that those we sought had descended the Lac des Illinois, with the intention of pushing across the country to the great river Colbert, or Mississippi. We therefore redoubled our exertions, striving most frantically to come up with them; for should they once attain the Mississippi, we feared lest they might pursue it to its very mouth, such

being the enticing stories brought back by the Chevalier La Salle and others, how it waters the English settlements of Virginia and Carolina, and empties into the Bay of Mexico.

By hard rowing and good fortune in travel we came up to the party before they had reached the great river. But here, also, a grievous disappointment befell us, for Jacques Belœil was not with them, having parted from them with one other at Michilimakinac, to go up the Lake Royal, or Superior, in search of ores of copper, which were said to abound at the head of this lake.

So had we all our journey across the Lac des Illinois for nothing, and as we then thought worse than nothing; for it was very possible that the Iroquois, arriving at Michilimakinac later than we, had obtained surer guidance, and were now far in advance of us. But it did not so chance; for as we returned we met them, bound, as we had been, for the country of the Illinois. When they saw us they challenged, and would know what we did in those waters; and Woman's Heart spoke them fair, but they were not satisfied. The chieftainess, also, when she saw me was the more suspicious, and would know if we had seen Jacques Belœil, and whither we were bound. To these questionings we replied with lies: that Jacques Belœil was gone down the Mississippi, and that we were on our way home. With that they pressed on out of our sight; but the next morning we perceived that they had altered their course, and were returning, whether because they had given up the chase, or were suspicious of our movements, we could not rightly guess. When we reached Michilimakinac again the summer was past, and the young braves who had come with us would go no further, but left us, and, with our boat, returned home. But though the water was stormy, by reason of the autumn gales, we procured another canoe and pressed on. When we turned into

the Sault Ste. Marie we perceived that there was a boat following us, nor had we gone far before it came alongside, and we saw the Iroquois. They spake not to us, as they easily outstripped us, and we made sure they had received some fresh information; and it turned out that so they had, and from our own men. Now were we in greater trouble than ever, for our enemies were in advance, and for lack of paddlers we could not keep pace with them. But the very winds favored us, for they presently encountered a storm, and were wrecked under the painted cliffs, where the Indians resort for pipe-stones and for colored earths for their war-paint. So that again we passed them, and came, just as winter was setting in, to a little settlement of the Sieur Du Luth, where was a Jesuit priest, ten Frenchmen, and a tribe of friendly Indians. These received us kindly, and told us that Jacques Belœil and his companion were gone into the hills with an Indian guide, in search of copper, but counseled us not to follow, as they would soon be back, for that now the ice was forming, and the snow would soon be upon us. It was plain that we must bide here the winter, but first I could not rest till we had found Jacques Belœil, and we set out the next day with Indians of that village upon his trail. And now the cold was very bitter, so that at night we had our noses frost-bit, and often I thought to have perished, suffering as much as ever I did on the march from Deepgrove to Canada. At times we found his camp-fires, or the hollows where they had been, and this cheered us to press on; but when we had nearly reached him the blinding snow came down, and we were compelled to wait. And while we waited, who should come up with us but the Iroquois! The chieftainess was very angry, for she saw plainly now that we were at cross-purposes; but there were so many of the friendly Indians with us that she dared

not give the word to her men to attack us. And there were we together, waiting the ceasing of the storm to go further. Right sure was I that none of us would sleep until it was over, but the snowing lasted four days, and we were fain to take rest by turns. At the last the Iroquois did get two hours' start, and were off on snow-shoes through the forest, and we after so fast that we soon came where we could hear the crackling of the branches which they broke in their march. Suddenly through all the forest there rang a yell so very hideous that I knew they had attained to the object they sought.

"It is their war-cry!" I said, my knees knocking together under me.

"Nay," replied Woman's Heart, "listen again: it is not the shout of braves, but the yell of one squaw;" and twice more that dreadful cry sounded, each time more distinct and frightful as we neared it.

And when we were come to a little cleared space we found the last camp of Jacques Belœil and his companions, under a shelving rock, where, having lost their means of making a fire, they had cowered together, and had all frozen to death in the storm. The Iroquois had brought out the bodies and stretched them upon blankets, and their chieftainess, standing over Jacques Belœil, was brandishing her knife in the air and singing. When she saw me she made at me, but Woman's Heart stood between, receiving a cut upon the arm; and she went back again, singing that we two had followed Jacques Belœil for hate and love many a league, but that hate was strongest, for whereas I must now pause, she would still follow through the hunting-grounds of the hereafter, there to find him and to do him deadly mischief. With that she stabbed herself with the knife, and sank down upon the body of Jacques Belœil, her men running forward to sustain her.

After that litters were made for the

four corpses, and we returned sorrowfully to the settlement. For though I had greatly feared, and even hated, this woman, yet her death made me to pity her; and was also a great wonder to me, I having heard of many who died for love, but never of one who destroyed herself for hate, and that her victim might not escape her. And surely I like not to think of that unhappy ghost still following where the spirit of Jacques Belœil may be; though the priest tells me that he being a good Christian, and she an unbaptized heathen, she can never reach him. So were they buried all by the lake shore at the settlement, with one cross to mark their graves; and meseemed that my heart was buried with Jacques Belœil, and the death of the chieftainess shamed me as though she had done somewhat for hate that I would not have done for love, though I knew that could my death have saved him I would have died gladly.

Woman's Heart and I were forced to bide at that place until the breaking up of the ice; and I served as laundress to the Frenchmen, and he made arrows and waited patiently the healing of his wound. And though he had not fulfilled his part of the bargain in saving Jacques Belœil from death, yet seeing that it was from no fault of his, and considering the many perils, dangers, and adventures which he had passed through for my sake, — yea, and his great patience, which claimed nothing, — my heart relented toward him, and when the spring came the priest united us in marriage, and we returned joyfully to our own home. There we found that his mother had died, and he made me sit on her mat as mistress of the lodge. And surely he has been a most kind and gentle husband, and our boys are bold and brave, but gentle-hearted also; and I would not have my life otherwise, for I am happy, save when I wake scared from my dreams, and think on the chieftainess and Jacques Belœil.

L. W. Champney.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

THE claims put forward by the Knights of Labor, and the means employed to enforce them, have roused and alarmed the American people, who have been at once perplexed and angered by the apparent organized determination to overthrow settled principles of business and industry, and to deny rights justly regarded as among the most fundamental and necessary to the existence of ordered society. That American citizens should ignore the elementary principles of the democratic system, and, apparently without suspecting the scope and meaning of their action, undertake to establish a tyranny subversive of their own laws and institutions, is perhaps what most surprises the public. But, happily for the country, the effect of the democratic spirit is to induce among thinking men a temperate and reasonable disposition; and the incongruity of the recent labor demonstrations with the social state which underlies them, instead of moving the American observer to sudden impatience and the desire to restore normal conditions forcibly, impels him to study the situation calmly, to the end that he may obtain a clear understanding of the causes of whatever is wrong or dangerous in it.

In the first place, it is to be remarked that the organization of labor for its own protection had proceeded so far, before the Knights of Labor appeared, as to embrace most skilled industry in nearly all occupations. It is also to be observed that all such organization involves and presupposes the establishment of a monopoly. The first appeal to a workman to join a trades-union is put on the ground that he will thereby obtain some special privileges. At the beginning, the tendency of all these movements is to abuse the power which union gives. During half a century of trades-union-

ism this has been the general experience. In proportion to the ignorance and backwardness of the men the disposition to violence and tyranny has been exhibited. Self-interest being always one of the strongest influences in human society, and training of a special kind being required to develop perception of the reaction upon the agents of wrong done to others, the tendency to maintain one's own rights, or what seem to be such, regardless of the rights of others, is necessarily strongest when the reflective faculty is weakest. So in the infancy of labor organization strikes with violence were common. The non-union man was treated as an outcast. In England, more than in the United States, intolerance was displayed by trades-unions, and at Sheffield and Birmingham shocking barbarities were for a time practiced, in the attempt to maintain the power and monopoly of the organizations.

Serious injury has been inflicted upon trade and manufactures by these outbreaks, but labor itself has suffered most from them. First, because all strikes with violence are effectively strikes against labor quite as much as against capital; second, because, owing to imprudent management, most strikes have been made on a falling market, and so have put the employers in a position where it was less costly to suspend production than to yield. Gradually, workmen have learned some useful lessons, though it will no doubt be long before they generally accept and abide by that principle of arbitration which offers the most hopeful solution, or accommodation, of the labor problem. It is, however, in skilled labor principally that an advance has been made; that is to say, among the most intelligent workmen. If to-day there seems to be a revival of lawlessness in labor circles, it is partly

because for the first time an extensive organization of unskilled labor has entered the field. The apparent arrogance and unreasonableness of the Knights of Labor are in reality no new manifestations. They but follow the common law of development. All trades-unions began in the same way. Even the doctrine that employees may dictate to employers not alone the rate of wages, but the personality of the wage-earners, and may exclude from the enjoyment of the universal right to labor all who are not members of the union, is a comparatively old one, and is still enforced whenever and wherever the conditions are favorable.

The pretensions of the Knights of Labor have been given special prominence by the nature of their connection with the transportation system, and by the introduction, in aid of the strikes, of the boycott. For years we have been accustomed to hear of industrial strikes in which violence was employed. They have been so common in the Pennsylvania mining region as to excite little comment outside of the State where they occurred. But while these strikes have sometimes caused changes in the price of coal and other products, costing the public large amounts in the aggregate, they have not been so much in evidence as the recent disturbances. When a great railroad system is blocked by a lawless strike for weeks, the effects are serious and far-reaching. The South-western railroad strike, for example, has compelled the suspension of manufacturing, thus depriving thousands of workmen of subsistence. It has caused food famines in several country towns, thus increasing the cost of living to other thousands. It has disturbed trade, both wholesale and retail, by the blockade of goods in transit. In other ways it has reacted widely, and therefore has attracted public attention in an unusual degree. When such a reckless attack upon the business of the country

is made for apparently no better reason than to display the power of the labor organization behind it, or, as has been said, to compel "recognition" of that organization by the railroad corporations, it is inevitable that the public should be interested, and natural that it should be somewhat alarmed. The use of the boycott has also tended to aggravate the feeling of uneasiness, and, viewed in connection with the demands of the Knights of Labor to exercise control over property they do not own, has created an impression that the situation is very serious. The boycott is undoubtedly an odious and despicable practice, and it has been so employed in this country as to emphasize its worst qualities. It is cowardly and cruel in principle: involving the combination of many against one; lending itself readily to purposes of private revenge and blackmail; and not merely un-American in spirit, but distinctly in violation of the laws of the country. Clearly, such an institution cannot be tolerated in the United States, and as clearly it never could have been invented or introduced by men possessing any comprehension of free institutions. Not the least disquieting feature of the labor case, indeed, is the obvious ignorance of a great many workmen concerning the nature of the government of this country. But if this fact is not reassuring, it is at least a perfectly natural and inevitable result of the national policy. We have agreed to open the door wide to all the world, and all the world has accepted our invitation. We have relied confidently upon the tendency of our institutions, and above all upon our educational system, to counteract the disturbing effect of a continual influx of foreign ignorance. We have refused to adopt any precautions in the naturalization of foreigners, assuming that a brief residence in the country must bring full knowledge of the Constitution and laws. Under the circumstances, we

ought not to be surprised that the public schools fail to keep pace with the immigration; that we acquire every year many thousands of citizens who cannot speak English, and who have not the faintest apprehension of American institutions and governmental theories; that, in effect, the country is being colonized from Europe with people who bring here complete theories of life, many of which are utterly opposed to our form, or to any form, of civilization.

If the social and industrial conditions in the United States were to-day anything like those which existed when this national policy was adopted, perhaps there would be no reason to fear the results. But those conditions have undergone radical change. Little by little, as the country has filled up, as its resources have been developed, as its material wealth has increased, as its population has become denser, as its industrial centres have attracted larger numbers of operatives, as luxury has grown, the inequalities, grievances, jealousies, which stimulate socialism in the Old World, have come to the front here. The law of free development, which has done such mighty things for us, has also wrought us not a little mischief. With the expansion of our opportunities for the acquisition of wealth there has gone an abandonment to greed which has produced much evil. In the race of speculation, honor, integrity, equity, all sterling principles, have been often sacrificed. Fortune, got no matter how, has been the goal of the majority. The laws, framed to prevent the more obvious and common offenses, have proved powerless to punish audacious and flagrant crimes. Great corporations, in no way specially vicious, but prone, like all men, to abuse their power, have absorbed the public domain, obtained possession of enormous tracts, divided millions, and then sought to evade their responsibilities. Capital employed in the industries

has shown a greater stupidity than that of ignorant labor. It has acted with short-sighted rapacity and selfishness, has followed the principle of buying in the cheapest market to its most odious conclusions, has extinguished all sympathy between itself and the wage-earners.

It is true that the condition of labor is generally better than it ever was before. The assertion that the poor are growing poorer is emphatically untrue, and nowhere is it so destitute of foundation as in the United States. But it is equally true that the extension of luxury has been so great of late years as to heighten the contrast between wealth and decent poverty; so that, in comparison with the modern millionaire, a man whose condition fifty years ago would have been thought enviable appears little better than a pauper. These sharp contrasts sink into men's minds, and produce different impressions. When millionaires whose wealth has been obtained by sharp practice, by chicanery, by circumventing the laws, by monopolizing the national heritage, by gambling on the stock exchange, by making "corners" in food products, by wrecking railways, by watering stocks, flaunt their money in the faces of the poor, these latter may become either resentful or emulous. If they feel that they themselves have no vocation towards the enterprises which have produced this affluence; if they belong to the large class which lacks capacity to utilize opportunity; if they are at once intelligent and honest enough to perceive and revolt from the means employed, they will regard these evidences of prosperous audacity and knavery with indignation, and they will have a diminished respect for the system under which such triumphs can be obtained. If, on the other hand, the observers belong to the class from which so many modern rich men spring, they will carefully follow the careers of these pioneers, and will seek to catch the secret of their success, fully

prepared to employ it on their own behalf at the earliest opportunity.

When, however, the foreign immigrant, imbued with Old World socialism, lands here, he sees no new or unfamiliar conditions. He finds society ranging between the mansion and the tenement-house. He finds superfluous wealth at one extreme, and squalid destitution at the other. In the arrangement of the social machinery he sees less ceremony and form than in Europe, and marks an absence of nominal rank. But he soon perceives that rank is really present, if it is conventionally put in the background, and that at bottom American society is modeled upon that of Europe. Remember that the foreigner brings with him strong opinions, generally, upon the wrongs of his class; and remember that there is at present no class in existence which possesses anything like the solidity and catholic unity of the workingmen. Socialism has brought this about, and it is idle to imagine that socialism has nothing to do with the United States. Because the extremists, the reds and anarchists, appear to command little sympathy, it must not be inferred that socialism has obtained no footing in the ranks of American labor. The programme of the Knights of Labor to-day is almost identical with that which the French collectivists adopted in 1880, and there is more than a coincidence in the fact. The truth is that, in proportion as the workingmen feel the impassability of the gulf that separates them from the rich class, they tend to become discontented and disaffected; and as the struggle for existence grows harder in our centres of population with the increase of immigration and the fierceness of commercial and industrial competition, the chances of the average poor man to acquire wealth become smaller, thus putting him among the protestants against the existing situation, and, by consequence, among the prospective agitators and advocates of socialist theories.

The influence of socialism upon the present labor troubles must be recognized. It is less a direct than a reflex influence. The American workingmen certainly entertain no revolutionary purpose wittingly, but it is none the less evident that they have been affected by the sentiments which are in the air. We are apt to count confidently upon the latent patriotism of the citizen. Hitherto that trust has certainly been justified. But the student of his own times cannot afford to ignore the peculiar tendency of modern socialism to break down the love of country, and substitute for it a class feeling as broad as humanity. A very careful observer, M. de Laveleye, says, "It [socialism] has become a kind of cosmopolitan religion. It oversteps frontiers, it obliterates race antipathies, and, above all, it eradicates patriotism, and tries to efface the very idea of it. Fellow-countrymen are enemies if they are employers; foreigners are brothers if they live by wages." Of course this is intended to apply especially to the workingmen of Europe, but as the ranks of American labor are being continually recruited thence, the facts are not without significance for us. It is one among many tendencies having their influence upon the attitude of the labor unions just now so prominently before the public, and all these tendencies must be taken into account if a just comprehension of what is going on in the minds of the masses is to be obtained.

Socialist ideas, moreover, are propagated through a special literature, much of which is overlooked by men of business and politicians, but which has a considerable circulation. The theories advanced by those who quarrel with the existing condition of things are various and contradictory. Land nationalization appears, to the disciples of Henry George, the panacea for all evils. Others deny that the author of *Progress and Poverty* has found the true solution

of the problem. Paternal government, collectivism, communism, are in turn advocated. But all the revolutionary projects agree in these particulars; namely, that the poor are victims of injustice, and that poverty ought to be made impossible by legislation. That any form of socialism should be entertained in this country may seem strange to those who continue to believe in the popular ability to obtain, through the ballot, whatever is worth having. But such a belief has ceased to be general. Labor has tried politics, and is not satisfied with the results. It has found the politicians always eager to profess whatever is required, but when they had attained their ends it has not found them willing to fulfill their promises. In truth, the workingmen have often been the dupes of demagogues, who, by undertaking to frame and carry out impossible or mischievous measures, have at once stimulated unreasonable demands, and prepared a decline of faith in the practicability of relief through the suffrage. It has been one of the misfortunes of American labor that its political power has deprived it of candid advisers. It has been flattered by all parties, and no party has had the courage to tell it unpalatable truths. The possession of this political power has caused it to be courted with a sycophancy which has had anything but wholesome effects, and the general tendency of politics upon labor has consequently been to disillusionize the intelligent workingmen, and to encourage the unenlightened in extravagant pretensions and unworkable theories.

If labor is now unreasonable and disposed to tyrannize, it is only following in the footsteps of other classes. Not many years have elapsed since the farmers of the West made a similar experiment with the ballot. They had grievances against the railroads. The transportation problem presents some paradoxes which, to those who have not

studied it, are apt to look like inequities. They so appeared to the "Grangers," who forthwith went out to do battle for what they thought their rights. With political power in their hands, they controlled the law-making machinery. They hurried through measures intended to regulate the railroad business in the popular interest. They honestly believed that their unquestionable command of the political forces of the state enabled them to solve all problems. As they did not understand transportation, the laws made by them proved impracticable, and when put in operation injured the public, and had to be repealed. Before this stage of evolution had been passed, however, popular sentiment reacted upon the judicial machinery, and was reflected in some decisions which do not probably count for nothing in the growth of the tendency to ignore settled doctrines of property rights which alarm the public to-day.

It is worth while to examine this case with some care, for it may have a decided bearing upon current events. In the "Granger" agitation, the protest of the threatened corporations against regulative legislation was largely grounded upon the venerable axiom that ownership and control go together, and that they cannot be separated without a fatal invasion of property rights. Through a series of judicial decisions, culminating in those by the United States Supreme Court in the so-called Elevator Cases, this defense was wrenched away from the corporations. The doctrine was laid down that the legislature had a right to regulate the profits and general management of any business in the operation of which a "public use" could be shown. It was pointed out at the time by a dissenting member of the court that this doctrine might be extended so as to include almost any and every occupation in which men could engage; and that consequently it subjected not only corporate but private business to the lia-

bility of a legislative interference easily pushed, by ignorance or malice, to the point of confiscation. Actual experiment soon proved that the transportation question could not be satisfactorily settled by measures not based on careful and intelligent study, and subsequently it was discovered that complete publicity was a more effective reform agency than iron-clad statutes. But the new doctrine of legislative interference with property remained, and it cannot be doubted that it has exercised the influence upon public opinion to be expected from the utterances of so august a tribunal.

It is interesting to observe that the question of the ownership and control of property underlies the dispute between the Knights of Labor and their employers, just as it did the earlier quarrel between the Grangers and the railroad corporations. As the latter figure largely in the new disturbance, it may be thought that it is only a fresh phase of the old trouble; and in one sense this is true. It is not a long journey from the theory of legislative regulation of corporate property to the theory of public (say trades-union) regulation of both corporate and private property. If the legislature, which is merely the agent of the people, can regulate, why may not the people, if they choose, proceed, without the intervention of an agent, to enforce their will? Such an argument might appear both reasonable and forcible to an ignorant man, and it must be admitted that the way has been prepared for the development of some such idea by antecedent events. The Knights of Labor claim the right to settle the wages they are to receive, and they deny to their employers the right to determine whom they shall employ. This is to separate control from ownership, and in effect to transfer the latter by a method of disguised confiscation. The proposition, when put nakedly, is revolting and alarming. Business men every-

where appear to think that it involves so vicious a doctrine that to admit it would be to paralyze industry and commerce, and to arrest progress completely. Yet it is a fact that the doctrine, in a slightly different form, has been the watchword, the war-cry, of many States in the Union, and that even in its present shape it has been repeatedly accepted at the hands of labor organizations.

The exigencies of commerce, the pressure of competition, have compelled or induced many employers to submit to terms which they considered unjust and principles which they believed revolutionary. The selfish engrossment of the majority in their own affairs, reinforced by the feelings of jealousy and dislike which corporate prosperity and corporate abuses had aroused, caused the invasion of property rights consequent upon the Granger agitation to be viewed with indifference. Now, when propositions of the same kind are advanced in a broader field and a more conspicuous manner, the effect is startling, and it might be thought, from much of the comment, that the whole question was brand-new, and had never before been pressed upon public attention. There is, no doubt, a decided difference between the earlier and the later methods of presentation. The Grangers invoked the law. They acted through the recognized constitutional machinery. They obtained the sanction of the court of last resort to their demands. They were not amenable to the charge of violence and lawlessness. In many of the recent strikes the defiance of law has been conspicuous. The men have acted apparently upon the theory that they had a right to enter upon and seize the property of their employers, and to forcibly prevent non-union laborers from taking their places. But the Grangers were for the most part Americans. They understood the system of government under which they lived. They were familiar with the Constitution.

They knew that, possessing the ballot, they could control legislation. The Knights of Labor, on the other hand, are men of whom a large percentage are foreign born; who, representing unskilled labor, necessarily hold in their assemblies a considerable element of ignorance and deficient intelligence; who, like all ignorant bodies on first discovering the power of organization, are disposed to abuse that power; and who, therefore, naturally tend to seek by force that which better instructed people aim at through forms of law.

Nor is this the only distinction between the Knights of Labor and the Grangers. The former have compelled attention to the important fact that they are not warranted in assuming to represent American labor; that, indeed, they constitute but a very small portion of that labor; that they are a minority, — half a million as against eighteen millions of non-union workers; and that their contest is really far more against their own order than against capital. It is curious that they should inveigh against monopoly while they are endeavoring to set up the most odious and intolerable species of it, but there can be no doubt of the fact. The position they have taken is that no man who does not belong to their order has a right to work for his living, and that they are entitled to dictate to every American workingman for whom he shall labor and at what wages. It is only necessary to state these claims to perceive that they involve a despotism more intolerable than the most spiritless and abject people known to history ever endured; and, like all organized despotisms, the successful operation of this one demands the most servile submission on the part of the members. A typical illustration is the case of the Patterson silk-mill, all the hands in which were made to go on strike by a "walking delegate" who merely wished to show his authority. There was no

grievance against the employers. The hands were satisfied with their condition. But when the walking delegate (who was a cigar-maker, and knew nothing about the silk business) demanded the adoption of some absurd changes in the mode of work, and was refused, he "snapped his fingers" as he passed through the mill, on his way out, and all the hands, without asking a question, dropped their work and walked into the street. Afterwards that walking delegate was punished by his order, for he had no authority for his action. But the servility demanded by the Knights of Labor is shown most strikingly in the unhesitating obedience paid to this man's command by those who knew perfectly well that they had no cause of complaint, and that consequently a strike could not be justified.

So then it appears that while an outsider has no rights as against the Knights of Labor, a member of the order possesses no rights as against its officers and leaders. Its tyranny towards non-union men is not greater than its tyranny towards its own members. What an American citizen obtains by joining the order is, apparently, the suspension of almost every important right and immunity secured to him by the Constitution of the United States. He enters it a free man. He yields up his freedom thenceforth. He becomes a mere blind instrument in the hands of others, — of others whose ignorance and stupidity he might convince himself of by the slightest examination, yet whom he permits to control his destiny, and in whose incompetent hands he places his independence. Strange that men should bow their necks to so heavy a yoke in the search for greater liberty. Strange that it should be thought possible to secure broader liberties by abandoning those already enjoyed. The Knights of Labor, however, are ambitious. They aim at combining in their own persons the characteristics and functions at once of

tyrants and slaves. For the sake of depriving their neighbors of freedom they voluntarily relinquish their own, and that they may the better play the part of masters they reduce themselves to the condition of serfs.

What the Declaration of Independence terms the "unalienable right" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" is not recognized at all by these men. They practically assert that nobody who is not a Knight of Labor has any such right, and yet there are eighteen million workers in the country who do not belong to that order. The audacity, the irrationality, the subversive character, of the claims of this comparatively small number of law-breakers and revolutionists would perhaps justify amusement rather than alarm but for the manner in which their extraordinary attacks upon the structure of society have been received. For a considerable period it looked as though the trouble would be settled by general submission to their outrageous demands. When the impossibility of such a course became apparent, it was extremely doubtful for a time whether the local authorities would summon courage to do their duty. The instrumentalities for vindicating the law and keeping order were at hand, but those charged with setting them in motion were politicians, and they were manifestly afraid of offending the law-breakers. Only the steadily growing pressure of a public opinion the trend of which could not be mistaken at last compelled the adoption of decided and effective measures for the general protection.

Meantime the spectacle presented was humiliating. Governors of States were seen, not administering the laws with energy and firmness, but shutting their eyes to the rampant lawlessness that surrounded them, and talking about the desirability of "arbitration" between corporations whose property was being destroyed and the criminals who were de-

stroying it. It is perhaps the first time that a proposition of the kind has been made, and it will be well for the country if it is the last. The effect of this cowardice and unfaithfulness to duty was of course to confirm the strikers in the belief that they were within their rights in blocking traffic, "killing" engines, intimidating non-union men, and generally taking possession of the property of other people. The extent to which confusion of thought may be carried was further shown in the appearance of a disposition to regard the kind of lawlessness existing as different from the kinds already provided against by the law, and to speak as if some new legislation were required to deal with it. Of course the truth is that every unlawful act committed by the strikers and boycotters has long been fully met by statutory provisions, and that nothing was needed but the proper enforcement of existing law.

Perhaps the gradual growth of trades-unionism and the silent advance of its claims and pretensions may have contributed to this confusion, but the bold and sudden movement of the Knights of Labor has compelled the American people to realize that the tendency of modern labor organization is to create an *imperium in imperio*, — a government established on lines which at many points traverse those on which the republic stands, and which, if it succeeds in its avowed aims, must revolutionize the Union. What success by the Knights of Labor, as at present led and organized, would mean for the public generally may perhaps be conjectured pretty accurately from current events. In Lynn, Massachusetts, for example, the Knights undertook to compel a whole class of tradesmen to close their stores at six o'clock in the evening. The majority — to their discredit be it said — abjectly submitted to this impudent command. They had their reward. The Knights naturally pro-

ceeded further. They demanded next that the tradesmen submit their tariffs of retail prices, to the end that their profits should be regulated. Fortunately, one man in Lynn, George Tarbox, was an old-fashioned American citizen. He knew his rights, "and, knowing, dared maintain." He refused to obey the early-closing orders of the Knights of Labor. They threatened him with the boycott. He appealed to the public. The latter promptly responded, and the feeble folk who had bowed their necks to the yoke of the new tyrants gathered courage to rebel against the demand for the regulation of their price-lists. The lesson of this episode is important.

The organization of labor is inevitable and necessary. But the American people have a right to demand that when labor organizes it shall do so under and with due regard to the laws of the land, and that it shall not proceed as if society were in a chaotic state, and every man was at liberty to regulate his actions according to his individual fancies. What the public have most to complain of is that labor organizations ignore the laws, undertake to import principles antagonistic to them, employ their power in illegitimate ways, and do this with an air of complete innocence and as a matter of course. Even the older trades-unions, which have learned something by hard experience, by no means obtain from their organization the best possible results. They are not so prone to strikes as formerly, and they endeavor to avoid violence when they do strike. But they are not above resorting to the boycott, and they seek to maintain a monopoly which is a wrong to labor in the aggregate. There is another defect in their working. They put too much stress on *rights* and too little upon *duties*. The modern trades-unionist is a man very sure to know what is due to himself from his employer. He is not so sure to recognize what is due to his

employer from himself. Trades-unionism certainly has not done much to promote conscientiousness and excellence in the performance of work. Rather it has tended to put all workingmen upon a dead level of perfunctory mediocrity. A system which aims at repressing individual superiorities in the avowed interest of the inferior workmen can have no other effect. A system which discourages enthusiasm in the employee, lest it should lead the employer to put his standard too high and expect too much, is distinctly debasing in its influence. It may secure work for a larger number, but it can do so only by the sacrifice of excellence, faithfulness, ambition, and individualism.

This is what most schemes of socialism demand and necessitate, indeed. They are, with scarcely an exception, framed in direct opposition to natural law. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest finds no acceptance with modern socialists. They seek to reverse all the processes of evolution in order to find equal subsistence for the undeserving and the deserving, for the incapable and the capable, for the lazy and the industrious, for the stupid and the bright, for the vicious and the virtuous. At every step in the application of such doctrines, however, fresh difficulties are encountered; and as self-interest almost invariably determines the course finally taken, many odd contradictions and anomalies are involved. In the social republic there is to be no monopoly at all. In trades-unionism monopoly is the chief object, and to maintain it not only is all outside labor discriminated against, but the prospects of the coming generation are deliberately injured by the strict limitation of apprenticeship. Founded on principles which seem to apply to all labor, these organizations inevitably resolve themselves into close corporations. Initiated for the legitimate purpose of resisting the selfishness and greed of capital, they have devel-

oped a rapacity of their own which is interfering seriously with production and industry generally, and which must be checked and brought within bounds before they can be what their founders hoped.

The organization of labor has hitherto been in the hands of unfit men, with too few exceptions. The leaders have been selfish, narrow-minded, or ignorant. The true way to utilize the strength of united labor is to develop the individual power of the members. By no other means have great nations ever been formed. An association, the effective strength of which depends upon the surrender of the rights and liberties of its members, may be a dangerous instrument for the use of adventurers and demagogues, but it cannot advance the interests of the men themselves. The most urgent want of labor to-day is self-control. In this free country no man endowed with average abilities need remain all his life poor. If he has thrift, self-restraint, perseverance, he will pass from the ranks of labor to the ranks of capital. It is the saving man who becomes the capitalist, — the man who has force to deny himself indulgences. What a lesson lies in the drink-bill of the American workingmen, for instance! At a moderate estimate, it amounts to between four and five hundred million dollars a year. While labor is throwing away that enormous sum annually, with what show of consistency can it lament its condition? One year's remission of that destructive self-indulgence would solve every labor problem extant; would provide a fund for the establishment of coöperative works, for the sustenance of the sick and aged, for the maintenance and education of orphans, for libraries and scientific schools, for all manner of helps.

At present the workingman can hardly make both ends meet. Is it not because he insists on creating capitalists out of the saloon-keepers, and, not con-

tent with that, on submitting all his rights of citizenship to the same objects of worship? The saloon in politics is the most hideous abuse of the day, but where would it be if the workingmen withdrew their support from it? It keeps them poor. It keeps our politics corrupt. It supplies a constant stream of base adventurers, who disgrace the American name at home and abroad. It makes the terms "public office" and "public plunder" synonymous. It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labor is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whiskey at the bar, and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings, in these dens. Can there be a serious labor question while this state of things continues? Can workingmen talk gravely of their wrongs while it is plain to all the world that if they only saved the capital they earn they would be comfortable?

This aspect of the case has not been sufficiently examined, and for reasons which will probably occur readily to the reader. But it is really the key to the situation. When we see on the one side a yearly waste of between four and five hundred millions of dollars, and on the other side a body of men, the squanderers of this vast fund, complaining that they have not sufficient opportunities, we cannot long be at a loss to comprehend the true nature of the existing dissatisfaction. It is clear that labor has been incited to seek from without the relief which ought to be sought from

within. The socialist theory of a paternal state system which provides everybody with work and wages is a mischievous fallacy. It simply encourages indolence and dependence. The first duty of labor is to demonstrate its capacity for self-government. At this moment its drink-bill is an impeachment of that capacity. No man who spends half his earnings at a saloon can get on in the world, or has the least right to expect to get on. Nor can any body of men follow the same course with better results. Prosperity is the reward of persevering, temperate, ungrudging work. In these days there is, however, a great wind of new doctrine. We are asked to believe that it is possible to succeed in very different ways: that the less a man works, for example, the more he ought to receive; that national prosperity can be advanced by diminishing production; and many other equally hard sayings. But it may be confidently affirmed that these new theories are destined to be short-lived, and that the world will have to be managed eventually upon pretty much the old lines.

Labor has got upon the wrong track. That is the truth. It has been misled by incompetent advisers. It has, no doubt, great opportunities before it. Organization under better management may lead it to a successful solution of the coöperative problem, will certainly give it adequate protection, and is capable of developing the best that its capacities can offer. But it is not by pursuing chimeras that the question can be settled satisfactorily, nor by ignoring duties and insisting upon rights. Thrift and temperance and reasonableness are three indispensable requisites to a forward movement. There can, however, be no thrift or temperance so long as a handful of ignorant men are permitted to throw scores of thousands of workmen out of employment; so long as the saloon rules labor and handles it in politics; so long as the money that

would carry comfort and decency to every laboring man's home in the land is diverted to enrich brewers and whiskey distillers and the keepers of their retail places. There can be no reasonableness so long as labor takes its arguments from the mouths of its worst enemies, and starves itself to feed fat a crowd of chattering demagogues, who have only their own mean and sordid interests at heart, and neither understand nor care to understand the things which really concern their clients. It is necessary to dwell strongly upon these considerations. The man who cannot govern his own appetites must fail in the battle of life. The man who cannot deny himself must remain poor. No outside conditions can compensate for want of force of character. No regulation of the hours of labor, no increase in wages, no monopoly of work, no trades-union rules, however cunningly contrived, can change the laws of nature. While the world lasts there will be fit and unfit men, and the former will prosper and the latter will fail,—will fail because they are not adapted to their environment. It may be possible to conceive of a world in which the present incapable should succeed; in which sloth and intemperance and defective intelligence should lead to fortune. But it would have to be a world radically different from this, and therefore it is that the unfit ones whom we have with us must continue to fail to the end. The workingmen do not seem to have considered these primary matters much as yet, but they are in greater present need of self-discipline than of anything else; and until they perceive this, and undertake to educate themselves, using their organization as a means to self-help rather than as an offensive weapon wherewith to attack trade and industry, they are likely to do themselves and the country more harm than good.

Unfortunately, the steady progress of such an educational process in the United

States is seriously interfered with by the constant addition of an ignorant element to the labor population. Since this influx has for many years consisted largely of foreigners from the continent of Europe, who do not speak English, moreover, and who bring to us ideas of social growth often wholly antagonistic to American views, the difficulty has increased. It is not merely total ignorance of our laws and governmental system that we have to contend with, but independent beliefs about government and the state which are opposed to our own altogether. One result of this is the conversion of labor organizations into socialist propaganda, and the gradual introduction to labor agitation of socialist ideas and propositions. The extension of secret societies, ostensibly organized for mutual protection and help, thus involves a pressure upon the political machinery liable to become more dangerous and subversive as the numerical strength of the societies grows. This, however, is but one of the embarrassing consequences of the national hospitality. A country possessing a homogeneous population, and depending for the increase of that population upon natural multiplication, may have to pass through many trials before it attains the stability of settled civilization; yet it will, as a rule, proceed steadily from one experiment to another, and will profit by its various lessons. But if a country is continually adding to its population from without; if it is compelled to educate a large percentage of its adult citizens, as well as its children; if at every critical juncture it has to deal with a formidable element which has no past experiences to guide it, the result must be that the same hard lessons will have to be learned again and again, and that much friction and loss of time will have to be endured.

It may be that eventually we shall conquer these difficulties; that complete assimilation will take place at last. But

before that can happen we shall be, for an indefinite period, so far as can now be seen, subjected to periodical disturbance and disquietude from this cause, and the national progress will be checked while we are laboriously and painfully recommencing the instruction which, under normal conditions, might have been necessary only once. The time is also approaching when our saturation point will have been reached, and when the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence will constitute as grave a problem as it has long been in Europe. If foreign immigration is to continue unchecked, not many years more of indifference to the implications will be permitted to our politicians, and from present indications it seems anything but certain that they will be prepared to meet the problem intelligently and successfully. But in the absence of any pronounced or organized public opinion on the subject of immigration, the only course open is to consider the existing conditions as settled, and to make the best of them. It is indeed curious that no protest has yet been heard from American labor on this head, if we except that from the Pacific coast against the Chinese; for, logically considered, the spirit of trades-unionism ought to be strongly opposed to any further increase of the labor element, and experience has shown that in such cases foreigners are generally the first to manifest hostility to new-comers.

Importing ignorance and socialism freely as we do, however, we cannot reasonably complain of the results. If of late they have been more disagreeable than usual, we must remember that the whole world is agitated by the labor question. It seems possible that we could have escaped dangerous agitation of the problem by pursuing a more conservative policy; by insisting more, for instance, upon America for Americans. Perhaps we have not sufficiently realized that even the largest continent must be filled

in time. But we must lie upon the bed as we have made it, and since we are already face to face with revolutionary theories of the social system and the relations between capital and labor, we must endeavor to secure the ultimate preponderance of American over exotic doctrines; unless, indeed, we are prepared to indorse the superiority of the latter.

As to that, no doubt, probably, need be entertained. The largest liberty compatible with the maintenance of equal rights has been the national maxim since the foundation of the republic, and it has worked well, on the whole. A system which carefully provides for the free development of individuality is necessarily open to abuses. Where the respect for individual liberty coexists with a feverish pursuit of wealth, excessive greed will occasionally be evolved, and mischievous and demoralizing aggregations of capital will occur. But these are the exceptions, not the rule. In the aggregate the democratic system has been vindicated. The advance of national prosperity, in despite of many and grave drawbacks, has been so great as to excite the wonder of all other nations. The increase in the popular standard of comfort has been, if not so rapid as it might have been, certainly quicker and greater than in any other country. If we have produced a small number of millionaires, we have created millions of well-to-do citizens. The reports of our savings-banks show a substantial condition of society in the middle and lower grades. Notwithstanding their waste of capital in self-indulgence, the poor are better off than at any former time, or in any other part of the world. Thanks to our liberal institutions, there is no barrier between our workingmen and capitalists. Any laborer with health and pluck and judgment may become rich, and thousands do. It is not, then, to be expected that Americans will give up the advantages

which they believe inhere in their system of government, to adopt methods which demand the extinction of individuality, the surrender of freedom of action, and the conversion of the great republic into a sort of compromise between a military despotism and a scheme of national pauperism.

All such notions are idle fantasies. This country will proceed on the lines hitherto pursued and approved by sufficient experience. But it does not follow that there is not ample room for improvement in many things, and, among others, in the relations between capital and labor. Of late much has been said on behalf of arbitration. No doubt arbitration is a good thing, and courts of conciliation are good; in fact, anything is good which puts reason before main strength and passion, and which compels both parties to a dispute to discuss it coolly before an impartial and mutually friendly council. But before arbitration is adopted it is necessary to determine just where the opportunity for it begins, and recent events have shown the existence of a good deal of confusion on this point. It may be laid down as an essential preliminary that arbitration is only in order when both parties are within their rights. If a body of workmen have struck, and are resting quietly, refraining from all interference with the property of their employers, the case is one for arbitration. But if the strike has been followed by violence and lawlessness, arbitration is out of place. The case is then one for the police to deal with, and, if necessary, the militia. No doubt as to this can be permitted. Arbitration presupposes mutual fair play and forbearance. Of course the question involved goes to the very bottom of that of the rights of strikers. Those rights begin and end with the right to refuse to work for a given wage. If, after so refusing to work, the striker undertakes to prevent any one else from working in his place, he puts himself in

the wrong, and he must recede from that false position before arbitration can be applicable. Whenever this is fully realized by the workingmen the strike will be abandoned; and this is a change to be hoped for, inasmuch as it is fatally defective as an aid to labor. It can only succeed when it is impossible to replace the striking element. As such occasions are comparatively rare in a country where the organized labor forms so small a percentage of the whole, it follows that a lawful strike can seldom succeed; once undertaken, however, the temptation to proceed to violence is great,—so great that when the strikers are unskilled laborers it is found almost impossible to withstand it. In effect, when a lawful strike has any prospect of success arbitration would be better. When it has no prospect of success it is very liable to degenerate into crime. In any case, it is clumsy, uncertain, and dangerous.

Whatever constitutes a motive for a strike is cause for arbitration. But arbitration, to be respected, must be respectable. President Cleveland's message on the subject, and the law framed in Congress to carry his suggestion into effect, do not appear to meet the requirements of the case. It is extremely doubtful whether anything can be expected from professional arbitrators politically appointed. Every dispute between labor and capital involves special points, understood, as a rule, only by the men concerned on both sides, or by other men engaged in the same kind of business or manufacture. These are natural arbitrators, and their decisions carry weight, but no such respect is likely to be paid the judgments of politicians. As to compulsory arbitration, it is a contradiction in terms, and the very idea involves the most revolutionary tendencies. To propose that the decision of an arbitrator shall be binding, without any regard to its reasonableness or even its legality, is to propose to change the

relations between men so radically that the Constitution and the laws would thenceforth be practically little better than dead letters. If capital and labor are both disposed to be reasonable, they can and will find common standing-ground. The older trades-unions are already regarding the strike with distrust. The policy recently outlined by Mr. Arthur, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, represents the most advanced views on this subject. Mr. Arthur does not believe in strikes, and keeps his order out of them as much as possible. One result is that his organization is powerful and respected, and that when it has grievances little difficulty is experienced in getting them removed.

Labor, of course, often has just cause of complaint. Capital is greedy and hard in too many instances, and tries to get the most possible service for the least possible pay. Employers who look on their employees merely as machines cannot expect to be regarded with affection. Great corporations that screw their men down to the lowest notch in wages will never enlist the sympathy of the public. Selfishness and rapacity when manifested by rich men are even more odious than when the poor exhibit those evil qualities. If, when violence has been offered corporate property, the expression of public indignation has been less than the circumstances seemed to demand, the prevailing lukewarmness was undoubtedly attributable to want of sympathy with employers believed to be heartless and ungenerous to their servants. Sometimes these beliefs are ill-founded. There are corporations that treat their employees kindly and considerately. But it is to be regretted that there are very few of them, and that in the majority of cases the relations are those of mutual distrust or indifference.

It is questionable whether, in the absence of esteem or liking of any kind,

better relations can be established. Certainly the tendencies of labor organization are away from closer connection between employer and employed at present. The movement toward stronger demands for labor menaces whatever *entente* exists, and if the policy of the unions continues to be grasping and one-sided the effect upon capital must be serious. Most serious, however, for labor; for capital can always wait and can always subsist, while labor can do neither. Precisely because capital is realized labor it is stronger than labor. It represents the extent to which its possessors have advanced, in accumulating savings, beyond those who have to work for their daily bread. Capital, moreover, can always move, while labor is not free to go where it pleases. In a contest of strength between the two forces, labor must always succumb, and this no matter what numerical strength the latter possesses. The more extensive and the fiercer the conflict, the sooner must it end, for its extension can only involve rapid exhaustion of the material resources of labor.

But all the friends and advisers of the workingman should warn him against entrance into such a strife. It is not that he is altogether wrong, or that he is not entitled to demand certain improvements in his condition. It is that, no matter what his equities, he cannot obtain them by unreasonable methods. A strike upon a falling market may appear just as to its surface propositions, but it is doomed to failure. A demand for increased wages or reduced working hours, or both, during a period of industrial depression is hopeless. As to the proposal for a shorter working-day, it is impossible to believe that those who make it at all understand what they are doing, for their success would be a calamity to them. This, however, is a graft from the tree of socialism, and as incongruous as most of the theories with which those wrong-headed people have filled the air,

in these days of audacious and lawless speculation. Perhaps it is necessary that actual experiment should be had, to convince those whose reasoning powers are slight that if production generally is diminished, the production of the wage-fund also must be reduced; and that if the same amount of work is to be performed, but by an increased number of hands, the average payments to labor will be smaller. When the impossibility of obviating either of these results is comprehended, there will probably be less disposition among workingmen to believe that problems of wages and hours of labor can be determined by *fial*.

There is a question connected with the labor issue which insists upon prompt determination, and which cannot be allowed to drift. It is the question, recently brought home to the country in startling ways, of anarchism. The general demand is naturally for stern repressive measures, and, the situation being what it is, they are necessary. But when the anarchists of to-day have been put down, how are we going to protect ourselves against the anarchists of to-morrow? It is a very grave consideration. These men form precisely the element from which modern civilization has most to apprehend. They are at odds with society from the foundations upward. They deny the justice and the desirability of any existing institutions. They are proletarians, having no property stake anywhere. They believe in destruction, and not in conservation. They are wholly unapproachable by reason. In short, they live in society only for the purpose of injuring, and if possible overthrowing, civilization. Such men, insane with the insanity produced by unbalanced speculation upon defective intelligence, upon those anæmic brains which the deadly vices of great capitals curse the world with, — such men must, be it admitted, suffer the full penalty of declaring open war upon the existing order of things,

when they are taken *flagrante delicto*. But does it follow that this is the only or the best way of protecting society against them? Has the nation no responsibility that admits, without question, these perverted creatures; that allows them to establish their propaganda; that looks on indifferently while they are educating their dupes to lust after riot and massacre and anarchy; that leaves them free to do mischief until they have advanced from incendiary words to incendiary acts?

Such a policy renders rigorous suppression ultimately unavoidable. But where is the boasted freedom of speech and action, when it can only be enjoyed on such conditions? Perhaps it is time to acknowledge that freedom of speech is never more than relative, and that if we are to avoid the necessity of putting down anarchist riots we must see to it that the dissemination of anarchist doctrine is prevented. We have here a new problem. The anarchists are not to be regarded as fair material for citizenship. They hate American democracy as cordially as European absolutism. As one of them frankly declared at Chicago recently, they are against all laws and all governments, against the whole social and political system, against organized labor as much as capital. They have no sentimental associations with this republic. They come from the Old World's revolutionary muckheap, and all their instincts and tendencies are aggressive, subversive, and destructive. From their first appearance here they form an element of danger, a rallying-point for all the foes of society to gather around. All the influence exercised by them is sinister. They corrupt those workingmen who speak their language. They encourage and play into the hands of the criminal class. To permit all this, however, is deliberately to prepare the way for the forcible repression which such a course always compels, and this is to vitiate our sys-

tem of government radically. Being what it is, anarchism should be prevented from germinating, instead of being permitted to grow, and then cut down with pain and difficulty when it is ripe. It has no more justification for free play among us than a cult of piracy would have, or such an academy of larceny as Fagin the Jew kept. The safety of the state, which is not less a supreme law than in the days of Roman domination, demands that every propaganda of iniquity be extirpated. There cannot be two opinions among sane men as to the character of anarchist doctrine, and the danger of permitting such doctrine to be taught ignorant foreigners, who have no saving familiarity with American principles, has been too plainly manifested already for any doubt to be entertained on that point. Anarchism, therefore, ought to be taken at the beginning, not at the end. Humanity, policy, alike justify this view. If we permit these people to sow, we cannot complain at the character of the crop left to us to reap. We can prevent the sowing, and that is our plain duty in the future, both to ourselves and to the anarchists.

The labor question will slowly work itself into a more hopeful condition, if not too much interfered with. The experiments lately undertaken in the line of transferring the ownership of property by forcible confiscation have resulted so discouragingly for the experimenters that they have probably learned some fundamental truths in connection with the actual power of labor organization.

Unfortunately for human progress, it usually requires some such painful demonstration to convince the masses that there is a wide distinction between the possession of force and the power to compass economic ends. If the Knights of Labor have learned some useful lessons, however, the employers of labor have perhaps received some instruction also. The generality of labor organi-

zation at present tends to quicken the equitable tendencies of capital. The employer reflects more deeply upon the rights of labor when he realizes its ability to check or stop production. There is room for concession on both sides, and if only time is given, capital and labor may come closer together. The chief danger lies in the hot-headedness of the least educated labor elements. Thus far they have been unable to control themselves at difficult junctures, and have shown a disposition to resort to illegitimate weapons, which they will have to abandon.

In the end reason and equity must rule, and we may be sure that, under the system of free development which the republic of the United States offers to all its citizens, the workingmen will obtain and enjoy every right and advantage which it is proper and lawful for them to possess: and while this does not imply that they are entitled to one right other or more than their fellow-citizens can claim, it does imply that they have more to hope from temperate and rational action than they can possibly secure in any other way.

George Frederic Parsons.

IN THE CLOUDS.

XVII.

ALETHEA stood motionless for some little time, still leaning on the fence. A stalk of golden-rod, brown and withered, its glory departed, touched the rails now and then. Its slight, infrequent swaying was the only intimation of wind, except that the encompassing smoke, filling the vast spaces between heaven and earth, shifted occasionally, the dense convolutions silently merging into new combinations of ill-defined shapes, — colorless phantasmagoria, dimly looming. It might have seemed as if all the world had faded out, leaving only these blurred suggestions of unrecognized forms, like the vestiges of forgotten æons.

Even the harvesters did not maintain always a human aspect. Through the haze they were grotesque, distorted, gigantic; their hands vaguely visible, now lifted, now falling, in their deliberate but ceaseless work. They looked like vagrants from that eccentric populace of dreams, given over to abnormal, inconsequent gestures, to shifting similitudes, to preposterous conditions and facile

metamorphoses of identity. Alethea felt a strange doubt, in recognizing Sam Marvin, whether it were indeed the moonshiner whom she saw.

An insistent silence possessed the air, broken only by the rustle of the crisp husks as the three dim figures pulled the corn. Suddenly there sounded a mad, scuttling rush, shrill canine yelps, and a series of nimble shadows vaulted over the fence. The coon ran up a tree, while the moonshiner's dogs ranged themselves beneath it, with upturned heads askew, and gloating, baffled eyes, and moans of melancholy frustration, punctuated ever and anon with yaps of more poignant realization of the coon's inaccessibility. Tige, irresolute, showed fight at first to the strangers; then he too sat down, and with quivering fore-paws and wagging tail wheezed and yelped at his fireside companion, as if he had had no personal acquaintance with the raccoon, had held with him no relations of enforced amity, and could not wait one moment to crunch his bones.

The half-grown girl, desisting from her work, turned her head in the direction of the noise, and caught a glimpse

of Alethea. She had an excited eye, high cheek-bones, and a thin, prominent nose. Her face looked peculiarly sharp inside her flabby sun-bonnet. She was at the "growing age," and her frock was consequently very short for the bare, sun-embrowned legs which protruded from it. Her bare feet were long and bony. She seemed to be growing lengthwise only, for her shoulders were narrow, her arms slim. She had a callow, half-fledged look, not unlike a Shanghai pullet. Her manner was abrupt and fluttered, and her voice high and shrill.

"Laws-a-massy!" she exclaimed, jumping precipitately backward on her long, attenuated legs, "yander's Lethe Sayles!"

Both the man and the woman started violently, — not because of the matter of the disclosure, but of its manner, as was manifested in his rebuke.

"By Gosh, Sereny! ef ye ain't mighty nigh skeered me ter death!" he cried angrily. "S'pose it air Lethe Sayles!" He bowed his body grotesquely amidst the smoke, as he emphasized his reproof. "Air she ennything so powerful oncommon ez ye hev ter jump ez sprightly ez ef ye hed stepped on a rattlesnake, an' squeeched out that-a-way? Howdy, Lethe," he added, with an odd contrast of a calm voice and a smooth manner, as if Alethea were deaf to these amenities. "Thrivin', I s'pose?"

Alethea faltered that she was well, and said no more. The imperative consciousness of all that she had done against him, of all for which she feared him, prevailed for a time. She knew that it would have been wiser to venture some commonplace civility, and then go. But that insistent conscience, strong within her, forbade this. She was all unprepared now for the disclosure of her testimony in the court-room, but the fact that she had ever intended to warn him made it seem as if this were due. She felt as if she had missed a certain fortification of her courage in that she

had not had the privilege of trembling over the prospect, of familiarizing herself with it, of approaching it slowly, but none the less surely, by lessening degrees of trepidation. She wondered that he did not look at her with more of the indignation which she knew he must feel toward her. Bitterness, however, was acridly manifested in the woman's manner, her averted head, her sedulous silence. She continued industriously pulling the corn, as if no word had been spoken, no creature stood by. The gallinaceous girl, silent too, returned to her work, but often looked askance at Alethea over her shoulder.

The man spoke presently. His face and figure were blurred now in the smoke. It was as if a shadow had purloined a sarcastic voice. Alethea's nerves were unstrung by the surprise of the meeting, and the fact that she could see only this elusive suggestion of his presence harassed and discomposed her.

"Waal, Lethe, I dunno ez I be s'prised ter see ye. I hev seen ye sech a many times whenst I never expected ye, — startin' up yander at Boke's barn ez suddint ez ef ye hed yer headquarters in the yearth or the sky. An' jes' at this junctry, whenst we air a-tryin' ter steal our *own* corn away from hyar, ye kem a-boundin' out'n the smoke, like ye hed no abidin' place more 'n a witch or that thar Herder on Thunderhead, or sech harnts. I never see yer beat ez a meddler. Satan ain't no busier with other folkses' souls."

She made no reply. The shifting vapor hid the tree where the bright-eyed coon hung fast by his claws, and the wheezing yapping of the foiled dogs besieging his stronghold seemed strangely loud and near since they were invisible.

The shucks rustled sibilantly. The ears of maize fell with a monotonous sound upon the heaps in the turn row.

"What did the revenuers do when they kem up the mounting?" Marvin asked suddenly. His tone was all alert

now with curiosity. He could reserve his rebukes till his craving for gossip should be satisfied. Conversation, a fine art elsewhere, assumes the dignity of a privilege in these sparsely settled wilds, where its opportunities are scant.

"They ain't never kem, ez I knows on," said Alethea tremulously. They might come yet, and here he was still unwarned and at the mercy of accident. She had climbed the fence, springing lightly down on the other side, and had mechanically begun to assist them in their work, — the usual courtesy of a guest in the mountains who finds the host employed.

"Slip-shuck it, Lethe," he remarked, calling her attention to the fact that the outer husks were left upon the stalks, and the ear, enveloped merely in its inner integuments, was thrown upon the heap. "I hates powerful ter be obleeged ter leave all this hyar good roughness;" he indicated the long rows of shucks upon the stalks. "My cattle would be mighty thankful ter hev sech fedded ter 'em. But the corn itself air about ez much ez I kin haul so fur" —

"Don't ye tell her wharabouts we-uns lives nowadays," broke out the woman.

She was standing near Alethea, and she turned and looked at her. The girl's fresh and beautiful countenance was only more delicate, more sensitive, with that half-affrighted perturbation on it, that piteous deprecation. The elder woman's face was furrowed and yellow in contrast; her large, prominent eyes, of a light hazel color, were full of tears, and had a look as if tears were no unfamiliar visitants. She wiped them away with the curtain of her pink sun-bonnet, and went on pulling the corn.

"I dunno whar Sam Marvin lives, myself," the moonshiner declared, with reckless bravado. "I don't go by that name no mo'."

He straightened up and set his arms akimbo, as he laughed.

"Ye need n't send no mo' o' yer spies, Lethe, arter me," he declared. "My neighbors 'way over yander dunno no sech man ez Sam Marvin."

Alethea's lifted hand paused upon the shuck on the sere stalk. As she turned half round he saw her face in the smoke; her golden hair and fresh cheek, and the saffron kerchief tied beneath the round chin. He was not struck by her beauty; it always seemed a thing apart from her, the slightest incident of her personality, so much more forceful were the impressions of her character, so much more intimately her coercive opinions concerned those with whom she came in contact. But in her clear eyes he detected a surprise which he hardly understood at the moment. And he paused to look at her, wondering if it were only simulated.

Her heart throbbed with a dull and heavy pain. So angry were they because she would not promise to keep their secret. She shrank from their rage when she should tell that she had voluntarily disclosed it.

"Ye'll be purtendin' ez 't war somebody else ez sent the spy ter make sure o' the place whar we kep' our still. I know ye!" He wagged his head in more active assertion that her machinations could not avail against his discernment.

"I never sent no spy," faltered Alethea.

"Thar, now! What did I tell ye!" he broke out, laughing disdainfully; the woman added a high, shrill, unmirthful refrain; even Serena the pullet, stepping about in the smoke on her long, yellow feet and in her abbreviated garments, cackled scornfully.

"Ye may thank yer blessed stars," cried the woman scathingly, — she could hold silence no longer, — "ez ye done nuthin' agin we-uns. An' the revenuers never raided our still, nor got nare drap o' our liquor, nor tuk nuthin' o' ourn. Yer bones would be a-bleachin' on the

hillside ef they hed! Jes' afore yer spy kem them white-livered men — Sam, thar, an' the t'other distillers — war a-talkin' 'bout how they could make ye hesh up yer mouth, ez ye would n't keep it shet yerself. They 'lowed it never seemed right handy ter them ter shoot a woman same ez a man, an' I jes' up-ed an' tole 'em ez ye desarved no better 'n a bullet through that yaller head o' yourn, an' they could git a shot at ye enny evenin' whenst ye war a-drivin' up the cow. An' I 'lowed ez whenst a woman went a-meddlin' an' informin' like a man, let her take what a man hev ter take. Naw, sir! but they mus' run away, 'count o' a meddlin' hussy like you-uns, an' go live somwhar else! An' I hed ter leave my home, an' the three graves o' my dead chill'n, yander on the rise, ez lonesome an' ez meagre-lookin' ez ef they war three pertater hills."

She burst into a tumult of tears. The smoke wafted down, obscuring her, — there was commotion in its midst, for the wind was astir, — and her sobs sounded from out the invisibility that had usurped the earth as if some spirit of grief were abroad in it.

"Shet up, M'ria! Ye talk like ye hed no mo' sense 'n a sheep. The chill'n ain't in them graves," Marvin said, with the consolations of a sturdy orthodoxy.

"Thar leetle bones is," said the spirit of grief from the densities of the clouds. And he could not gainsay this.

She wept on persistently for the little deserted bones. He could not feel as she did, yet he could understand her feeling. His under jaw dropped a little; some stress of melancholy and solemnity was on his face, as if a saddened retrospection were evoked for him, too. But it was a recollection which his instinct was to throw off, rather than to cherish as a precious sorrow, jealously exacting for it the extremest tribute of sighs and tears.

"Lethe," he said suddenly, with a cheerful note, "bein' ez they never cotch

us, did they pay ye ennything ez informer? I ain't right sure how the law stands on that p'int. The law 'pears ter me ter be a mighty onstiddy, contrariwise contrivance, an' the bes' way ter find ennything *sartain sure* 'bout'n it air ter 'sperience it. Did they pay ye ennything?"

"I never informed the revenuers," declared Alethea, once more.

He turned upon her a look of scorn.

"I knowed ye war a powerful fool, a-talkin' 'bout 'what's right,' an' preachin' same ez the rider, an' faultin' yer elders. But I never knowed ye war a liar an' a scandalous hypocrite. The Bible say, 'Woe ter ye, hypocrites!' I wonder ye ain't hearn that afore; either a-wrastlin' with yer own soul, or meddlin' with other folkses' salvation." It occurred to him that he preached very well himself, and he was minded, in the sudden vanity of the discovery, to reiterate, "Woe unto ye, hypocrite!"

"What makes ye 'low ez I gin the word ter the revenuers?" demanded Alethea.

"Kase the spy kem up thar with yer name on his lips. 'Lethe Sayles,' he sez, — 'Lethe Sayles.'"

The girl stared wide-eyed and amazed at him.

Marvin's wife noted the expression. "Oh, g'long, Lethe Sayles!" she cried, impatiently; "ye air so deceivin'!"

"The spy!" faltered Alethea. "Who war the spy? I never tole nobody 'bout seein' ye at Boke's barn, nor whenst I war milkin' the cow, nuther, till a few weeks ago. Ye hed lef hyar fur months afore then."

The woman, listening, with an ear of corn in her motionless hand, turned and cast it upon the heap with a significant gesture of rejection, as if she thus discarded the claims of what she had heard. She sneered, and laughed derisively and shrill. The pullet, too, broke into mocking mirth, and then both fell to pulling corn with a sort of flouting energy.

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Marvin, with a feint of sharing their incredulity. But he held his straggling beard in one hand, and looked at Alethea seriously. To him her manner constrained belief in what she had said. "Why, Lethe," he broke out, abruptly, "'t war n't a week arter that evenin' whenst I seen ye a-milkin' the cow when the spy kem. We-uns war a-settin' roun' the still, — we kep' it in the shed-room, me an' my partners, — an' we war a-talkin' 'bout you-uns, an' how ye acted; an' M'ria, she war thar, an' she went agin ye, an' 'lowed ez we hed better make ye shet yer mouth; an' some o' the boys were argufyin' ez ye war jes' sayin' sech ez ye done ter hear yerse'f talk, an' feel sot up in yer own 'pinion. They 'lowed ye 'd be feared ter tell, sure enough, but ye hankered ter be begged ter shet up. 'T war a powerful stormy night. I never hear a wusser wind ez war a-cavortin' round the house. An' the lightnin' an' thunder hed been right up an' down sniptious. A lightnin' ball mus' hev bust up on Piomingo Bald, kase nex' day I see the ground tore up round the herder's cabin, though Ben Doaks war n't thar, — hed gone down ter the cove, I reckon. Waal, sir, it quit stormin' arter a while, but everything war mighty damp an' wet; the draps kep' a-fallin' off'n the eaves. We could hear the hogs in the pen a-squashin' about in the mud. An' all of a suddenty they tuk ter squealin' an' gruntin', skeered mighty nigh ter death. An' my oldest son, Mose, he 'lowed it war a varmint arter 'em; an' he snatched his gun an' runned out ter the hog-pen. An' thar they war, all jammed up tergether, gruntin' an' snortin'; an' Mose say he war afeard ter shoot 'mongst 'em, fur fear o' hittin' some o' them stiddier the varmint. An' whilst he war lookin' right keerful, — the moon hed kem out by then, — he seen, stiddier a wolf, suthin' a-bowin' down off'n the fence. An' the thing cotch up a crust o' bread, or a rind

o' water-million, or suthin', out o' the trough fur the hogs, an' then sot up ez white-faced on the fence, a-munchin' it an a-lookin' at him. An' Mose 'lowed he war so plumb s'prised he los' his senses. He lowed 't war a harnt, — it looked so onexpected. He jes' flung his rifle on the groun' an' run. It's mighty seldom sech tracks hev been made on the Big Smoky ez Mose tuk. We-uns ain't medjured 'em yit, but Mose hev got the name 'mongst the gang o' bein' able ter step fourteen feet at a stride."

He showed his long, tobacco-stained teeth in the midst of his straggling beard, and as he talked on he gnawed at a plug of tobacco, as if, being no impediment to thought, it could be none to its expression.

"Mose lept inter the house, declarin' thar war a harnt a-settin' on the fence. Ye know Jeb Peake? — hongry Jeb, they useter call him." Marvin broke off suddenly, having forgotten the significance and purpose of the recital in the rare pleasure of recounting. Even his wife's face bore only retrospective absorption, and Serena had lifted her head, and fixed an excited, steadfast eye upon him. "Waal, hongry Jeb war a-settin' thar in the corner, an' bein' toler'ble sleepy-headed he hed drapped off, his head agin the chimbley. An' when Mose kem a-rampagin' in thar, with his eyes poppin' out, declarin' thar war a harnt settin' on the fence, eatin', — '*Eatin' what?*' sez hongry Jeb, a-startin' up. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jeb ain't never forgot the bottom o' the pot yit," chimed in the wife.

"I ain't a-grudgin' him ter eat, though," stipulated the moonshiner, "nor the harnt, nuther. I jes' 'lowed ez that thar white-faced critter a-settin' on the fence, a-thievin' from the hog, mought take up a fancy ter Mose's rifle, lef' onpertected on the ground. So I goes out. Nuthin' war n't settin' on the fence, 'ceptin' the moonlight an' that

thar onregenerate young tur-rkey ez nuthin' could hender from roostin' on the rails o' the hog-pen, stiddier on a limb o' a tree, 'longside o' the t'other tur-rkeys."

"An' thar a fox cotch her afore day-break," interpolated Mrs. Marvin, supplying biographical deficiencies.

"I always *did* b'lieve 'twar them thar greedy old hogs," said Serena.

Marvin went on, disregarding the interruption:—

"I picked up Mose's gun, an' in I kem. I barred up the door, an' then I sot down an' lighted my pipe. An' Jeb, he tuk ter tellin' tales 'bout all the folks ez he ever knowed ter be skeered haffen ter death"—

"Nare one of 'em war Jeb," remarked the observant Mrs. Marvin, seizing the salient trait of the romancer. "In all Jeb's tales *he* comes out'n the big e-end o' the hawn."

"An' ez I sot thar, jes' wallin' my eyes round the room, I seen suthin' that, ef the t'others hed said they seen, I'd hev tole 'em they war lyin'. 'Twar a couple o' eyes an' a white face peekin' through the holes in the chinkin' o' the walls, whar the daubin' hed fell out. 'Twar right close ter me at fust,—that war how I kem ter see it so plain. I 'lowed ter jes' stick my knife right quick inter one o' them eyes. I 'lowed 'twar a raider. 'Fore I could move 'twar gone! Then all of a sudden I seen the face an' eyes peekin' in close ter the door. I jes' flew at it that time,—war n't goin' ter let nuthin' hender"—

"I war 'twixt him an' the door, an' he jes' run over me," interpolated the pullet. "Knocked me plumb over, head fust, inter a tub o' beer. Hed ter set in the sun all nex' day fur my hair ter dry out, an' I smelt like a toper."

Sam Marvin not ungenially permitted his family thus to share in telling his story. He resumed with unabated ardor:—

"An' I jumped through the door so quick that the spy jes' did see me, an' war steppin' out ter run when I cotch him by the collar. I don't reckon thar ever war a better beatin' 'n I gin him. I hed drapped my knife a-runnin', an' I hed no dependence 'ceptin' my fists. His face war so bloody I did n't know him a-fust, when I dragged him in the house, with his head under my arm. An' when I seen him I knowed he never kem of hisself, but somebody had sent him. An' I say, 'What did ye kem hyar fur?' An' he say, 'Lethe Sayles.' An' I say, 'Who sent ye?' An' he say, 'Lethe Sayles.'"

"Now, Lethe, see what a liar ye hev been fund out ter be!" said the woman, scornfully. "Lord knows I never 'lowed ye would kem ter sech. I knowed ye whenst ye war a baby. A fatter one I never see. Nobody would hev b'lieved ye'd grow up sour, an' preachified, an' faultin' yer elders, an' bide a single woman, ez ef nobody would make ch'ice o' ye."

Alethea looked vaguely from one to the other. Denial seemed futile. She asked mechanically, rather than from any definite motive, "Did ye hear o' enny revenuers arter that?"

"Did n't wait ter," said Marvin. "We hed hearn enough, knowin' ez ye hed tole, an' the word hed got round the kentry, so ez the spy hed been sent up ter make sure o' the place. We-uns war too busy a-movin' the still an' a-hustlin' off. Ef thar hed been time enough fur ennything, I reckon some o' them boys would hev put a bullet through that thar sandy head o' yours. But the raiders never kem up with we-uns, nor got our still an' liquor,—we-uns war miles an' miles away from hyar the night arter Tad kem a-spyin'."

Alethea stood staring, speechless. "Tad!" she gasped at last. "*Tad!*"

They all stopped and looked at her through the wreathing smoke, as if they hardly understood her.

"Lethe, ye air too pretensified ter be healthy!" Mrs. Marvin exclaimed at last.

"O' course ye knowed, bein' ez ye tole him," said the moonshiner. He did not resume his work, but stood gazing at her. They were all at a loss, amazed at her perturbation.

Her breath came fast; her lips were parted. One lifted hand clung to the heavily enswathed ear of corn upon the tall, sere stalk; the other clutched the kerchief about her throat, as if she were suffocating. Her face was pale; her eyes were distended.

"I would n't look so pop-eyed fur nuthin'," remarked the pullet, in callow pertness; she might not have been suspected of laying so much stress on appearances.

"I'm tryin' ter think," said Alethea, dazed, "ef that war afore Tad war drowned or arterward."

Marvin turned, and leered significantly at his family.

"Mus' hev been afore he war drowned, I reckon," he said satirically.

"Lethe Sayles," observed Serena reprehensively, "ye air teched in the head."

She tossed her own head with a conviction that, if not strictly ornamental, it was level. Then, like the sane fowl that she was, she went stepping about on her long, yellow feet with a demure, grown-up air.

"Oh," said Alethea, fixing the dates in her mind, "it mus' hev been after-wards" —

"Likely," interrupted Sam Marvin.

— "kase that very evenin' arter I seen ye at the cow-pen Elviry Crosby kem an' tole ez how Reuben Lorey hed bust down old man Griff's mill, an' his nevy Tad war in it, an' war drowned in the river."

"Laws-a-me!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin, clutching her sun-bonnet with both hands, and thrusting it backward from her head, as if it intercepted the news.

"Waal, sir!" cried the moonshiner, amazed.

"Oh," cried Alethea, clasping both her hands, "ef I hed called ye back that evenin', an' promised not ter tell, like I war minded ter do" —

"Ye lowed 't war n't right," suggested the moonshiner.

— "ye would hev knowed ez Tad war n't no spy, but war jes' vagabondin' round the kentry, a runaway, houseless an' hongry; an' ye would hev tuk him back ter old man Griff, an' Reuben would n't hev been tried fur killin' him!"

"Shucks, Mink war n't tried fur sech sure enough," said Marvin, uneasily. His face had changed. His wife was turning the corner of her apron nervously between her fingers, and looking at him in evident trepidation.

"He hev been in jail fur months an' months," said Alethea. "An' when he war tried, I tole on the witness stand 'bout glimpsin' Tad one night whenst I kem from camp, — mus' hev been the same night whenst he went up the mounting ter yer house, kase thar war a awful storm. An' when I seen him suddint I screamed, bein' s'prised; an' I reckon that war the reason he said 'Lethe Sayles.' An' at the trial they 'lowed I hed seen nuthin' but Tad's harnt, an' the jury disagreed."

"An' — an' — an' air Mink in jail yit?" demanded the moonshiner, his jaw falling in dismay.

"The rescuers tuk him out," said Alethea.

"Waal, sir," he exclaimed, with a long breath. "Ye see," — he seemed to feel that he must account for his excitement and interest, — "bein' hid out, I hain't hearn no news, sca'cely, sence we-uns lef'."

"Whar be Tad now?" Alethea asked suddenly, realizing that here was the man who had seen him last.

He glanced quickly at her, then in perplexed dubitation at his wife. Like

many women, she was willing enough to steer when it was all plain sailing, but among the breakers she left him with an undivided responsibility. She fell to pulling corn with an air of complete absorption in her work.

He made a clumsy effort at diversion. "By Gosh," he declared, waving his hand about his head, "ef this hyar smoke don't clar away, we-uns 'll all be sufficated in it."

But the smoke was not now so dense. High up, its sober, dun-colored folds were suffused with a lurid flush admitted from the wintry sunset. The black, dead trees within the inclosure stood out distinctly athwart the blank neutrality of the gray, nebulous background. The little house on the rise was dimly suggested beyond the corn-field, across which skulked protean shapes of smoke, — monstrous forms, full of motion and strange consistency and slowly realized symmetry, as if some gigantic prehistoric beasts were trembling upon the verge of materialization and visibility. The wind gave them chase, for it was rising. It had lifted its voice in the silences. Like a clarion it rang down the narrow ravine below. But Sam Marvin, expanding his lungs to the freshened air, declared that he felt "plumb sufficated."

"Whar be Tad now?" persisted Alethea.

He spat meditatively upon the ground. "Waal, Lethe," he said at last, "that's more 'n I know. I dunno whar Tad be now."

She detected consciousness in the manner of the woman and the girl. She broke out in a tumult of fear: —

"Ye did n't harm Tad, did ye?" with wild, terrified eyes fixed upon him. "Ye did n't kill Tad fur a spy? — kase he war n't."

"Shet up, ye blatant hussy!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin, "layin' sech ez that at we-uns's door."

"An' shet up yerse'f, M'ria. Least

said, soonest mended," Marvin interposed. "Look-a-hyar, Lethe Sayles, ye hev done harm enough; it may be kase it war right. Take sech satisfaction ez ye kin in yer notion. It never turned out right, — turned out mighty wrong. I ain't goin' ter answer ye nare nuther word. I hev got a question ter ax you-uns right now. Who war it ye tole 'bout findin' out 't war me a-moonshin-in'?"

She detailed tremulously the scene in the court-room, and the impression it produced was altogether at variance with her expectations. Perhaps, however, it was only natural that Sam Marvin should feel less interest in the belated disclosure, which he had thought was made months previous, than in the circumstances of the trial, Peter Rood's death, the imprisonment of the jury, and the riot of the rescuing mob. As to his wife, she was chiefly shocked by the publicity attaching to testimony in open court.

"An' ye jes' stood up thar, Lethe Sayles, ez bold-faced ez a biscuit block, an' lifted up yer outdacious voice afore all them men? Waal, sir! Waal! I dunno what the wimmin air a-comin' ter!"

"I war obligated ter tell sech ez I knowed," Alethea contended against this assumption of superior delicacy. "I never felt no more bold-faced than in tellin' 'speriunce 'fore the brethren at camp."

"Oh, child!" cried Mrs. Marvin. "It's the spirit o' grace movin' at camp, but at court it's the nimbleness o' the devil."

Alethea argued no further, for conversation was impeded by the succeeding operations of gathering the crop. Marvin was leading the team of the great wagon from one to another of the heaps of corn. The huge creaking wheels crushed the ranks of stalks that fell in confusion on either side; the white canvas cover had been removed from the hoops, in order to facilitate the

throwing of the corn into the wagon. Through the wreaths of smoke appeared the long ears of a pair of mules. Sam Marvin had apparently found his new home in a thirstier locality than his old, for he was evidently thriving. The pair of mules might have been considered a sorry team in point of appearance: their sides were rubbed bare with the friction of the trace-chains; they were both unkempt, and one was very tall and the other small, but they were stalwart and sure-footed and fleet, and a wonderful acquisition in lieu of the yoke of slow oxen she remembered. The continuous thud, as the ears of corn were thrown into the wagon, enabled Marvin to affect not to hear Alethea's reiteration as to Tad's fate.

"I wisht ye 'd tell me suthin' bout'n Tad," she said piteously. "I wisht I knew ye hed n't hurt him, nor — nor" —

She paused in the work, looking drearily about her. The wind tossed her garments; she was fain at times to catch her bonnet by the curtain, to hold it. The smoke had taken flight; dragons, winged horses, griffins, forgotten myths, all scurrying away before the strong blast. And still they came and went, and rose once more, for the wind that lifted the smoke fanned the fire. The flames were in sight along the base of Big Injun Mounting, writhing now like fiery serpents, and now rising like some strange growth in quivering blades; waving and bowing, appearing and disappearing, and always extending further and further. They seemed so alive, so endowed with the spirit of destruction, so wantonly alert, so merciless to the fettered mountain that tossed its forests in wild commotion, with many a gesture of abject despair, and spite of all could not flee. Their strong, vivid color contrasted with the dull garnet of the myriads of bare boughs and the deep, sombre green of the solemn pines. The smoke carried from the fire a lurid reflection, fading presently in the progress across

the landscape of the long, dun-colored flights. The wintry sunset was at hand. The sky was red and amber; the plains of the far west lay vaguely purple beneath. On Walden's Ridge, rising against the horizon, rested the sun, from which somehow the dazzling fire seemed withdrawn, leaving a sphere of vivid scarlet, indescribably pure and intense, upon which the eye could nevertheless gaze undaunted.

Pensive intimations there were in its reduced splendors; in the deep purple of Chilhowee, in the brown tints of the nearer ranges. Something was gone from the earth, — a day, — and the earth was sad, though it had known so many. And the night impended and the unimagined morrow. And thus the averted Future turns by slow degrees the face that all flesh dreads to see. The voice of lowing cattle came up from the cove. The fires in the solitudes burned apace.

"I hev axed ye time an' agin, Sam Marvin, whar Tad be. Ef ye don't tell, I'll be bound ter b'lieve ye moonshiners hev done suthin' awful ter him."

They were about to depart on their journey. Already Serena was on her uneasy bed of corn in the ear. But the pullet's life had been made up chiefly of rough jouncing, and never having heard of a wagon with springs, she was in a measure incapable of appreciating her deprivation. She had wrapped a quilt of many colors about her shoulders, for the evening air was chill, and she looked out of the opening in the back of the canvas-covered wagon in grotesque variegation. Mrs. Marvin was climbing upon the wheel to her seat on the board in front. The moonshiner stood by the head of one of the mules, busy arranging the simple tackling. He looked with a sneer at Alethea over the beast's neck.

"An' I hev tole ye, Lethe Sayles, ez I dunno whar Tad be now. I'm a mighty smart man, sure enough, but 't would take a smarter one 'n me ter

say whar Tad be now, an' what he be a-doin'."

He looked at his wife with a grin. She laughed aloud in tuneless scorn. The girl, gazing out of the back of the wagon as it jolted off, echoed the derision in a shrill key. And as the clumsy vehicle went creaking down the precipitous slope, beyond the crest of which could be seen only the flaming base of the opposite mountain, all luridly aflame in the windy dusk, they seemed to Alethea as if they were descending into Tophet itself.

XVIII.

For a long time that night Alethea sat on the cabin porch in Wild-Cat Hollow, absently watching the limited landscape seen through the narrow gap of the minor ridges superimposed upon the great mountain. The sky was dark but for the light that came from the earth. The flames were out of sight behind the intervening ranges. Weird fluctuating gleams, however, trembled over the cove below, and summoned from the darkness that stately file of peaks stretching away along the sole vista vouchsafed to the Hollow. Sometimes the illumination was a dull red suffusion, merging in the distance into melancholy gradations of tawny yellow and indeterminate brown, and so to densest gloom. Again it was golden, vivid, fibrous, divergent, like the segment of a halo about some miraculous presence, whose gracious splendor was only thus suggested to the debarred in Wild-Cat Hollow. The legions of the smoke were loosed: down in the cove always passing in endless ranks what way the wind might will; along the mountain side marshaled in fantasies reflecting from the fires subtle intimations of color, — of blue and red and purple; deploying upward, interposing between the constellations, that seemed themselves upon the march. There were clouds in the sky; the night

was chill. Alethea gathered her shawl over her head. Now and then Tige, who sat beside her, wheezed and glanced over his shoulder at the door ajar, as if to urge her to go in. Sometimes he ran thither himself, looking backward to see if she would follow him. Then, as she continued motionless, he would come and sit beside her, with a plaintive whine of resignation. Tige was pensive and humble to-night, and was making an edifying show of repentance. On the homeward walk he had been disposed to follow the example of the moonshiner's dogs and harass the coon, thereby becoming acquainted with the teeth of the smiling creature, and incurring Alethea's rebukes and displeasure.

It was a cheerful scene within, glimpsed through the half-open door, contrasting with the wild, dark world without, and its strange glares and fluctuating glooms and far-off stars and vast admeasurements of loneliness. The old woman knitted and nodded in her rocking-chair; Jessup and Mr. Sayles smoked their pipes, and ever and anon the old man began anew to detail — the pipe-stem between his teeth — the legends that his grandfather had learned from the Indians of the hidden silver mines in these mountains, found long ago, and visited stealthily, the secret of the locality dying with its discoverer, who thus carried out of the world more than he brought with him. Their eyes gloat-ed on the fire as they talked, seeing more than the leaping yellow flames or the white heats of the coals below. It might seem as if the craving for precious metal were a natural appetite, since these men that knew naught of the world, of the influence of wealth, of its powers, of its infinite divergences, should be a-hungered for it in their primitive fastnesses, and dream of it by night.

"On the top of the Big Smoky Mountings, on a spot whar ye kin see

the Tennessee River in three places at once," said the old man, repeating the formula of the tradition.

Jessup puffed his pipe a moment in silence, watching the wreathing smoke. "I know twenty sech spots," he said presently.

The old man sighed and shifted his position. "Me too," he admitted. "But thar it be," he observed, "fur the man ez air a-comin'."

They fell silent, perhaps both projecting a mental ideal of the man of the future, and the subservient circumstance that should lead him to stand one day on these stupendous heights, with sunshine and clouds about him and the world at his feet, and to look upon the mystic curves of the river, trebly visible, strike his heel upon the ground, and triumphantly proclaim, "It is here!"

The dogs lay about the hearth; one, a hound, in the shadow, with his muzzle stretched flat on the floor between his paws, had saurian suggestions,—he was like an alligator. Leonidas and Lucinda had gone to bed, but the baby was still up and afoot. The fiat of nursery ethics that gentry of his age should be early asleep had been complied with only so far as getting him into his night-gown, which encased his increasing plumpness like a cylinder. He wore a queer night-cap, that made him look incongruously ancient and feminine. He plodded about the puncheon floor, in the joy of his newly acquired powers of locomotion, with reckless enthusiasm. His shadow accompanied him, magnified, elongated,—his similitude as he might be in years to come; he seemed in some sort attended by the presentiment of his future. The energy, however, with which he had started on his long journey through life would presently be abated. In good sooth, he would be glad to sit down often and be still, and would find solace in perching on fences and whittling, and would know that hustling through this world is not what

one might hope. He had fallen under the delusion that he could talk as well as walk, and was inarticulately loquacious.

Alethea's errand outside was to gather chips from the wood-pile hard by, to kindle the morning's fires. It had been long since rain had fallen, but the routine of spreading them upon the hearth, to dry during the night, was as diligently observed as if the reason that gave rise to the habit now existed. The splint baskets, filled and redolent of the hickory bark, stood at her feet, yet she did not move.

She was solitary in her isolated life, with her exalted moral ideal that could compromise with nothing less than the right. She had known no human being dominated by a supreme idea. The reformers, the martyrs, all who have looked upward, sacrificed in vain for her—not even as a tradition, an exemplar might they uphold when she failed. Religion was vague, distorted, uncomprehended, in the primitive expoundings to which she was accustomed. Her inherent conscience prevailed within her like some fine, ecstatic frenzy. It was of an essence so indomitably militant that in her ignorant musings it seemed that it must be this which marshals the human forces, and fights the battle of life, and is unconquered in death, and which the stumbling human tongue calls the soul. And yet so strange it was she thought that she could not always recognize the right,—that she must sedulously weigh and canvass what she had done and what she might have done, and what had resulted.

She dwelt long on the moonshiner's story. She was heart-sore for the hungry idiot, filching from the hogs,—and what forlorn fate had he found at last! She drew her shawl closer about her head, and shivered more with her fears than with the wind. She was very tired; not in body, for she was strong and well, but in mind and heart and life. Some-

how, she felt as if she were near the end, — surely there was not enough vitality of hope to sustain her further, — the frequent illusion of sturdy youth, with the long stretches of weary years ahead. There was even a certain relaxation of Mink's tyrannous hold upon her thoughts. It was not that she cared for him less, but she had pondered so long upon him that her imagination was numb; she had beggared her invention. She could no more project scenes where he walked with all those gentler attributes with which her affection, despite the persistent contradictions of her subtler discernment, had invested him. She could no longer harass herself with doubts of his state of mind, with devising troublous reasons why he had avoided her, with fears of harm and grief menacing him. She had revolted at last from the thrall of these arid unrealities. She felt, in a sort of grief for herself, that they were but poor delusions that occupied her. He must come, and come soon, her heart insistently said. And yet so tired was her heart that she felt in a sort of dismay that were he here to-night there would be no wild thrill of ecstasy in her pulses, no trembling joys. All that she had suffered — despair, and frantic hope that was hardly less poignant, and keen anxieties, and a stress of care — had made apathy, quiet, rest, nullity, the grave, seem dearer than aught the earth could promise.

"He oughter hev kem afore," she said to herself, in weary deprecation.

And then she thought that perhaps now, since he was at liberty again, he was happy with Elvira, and she experienced another pang to know that she was not jealous.

The clouds had obscured the few stars. The wind was flagging; the smoke grew denser; the forest flames emitted only a dull red glow; the file of peaks that they had conjured from the blackness of night was lost again in densest gloom.

She was roused suddenly to the fact that it was intensely quiet in -doors. She could even hear the sound of the fire in the deep chimney-place; it was "treadin' snow," the noise being very similar to the crunch of a footfall on a frozen crust. She rose, looking upward and holding her hand to the skies; the glow from within fell upon her fair face, half hooded in the shawl, and upon her wide, pensive eyes. Flakes were falling; now, no more; and again she felt the faint touch in her palm.

Her first thought was of Mrs. Jessup, and the impediment that a snow-storm might prove to her return; and thus she was reminded that the pedestrian within was still, for she no longer heard the thud of his bare feet on the floor. He had fallen asleep in a corner of the hearth, with a gourd in one hand, and in the other a doll made, after the rural fashion, of a forked twig arrayed in a bit of homespun. Tige watched him as he was borne off to his bed with an envy that was positively human.

It was for the baby's sake that Mrs. Jessup returned the next day, despite the deep snow that covered the ground. She had had a dream about him, she declared, — a dreadful dream, which she could not remember. It had roused all the maternal sentiment of which she was capable. She had endured some serious hardship in coming to assure herself of his well-being, for she was obliged to walk much of the way up the mountain, — the snow and ice making the road almost impracticable, and rendering it essential that there should be as little weight as possible in the wagon; to a woman of her sedentary habit this was an undertaking of magnitude. After her wild-eyed inquiry, "Air Ebenezer well ez common?" she seemed to hold him responsible for the deceit of her dream, as if he were in conspiracy with her sleeping thoughts, and to be disappointed that the trouble which she had given herself was altogether unnecessary.

"Ye fat gopher!" she remarked, contemptuously, eying his puffy red cheeks. "Don't lean on me. I'm fit ter drap. Lean on yer own dinner. I'll be bound Lethe stuffed ye ez full ez a sassidge."

She addressed herself to bewailing that she had curtailed her visit, having enjoyed it beyond the limits which the lugubrious occasion of the funeral might seem to warrant.

"Mis' Purvine war mighty perlite an' sa-aft spoken. I never see a house so fixed up ez hern air, — though I don't b'lieve that woman hev more'n two or three hogs ter slarter fur meat this year, ef that. I slep' in the bedroom; 't war mighty nice, though colder 'n 't war in the reg'lar house, through hevin' no fire. I reckon that's what sot me off ter dreamin' a pack o' lies 'bout that thar great hearty catamount, fairly bustin' with fatness. I wisht I hed bided in the cove! Mis' Purvine begged me ter bide. We-uns went ter the fun'el tergether, an' the buryin', an' we went round an' seen my old neighbors, an' traded ter the sto'. An' I spun some fur Mis' Purvine."

"Mighty little, I'll bet," declared her husband inopportunely, "ef what ye do hyar be enny sign."

Whereupon Mrs. Jessup retorted that she wished she had made an excuse of the snow to have remained with Mrs. Purvine until the thaw, and retaliated amply by refusing to tell what hymns were sung at the funeral, and to recite any portion of the sermon.

This resolution punished the unoffending members of the family as severely as Jessup himself; but it is a common result that the innocent many must suffer for the guilty unit, — justice generally dealing in the gross. The old man's lower jaw fell, dismayed at the deprivation. He had relinquished sorting his "lumber," and roused himself to listen and note. The details would long serve him for meditation, and would gradually combine in his rec-

ollection in dull mental pictures to dwell on hereafter, and to solace much lonely vacant time. Mrs. Sayles was irritated. Alethea had looked to hear something from Mink, and Jessup was unexpectedly balked.

Nothing could be more complete than Mrs. Jessup's triumph, as she held her tongue, — having her reason. Her opaque blue eyes were bright with a surface gleam, as it were; there was a good deal of fresh color in her face. She was neater than usual, having been smartened up to meet the folks in the cove. Her snuff-brush, however, was very much at home in the corner of an exceedingly pretty mouth. As they all sat before the fire, she took off the socks which aunt Dely had lent her, and which she had worn up the mountain over her shoes, because of the snow; and she could not altogether refrain from remark.

"Ef these hyar socks hed n't been loant ter me," she said, holding one of them aloft, "I couldn't help noticin' how Mis' Purvine turned them heels, knittin' 'em. I do declar, ef these hyar socks fits Jerry Price, he hev got a foot shaped like Buck's, an' no mistake."

It jumped with her idle humor to keep them all waiting, uncertain whether or not she would relent and disclose the meagre gossip they pined to hear. Nothing was developed till Jacob Jessup, retaliating in turn, flatly refused to go and feed Buck, still harnessed in the wagon.

Alethea rose indignantly.

"I don't lay off ter do yer work generally, but I ain't goin' ter let the steer go hongry," she said, "kase ye air idle an' onfeelin'."

"Don't ye let him go hongry, then," said Jessup, provokingly.

It had ceased to snow. When Alethea opened the door many of the traits of Wild-Cat Hollow were so changed amidst the deep drifts that one who had seen it only in its summer garb might

hardly recognize it. Austere and bleak as it was, it had yet a symmetry that the foliage and bloom, and even the stubble and fallen leaves of autumn, served only to conceal. The splendid bare slope down the mountain, the precipitous ascent on either side of the deep ravine, showed how much the idea of majesty may be conveyed in mere lines, in the gigantic arc of a circle. The boles of the trees were deeply imbedded in drifts. On the mountain above, the pines and the firs supported great masses lodged amongst the needles. Sometimes a sharp crack told that a branch had broken, overburdened. The silence was intense; the poultry had hardly ventured off their roosts to-day; the gourds that hung upon a pole as martin-house were whitened, and glittered pendulous. Once, as Alethea stood motionless, a little black-feathered head was thrust out and quickly withdrawn. Down in the cove the snow lay deep, and the forests seemed all less dense, lined about as they were with white, which served in some sort as an effacement. Through the narrow gap of the ridges was revealed the long mountain vista, with the snowy peaks against the gray sky. Very distinct it all was, sharply drawn, notwithstanding that it lacked but an hour, perhaps, of the early nightfall. For a moment she had forgotten her errand; the next she turned back in surprise. "Whar's Buck an' the wagin?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Jessup, still serenely casual, "he's a-keemin' up the mounting along o' Ben Doaks. I met Ben, an' I 'lowed ez I didn't know how I'd make out ter drive sech a obstinate old steer up the mounting in all this snow. Buck hev fairly tuk ter argufyin' 'bout the road ter go, till ye dunno whether ye air drivin' the steer or the steer air drivin' you-uns. I mos' pulled off his haws sence I been gone. So Ben, he 'lowed he'd like ter kem an' spen' a few days along o' we-uns, ennyhow."

"Why'n't ye tell that afore?" de-

manded her mother-in-law angrily. "Ye want him ter 'low ez we air a-grudgin' him victuals. Lethe, put in some mo' o' them sweet taters in the ashes ter roast, an' ye hed better set about supper right now."

For Mrs. Sayles had been accounted in her best days a good housekeeper, for the mountains, and she cherished the memory of so fair a record. Perhaps her reputation owed something to the fact that she entertained a unique theory of hospitality, and made particularly elaborate preparations when the guests were men. "Wimmen don't keer special 'bout eatin'. Show 'em all the quilts ye hev pieced, an' yer spun truck, an' yer gyardin, an' they'll hev so much ter study 'bout an' be jealous 'bout ez they won't want nuthin' much ter eat."

Now she proceeded to "put the big pot into the little pot," to use a rural expression, singularly descriptive of the ambitious impossibilities achieved. She did it chiefly by proxy, directing from her seat in the chimney corner Alethea's movements, but wearing the absorbed, anxious countenance of strategy and resource. The glory of the victory is due rather to the head that devised than to the hands that executed; as in greater battles the pluck of the soldiery is held subordinate to the science of the commander.

It was no mean result that smoked upon the table when the sound of Buck's slow hoofs was heard on the snow without, and a warm welcome was in readiness besides. A cheerful transition it was from the bleak solitudes: the fire flared up the chimney; the peppers and the peltry hanging from the rafters might sway in draughts that naught else could feel; the snow without was manifested only by the drifts against the batten shutters, visible in thin white lines through the cracks, and in that intense silence of the muffled earth which appeals to the senses with hardly less insistence than sound.

Ben's aspect was scarcely so negative, so colorless, as usual, despite his peculiarly pale brown hair and beard. The sharp sting of the cold air had brought a flush to his face; his honest, candid gray eyes were bright and eager. His manner was very demure and propitiatory, especially to Mrs. Sayles, who, in her turn, conducted herself with an ideally motherly air, which was imbued with many suggestions of approval, even of respect.

"Howdy, Ben, howdy. We-uns air mighty glad ter see ye, Ben."

"Don't ye git too proud, Ben," said Mrs. Jessup, roused from her inertia by the unwonted excitements of her journey to the cove, and, since she was not too lazy to exercise her perversity, thoroughly relishing it. "They'd be jes' ez glad ter see ennybody, — it air so beset an' lonesome up hyar. They fairly tore me ter pieces with thar questions whens I kem."

And this reminded old man Sayles that the details of the funeral could be elicited from Ben Doaks. Upon request the young man lugubriously rehearsed such portions of the sermon as he could remember, prompted now and then by Mrs. Jessup, who did not disdain to refresh his recollection when it flagged; he even lifted his voice in a dolorous refrain to show how a certain "hyme chune" went. But his attention wandered when supper was over, and he observed Alethea, with a bowl of scraps in her hand and a shawl over her head, starting toward the door.

The dogs ran after her, with voracious delight in the prospect of supper, and bounded up against the door so tumultuously that she had difficulty in opening it.

"Goin' ter feed the dogs, Lethe?" said Ben Doaks, seizing the opportunity. "I'll keep 'em back till ye kin git out."

He held the door against the dogs, and when he shut it he too was on the outer side. It was not yet quite dark;

the whiteness of the snow contended with the night. The evening star showed through the rifts in the clouds, and then was obscured. The dogs were very distinct as they ran hither and thither on the snow at Alethea's feet, while she leaned against the post of the porch and threw to them scraps from the bowl.

Ben knew that his time was short. "Lethe," he said, with a truly masculine tact, "I hearn ez how ye hev done gin up waitin' fur Mink."

Her lustrous eyes seemed all undimmed by the shadows. The sheen of her hair was suggested beneath the faded shawl, drawn half over her head. What light the west could yet bestow, a pearly, subdued glimmer, was on her face. She said nothing.

He lifted his hand to the low, shelving roof of the porch, — for he was very tall, — and the motion dislodged a few flakes that fell upon her head. He did not notice them.

"I hearn Mis' Purvine 'low ye air all plumb outdone with Mink, an' would n't hev him ef he war ter ax ye, — an' I reckon ye won't see him no mo'. 'Tain't likely, ye know. An' Mis' Purvine 'lowed ye hed been mightily streck with a man in Shaftesville, — a town cuss" (with acrimony), "ez war mighty nigh demented 'bout yer good looks an' sech. Now, Lethe, ye dunno nuthin' 'bout'n them town folks, an' the name they hev got at home, 'mongst thar neighbors."

She looked steadily at him, never moving a muscle save to cast more scraps to the dogs, who, when their tidbits became infrequent, or were accidentally buried in the snow by inopportune movements of their paws, gamboled about to attract her attention; rising upon their hind legs, and almost dancing, in a manner exceedingly creditable to untrained mountain dogs.

"An' I 'lowed I war a tremenjious fool ter hev kep out'n the way 'count o' Mink, — jes' kase ye seemed ter set so much store by him. T'other folks mought

kem in whilst I war a-holdin' back. Nobody ain't never goin' ter keer fur ye like I do, Lethe. Mink don't,—never did. An' my house air ready fur ye enny day ye'll walk in. I got ye a rockin'-cheer the t'other day, an' a spinnin'-wheel. It looks like home, sure enough, down thar, Lethe. I jes' gazed at that thar rockin'-cheer afore the fire till I could fairly see ye settin' in it. But shucks, I kin hear ye callin' chickens roun' thar,—“Coo-chee, Coo-chee!”—enny time I listens right hard.” He laughed in embarrassment because of his sentimentality. “I reckon I mus' be gittin' teched in the head.”

It was snowing again. From those stupendous heights above the Great Smoky Mountains down into the depths of Piomingo Cove the flakes steadily fell. Myriads of serried white atoms interposed a veil, impalpable but opaque, between Wild-Cat Hollow and the rest of the world. Doaks looked about him a little, and resumed suddenly:—

“I ain't purtendin' I'm better'n other men. I never *could* git religion. I ain't nigh good enough fur ye,—only I think mo' of ye. I'm mean 'bout some things. I could n't help but think, whenst I hear 'bout Mink, ez now ye'd gin him up. I war n't *bodaciously* glad, but I could n't *help* thinkin' 't war better fur ye an' me. Ye'd be happier married ter me, Lethe, than ter him, enny time.”

“I ain't never goin' to marry you-uns, Ben,” she said drearily. “An' now ye hev hed yer say, an' thar's no use a-jaw-in' no mo' 'bout'n it.”

She turned to go in. Tige was already scratching at the door, as eager for the fire as he had been for his supper. She glanced at Ben over her shoulder, with some appreciation of his constancy, some commiseration for his disappointment.

“Ye hed better go make a ch'ice 'mongst some o' them gals in the cove,” she suggested.

He cast a glance of deep reproach

upon her, and followed her silently into the house. Their return was the occasion of some slight flutter in the circle, in which had prevailed the opinion that the young folks out in the cold “war a-courtin'.”

All relics of the supper were cleared away; the fire leaped joyously up the chimney. L'onidas and Lucindy were asleep. The baby in his night-gown, all unaware that he cut an unrepresentable figure before company, pounded up and down the floor, unmolested. The pipes were lighted. As Ben Doaks leaned down to scoop up a coal from the fire, his face was distinct in the flare, and Mrs. Jessup noted the disappointment and trouble upon it. Mrs. Sayles too deduced a sage conclusion. A glance was exchanged between the two women. Then Mrs. Jessup, with a view to righting matters between these young people, whom fate seemed to decree should be lovers and only human perversity prevented, asked, “Did ye tell Lethe the news 'bout Mink?”

“Naw,” he responded, somewhat shortly. “I 'lowed she knowed it long ago.”

“Naw, she don't,” said Mrs. Jessup; “none o' we-uns hyar on the mounting knowed it.”

She paused to listen to the wind, for it was astir without. A hollow, icy cry was lifted in the dark stillness,—now shrill and sibilant, now hoarsely roaring and dying away in the distance, to be renewed close at hand. The boughs of trees beat together. The pines were voiced with a dirge. The porch trembled, and the door shook.

“Why, Lethe,” resumed Mrs. Jessup, turning toward the girl, as she sat in a low chair in the full radiance of the fire-light, “Mink ain't out'n jail. The rescuers never tuk him out.”

The color left Alethea's face. Her doubting eyes were dilated. Mrs. Jessup replied to the expression in them.

“Mis' Purvine, she 'lowed ez she an'

you-uns hearn everybody sayin' the rescuers tuk him out afore ye lef' town that mornin'. That war town talk. But 't war n't true. The jailer an' the sher'ff tied an' gagged him, an' tuk him out tharse'fs in the midst o' the dark, whenst nobody could see 'em. Makes me laff ter think how they fooled them boys! They jes' busted up the jail so ez 't war n't safe ter try ter keep him thar no mo', an' the nex' day the dep'ty an' two gyards tuk him down ter the jail at Glaston, — an' thar he's safe enough."

Alethea was thinking, with vague, causeless self-reproach, that she had let Sam Marvin, who had seen Tad since the disaster at the mill, go in the belief that Mink had been released. But how could she have detained him? And would he, a moonshiner, suffer himself to be subpoenaed as a witness, and thus insure his own arrest?

Her lips moved without a sound, as if she were suddenly bereft of the power to articulate.

"Glaston, that's a fac'," reiterated Mrs. Jessup, noticing the demonstration, "kase I see 'Lijah Miles, ez war one o' the gyards. He kem up ter the cove ter the fun'el, bein' ez his wife war kin ter the corpse. She war one o' the Grinnells afore she war married, — not the Jer'miah fambly, but Abadiah's darter; an' Abadiah's gran'mother war own cousin ter the corpse's mother" —

"I dunno 'bout'n that," said Mrs. Sayles, following this genealogical detail with a knitted brow and a painstaking attention.

"Corpse war 'bleeged ter hev hed a mother wunst, ef ever he war alive," said Mrs. Jessup recklessly.

"I reckon I know *that*," retorted Mrs. Sayles. "But 'Lijah Miles's wife's father's grandmother war the aunt o' the corpse, stiddier his mother's cousin," — she tossed her head with a cheerful sense of accuracy, — "sure ez ye air a born sinner."

Mrs. Jessup paused in her recital,
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leaned her elbows on her knees, and fixed her eyes on the fire, as if following some abstruse calculation. In the silence the wind outside swept about the house and whistled down the chimney, till even Tige roused himself, and lifted his head to listen and to growl.

"Waal, hev it so," said the young woman, unable to contradict. "Howbeit he war kin ter the corpse, he kem ter the fun'el, an' arterward, ez he war goin' back ter Shaftesville, he stopped at Mis' Purvine's an' stayed all night. An' he tole us 'bout'n takin' Mink ter jail in Glaston. An' 'twar the fust Mis' Purvine knowed ez Mink war n't out. But she 'lowed she'd miss him less in jail 'n out."

"I reckon everybody feels that-a-way 'bout Mink," interpolated Mrs. Sayles. "Folks never knowed what *could* happen onexpected an' upsettin' till Mink's capers l'arned 'em."

"Waal, none o' his capers ever war like this las' one o' his'n," said Mrs. Jessup, nodding seriously. "They tuk him ter Glaston, an' 'Lijah Miles war one o' the gyards. They tuk him on the steam-kyars."

"I'll be bound Mink war fairly skeered by them steam-kyars!" exclaimed Mrs. Sayles, with all the assumption of superior experience, although she herself had never had a glimpse of them.

"Waal, I reckon not, from the way he kerried on 'cordin' ter 'Lijah," said Mrs. Jessup, clasping one knee as she talked, eying the fire. "'Lijah 'lowed he never seen sech a fool. Mink got ter talkin' ter the gyards an' dep'ty 'bout this hyar Jedge Gwinnan" —

"Need n't tell me nuthin' 'bout Jedge Gwinnan. 'Jeemes' air what they call him over yander in Kildeer County. An' 'Jim,' too. I knowed a woman ez knowed that man's mother whenst he war a baby."

"Waal, he's changed some sence then. He ain't a baby now. Mink

kep' a-talkin' ter his gyards 'bout Gwinnan, an' swearin' Gwinnan had spited him in the trial, — put Pete Rood on the jury an' sent 'em ter jail, an' tole the sher'ff ter look arter his prisoner or he'd escape the night Pete Rood fell dead, an' tole 'em how ter keep the crowd from rescuin' him, an' all sech ez that. An' what d' ye reckon Mink 'lowed Gwinnan hed done it fur? Kase Gwinnan hed tuk a notion hisself ter Lethe Sayles, an' 'lowed Mink war n't good enough fur her."

The incongruity of the idea impressed none of them. They all looked silently expectant as Mrs. Jessup went on: —

"Waal, Mink swore ez some day he'd git his chance, an' he'd kill Gwinnan, sure. An' 'Lijah, he seen ze Mink war a-lookin' at Judge Gwinnan, — the jedge, he war a-goin' down on the train ter Glaston, an' then out ter wherever he war a-goin' ter hold court, an' he war a-smokin' in the 'smokin'-kyar,' 'Lijah say they call it, whar they hed Mink. An' 'Lijah say Mink looked at Gwinnan with his mouth sorter open, an' his jaw sorter drapped, an' his eyes ez set ez ef he war a wild beastis."

Once more the wind, tumultuous, pervasive, with all the vast solitudes given over to it, swept down the mountain with shrill acclaim.

"Goin' ter hev some weather arter this, — ye mind my words," said Mrs. Sayles, listening a moment.

"Waal, 'Lijah never thunk nuthin' mo', an' Mink kep' his eyes ter hisself the rest o' the way. When they got ter Glaston the gyards sorter waited fur the t'other folks ter git out fust, an' then they started. Waal, 'Lijah say the dep'ty, he jumped off'n the platform fust, an' tole Mink ter kem on. An' the dep'ty, — 'Lijah say the dep'ty set a heap o' store by Mink, — he war a-tellin' Mink ter look how many tracks an' locomotives an' sech thar war in the depot, an' not noticin' Mink much. An' 'Lijah say he seen Mink dart ter one side;

he 'lowed Mink war makin' a bust ter git away. Naw, sir! Gwinnan hed stopped by the side o' the kyar ter speak ter a man. 'Lijah say he felt like he war a-dreamin' when he seen Mink lift up both his handcuffed hands an' bring the irons down on the jedge's head, — jes' like he done the dep'ty when he war arrested. 'Lijah say him an' the dep'ty an' the t'other gyard hed thar pistols out in a second. But they war feared ter shoot, fur the jedge, stiddier drappin' on the groun', whurled roun' an' grabbed the man ez hit him. He got Mink by the throat, an' held on ter him same ez a painter or sech. He nearly strangled Mink ter death, though the jedge war fairly blinded with his own blood. Mink writhed an' wriggled so they could n't tell one man from t'other. The gyards war feared ter shoot at Mink, kase they mought kill the jedge. They tore Mink loose at last. They 'lowed his face war black ez ef he hed been hung. He won't tackle Gwinnan agin in a hurry. Ye 'lowed Gwinnan war a feeble infant, mother; he ain't very feeble now. Though he did faint arterward, an' war hauled up ter the tavern in a kerridge. They hed ter hev some perlice thar ter help keep the crowd off Mink, takin' him ter jail. Waal, 'Lijah say they dunno whether the jedge will live or no, — suthin' the matter with his head. But even ef he do live, 'Lijah say we ain't likely ter see Mink in these parts no mo' fur a right smart while, kase he hearn thar ez assault with intent ter c'mit murder air from three ter twenty-one year in the pen'tiary. An' I reckon enny jury would gin Mink twenty" —

"Yes, sir, he needs a good medjure!" exclaimed the negative Mr. Sayles, with unwonted hearty concurrence.

"Mink will be an old man by the time he do git back," computed Mrs. Sayles.

"Now, Lethe," argued Mrs. Jessup, "ain't ye got sense enough ter see ez Mink ain't nobody ter set sech store on,

an' ef ye like him it's kase ye air a fool?"

The girl sat as if stunned, looking into the fire with vague, distended eyes. She lifted them once and gazed at Mrs. Jessup, as if she hardly understood.

"Look-a-hyar, Lethe, what sorter face air that ye hev got onter ye?" cried Mrs. Sayles. "Ye better not set yer features that-a-way. I hev hearn folks call sech looks 'the dead-face,' an' when ye wear the 'dead-face' it air a sign ye air boun' fur the grave."

"Waal, that's whar we all air boun' fur," moralized old man Sayles.

"Quit it!" his wife admonished the girl, who passed her hand over her face

as if seeking to obliterate the noxious expression. "Ye go right up-steers ter bed. I 'm goin' ter gin ye some yerb tea."

She took down a small bag, turning from it some dried leaves in her hand, and looked at them mysteriously, as if she were about to conjure with them.

The girl rose obediently, and went up the rude, uncovered stairs to the roof-room. After an interval Mrs. Jessup observed the jowling baby pointing upward. Among the shadows half-way up the stairs Alethea was sitting on a step, looking down vacantly at them. But upon their sudden outcry she seemed to rouse herself, rose, and disappeared above.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TWO AMERICAN NOVELS.

THE failure of a piece of fiction which attempts much is another word, sometimes, for success. Mr. Hardy hangs out a sign from Spinoza over the door to his house of entertainment,¹ which reads: "They who believe that they can speak, or keep silence, in a word, act, in virtue of a free decision of the soul, dream with their eyes open." It is from this text that he preaches his romance, and the application is in the words of his hero, at the end of the book:—

"All we think and feel is but this world of movement, of mass and atom unable to control their own motions, and steeped in a sea so tremulously responsive that your faintest breath breaks on infinite shores. You do not dare to move? . . . You cannot help it! Nothing moves of itself since the dance began; nothing swerves but by collision. Others thou shalt drive, and they thee;

but thyself never. I, myself, capable for an instant of unifying the past and the present, am but one of these atoms, swept on by its own inertia, and disappearing as it came, a portent and a wonder. Do you know what effect all this produces upon me? To create a faith so necessary in a Being so transcendent, that the inventions of men become puerilities."

If we seem to place the philosophy of this romance in the foreground, it is because the author himself, by his method, incites one to question his meaning. There are, so to speak, eight principal persons in the book, arranged in five pairs: these are the atoms that move in the dance; it is upon them that the wind of destiny blows; and the author, while he invites his readers to follow the movements of his characters, is a chorus that finds expression through pantomime. In other words, the author is so impressed by the profound meaning which underlies his story that, without direct intimation, he conveys to the

¹ *The Wind of Destiny.* By ARTHUR SHERBURN HARDY, author of *But Yet a Woman*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

reader something of the same impression, and keeps him in a questioning mood. At first one asks, What is the story? But at last it dawns upon him that there is no story, properly speaking, and he finds himself asking, What is the meaning of the book? He is present at a drama of souls, and the dress in which they act their parts, the scenery with which the play is set, all the paraphernalia of the stage, are of little consequence. It is the indestructible personality, under the countless influences of life, that one must follow; and when the author of the drama is called for, one discovers that it is no less a person than God himself.

Now the value of any romance undoubtedly depends upon the psychological truth which is at the base, and the more the writer is penetrated by this truth, the more confidently will he guide the movements of its exponents; he must see the end from the beginning, he must look into the depths. But given this profound perception, this strong conception, there yet remains the necessity for a constructive art which shall reproduce the truth in characters and action that seem free and spontaneous. Mr. Hardy has undertaken to interpret, through the means of a romance, one of the deepest riddles of life, but unfortunately all his characters are conscious of this riddle. He has not succeeded in showing us people whose action upon each other is apparently self-determined, but really governed by Destiny; he has disclosed those moments in the lives of his characters when they are themselves aware of the uncontrollable forces. The consequence is that the reader feels oppressed by the atmosphere of the book; it is charged too highly with impending elements, and the simplest action or word has a sort of undeveloped dynamic potency.

It is possible that if Mr. Hardy had essayed to write a novel, that is, if he had resolved to use the ordinary events

of a workaday world for the machinery of his philosophic thought, the necessity of sharply defined incident, action, and dialogue might have imposed healthful restrictions upon his tendency to subtlety. As it is, there is little ballast of realism. The dialogue is helpful to the spiritual plot, but it is not often in the language of the people; it is allusive, superintelligent, epigrammatic. The history of the persons engaged in the story is learned indirectly and by parenthesis. The action is of the kind which makes little account of time: the lovers meet, and their fate is instantaneously settled; a row on the river, a walk in the woods, and all is done.

These characteristics belong to the romance, and not to the novel; they serve the purpose of a writer who is intent upon the spiritual commerce of his personages, and is not disturbed by any difficulty which his readers may find in the geographical distribution of the scenes; Dinant does well enough for a localization of the foreign scenes, but when the persons remove their domicile, the change may be to England as much as to America, so far as any identification of places goes. It is interesting thus to see how much better the earlier portion of the book is than the latter. The background of foreign life serves an admirable pictorial purpose; and the romantic scenes projected from it have thereby a greater solidity and value. The background of native life, on the other hand is only a faint landscape; there are no striking subordinate figures, there is no suggestion of common life, and, as a consequence, the scenes projected from this background have a certain unreality fatal to the highest romantic effects. The most significant romances are those which rise out of a familiar, common experience, and have their spiritual force heightened by the contrast.

It is clearly as a romance that Mr. Hardy's book will be judged. It will be

read with great pleasure simply as an artistic relief from the somewhat ignoble realism which prevails in fiction. It will be read also, in spite of the structural faults which we have noted, for the peculiarly noble air which pervades it, the extreme beauty of many of its passages, the revelation of life flashed occasionally as from a diamond of light, and perhaps more than all for the very subtle charm which hangs over the whole movement of the story. The early pages are exquisite with this grace, and one never wholly loses the sense of what we can almost call the perfume of the book. But distillation of high potencies of life is a delicate business, and therefore, with all our admiration for what Mr. Hardy intended to do, we are still obliged to confess his book a noble failure as a piece of art.

There could hardly be a greater contrast in fictitious writing than that suggested by a comparison of Mr. Hardy's book with Mr. Stockton's first novel.¹ *The Wind of Destiny* is a serious work, and deals with great problems of human life; the form of fiction is used because it gives the author wider scope and freer power than biography, for instance, or history, would permit. *The Late Mrs. Null* is also fiction, but unadulterated by any serious purpose whatsoever. It is too much to say that the book marks a new departure in fictitious literature, although Mr. Stockton's peculiar style is already finding imitators, but it has an individuality which separates it in kind from current novels. It is not easy to say in a word in what this individuality consists, but any one who has read Mr. Stockton's ingenious short stories will understand us when we speak of his novel as a many-jointed short story. There is the same caprice, the same unexpected turn, the same drollery of situation rather than of language, and the same absence of sentiment and moral

purpose. The book is delightfully unmoral. The characters go their several ways, undetermined by any noble ends or high designs; they behave like ordinary mortals in a world which is not troubled by the strainings of conscience; there are dilemmas, but they are not the dilemmas of a moral universe; there is a logic, but it is the logic of circumstance, and rewards and punishments are served out by a justice so blind as not to know her left hand from her right.

The gravity and matter-of-fact air with which Mr. Stockton relates his tale heighten the effect of the whim that governs in the conduct of his characters. He introduces a negro girl, whom, with the slightest irony in the world, he dubs good little Peggy; and this inimitable creature has a way of inventing facts with incredible agility, and reporting them with entire seriousness. She plays an insignificant part in the story, though she is a sort of Ariel done in charcoal, but she stands really as a type of Mr. Stockton's genius. Good little Peggy manufactures a situation out of the slightest possible material, uses it for her own purposes as if it were one of the commonplaces of life, and goes her way with a clear consciousness of virtue. Everybody believes her for the time, because her manner carries conviction. So we follow the ins and outs of the late Mrs. Null and her fellow-characters with scarcely any incredulity or sense of the absurdity of their relation to each other, chiefly because Mr. Stockton, with his innocent air, never seems to be aware of any incongruity in their conduct.

The drollery, as we have said, is a structural drollery, and not often one of language. Yet the quaintness which runs through all of this writer's work begins to show itself very soon when he sets about any mere piece of description, and the particularity of any enumeration of details is pretty sure to end in a quip and quirk. It is, however,

¹ *The Late Mrs. Null*. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1886.

when dealing with negro life that Mr. Stockton shows himself at his best. He fairly revels in this side-show of the world's circus, and takes an almost childish delight in the exhibition of negro character and life. We suspect that the figure in the book which will linger longest in the reader's mind is that of Aunt Patsy, and the description of the Jerusalem Jump, with Aunt Patsy's exit from the world upon the occasion, is one of the most carefully written, as it is one of the most effective, passages in the book. It is not strange that Mr. Stockton should feel at home with the negroes. They offer him precisely that happy-go-lucky type of character which suits the world of his imagination. They save him the necessity of invention, and he can abandon with them that extreme gravity of demeanor which he is obliged to assume in order to give an air of reasonableness to his white characters.

We are disposed to think that the book will suffer at the hands of many by being read as novels are apt to be read, at one or two sittings. It should have appeared as a serial, since the amusement which one extracts from it is largely due to the turns which the story takes, and not to any continuity of narrative. The improbability of situations and persons cannot be covered for any length of time by any mere reasonableness of manner, and one who sees through the thin disguise of Mrs. Null's marriage long before the revelation comes is apt to get a little impatient at mere ingenuity, and not to be quite appeased by the indefinite promise of further complications. In other words, the book is so ineffective as a novel that the hardened novel-reader might easily undervalue its wit and casual quaintness, whereas, if he helped himself to a little at a time, he would be likely to enjoy the queer bits as if he were reading so many short stories. So habituated is the author to this form of fiction that he sets about a new story

within a dozen pages of the end of the book, and, instead of producing a climax to his story, furnishes a sort of annex.

We recall only one other instance in literature where genuine humor is so entirely wanting in its obverse, pathos. The extremely slight expression of this quality in the account of Aunt Patsy's death, and the hurried manner in which the somewhat pivotal scene of the finding of the shoes is passed over, serve to render the absence of it elsewhere more noticeable. Every one feels that the author's instinct is right, and that there would be an incongruity in the display of much feeling. But it is not pathos alone that is wanting; all sentiment is left out. Lawrence Croft, the principal lover, is laid up with a sprained ankle, and has recourse to some novels sent in to him by Mrs. Null. "These books Lawrence looked over with indifferent interest, hoping to find one among them that was not a love story, but he was disappointed. They were all based upon, and most of them permeated with, the tender passion, and Lawrence was not in the mood for reading about that sort of thing. A person afflicted with a disease is not apt to find agreeable occupation in reading hospital reports upon his particular ailment." So when the author of *The Late Mrs. Null* finds himself under the necessity of bringing his two lovers to a final understanding, he does it in a gingerly fashion, and with a certain reluctant air that seems to be almost a protest against the indecorum into which he is forced. Mark Twain is equally wanting in pathos, if we except his *True Story*, but Mr. Stockton's humor has a reserve and a quality of ingenuousness which are his own. It is idle business trying to analyze the peculiar nature of this writer's charm, and one may be needlessly acute, but we suspect that in this case, as in many others, we owe something to the deficiencies of Mr. Stockton's intellectual make-up, and that one reason why we enjoy his novel

is that he is not a novelist. Humor which lurks so slyly in incident even more than in phrase can dispense with many of the conventionalities of the

novelist's art, and we are too glad to get what Mr. Stockton alone has, to quarrel with him for not giving what plenty of other writers can produce.

NEEDLEWORK IN ART.

THERE is a singular fascination in the history of the tools of men. In a certain sense they are the starting-point in which our knowledge of the past begins; and as one looks at some great museum that earth-mounds and shell-heaps have given up to the spade of the archæologist, — such a one, for instance, as that in the cabinets of Bologna, — the imagination is touched almost pathetically by those relics of the infancy of the race, that bear sometimes so humorous a resemblance to the instruments of war and industry that our jackknives used to fashion. To follow the development of the plough or the loom, the arrow or the ship, is to read the great book of civilization in the simplest and perhaps the most useful way; for these and the other real elements of universal life are its true alphabet. They outlive the nations they establish and bind together, and the advance in their adaptation and application is a better gauge of progress than the rise and fall of empires. They are very like the forces of nature in moulding the destiny of mankind, and more powerful than human laws; they have determined, one might say, the physique of castes in India, and, if modern speculation is to be believed, they may be thought to have affected, through inheritance, the arrangement of the brain-cells in the skilled artisans of Italy and Flanders. The history of a tool, in fact, if told in full, involves the successive stages of politics, art, and culture; to know it is to know what man has done.

Such reflections may seem to be too vast in range to stand, like the innumerable angels of the scholastic doctor, on the point of a needle; but the lady who has written this richly made volume¹ would not think so. The needle is one of the oldest of tools, and from the time when it was shaped from a bone, and used to fasten the skins of beasts with sinews, down to the present age of the Kensington school, it has much to tell of its deeds. Of its mere utilitarian value, the great industry of clothing the race, little is said by the author; she considers the needle only in its works of art. One wonders whether its early use for ornamentation may not have been due to its being preëminently the woman's tool. Certain it is that seams hardly began to be before they were adorned. From the moment when the sense of beauty was first pleased with the needle's work, however rude, it became the minister of art, and through all the ages it continued in an alliance with the ideal part of man's nature. It has been thought — and no one can say nay to the theory — that the needle was in reality the source of art; that paintings on the brick of Nineveh and Babylon and in Egypt, that bas-reliefs on the temples of Greece, and all artistic work in wood, or clay, or stone, or metal, were in the first instance nothing more than imitations, in more durable materials, of the woven and wrought hang-

¹ *Needle-Work as Art.* By LADY M. ALFORD. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1886.

ings of the most ancient temples, such as were used in the tabernacles of the Orientals. To the latest times of paganism these precious stuffs, of which the peplos of Athene is the highest type, were retained in worship of the gods, and also in the festivals of monarchs, as at Alexander's marriage feast in the marvelous tent of his Asian spoils; and do they not at the present hour robe the altars and priesthood of the larger part of Christendom, though secular fêtes have lost such splendid shows of tapestries in our age of cotton prints and broadcloth?

But whether or not needlework may justly claim to have been the parent of the arts, it has been of the family, and in its long course it has reflected the spirit of man in many phases and pictured his life, as the other prouder arts have done. It is astonishing, therefore, only to one who does not reflect, to find the author of this volume somewhat embarrassed by the richness of the materials, the variety and historic sweep of her subject; and amid it all it is interesting to observe how simple and universal are the laws of art, so that, as truly as all of gravitation was said to be in the fall of the apple, all of art seems to be in the management of the stitch. Just as in books of philosophy nowadays we come upon the eternal formulas of Spencer, on homogeneity, differentiation, and heterogeneity, and the rest, so in this work we find the *sententiæ* of Ruskin, that the material must determine the design, and the like. The result is that the volume gives a curiously mixed impression of orderliness when theory is under discussion, and of bewilderment when facts are being registered. In dealing with the laws of the art the author is entirely at home, and her decisions clear and cogent; perhaps in the field of history a limitation of the view, particularly in the department of archæology, might have given a definiteness and compact-

ness of which the unlearned reader may possibly feel the lack.

The multitude of things referred to, however, is one of the charms of the book, and suggests, as nothing else could, the infinite number of ways in which the simple tools of man's craft have affected his civilized life, to which we have already alluded. One reason for the breadth of subject is that nearly all works of the needle in ancient times have perished; a few examples on leather or linen have survived in a more or less dilapidated state, but for the most part the handiwork of antiquity in this art must be studied from the monuments, from sculptured or painted representations, or from those literary descriptions, such as Homer's, which are the best record we possess of the character of the embroidered stuffs which filled the wardrobes and palaces of Asiatic cities, and were borne to other lands by the commerce of the Phœnicians. One must go to archæology for the history of the ancient art, perforce; and if one pushes the research farther, and asks what was the origin and meaning of the old patterns, such as the wave or wickerwork, and traces backward the conventional forms to the symbolism of the lotus of Egypt, the daisy of Assyria, and the immemorial tree of life with the yoked animals, and furthermore must include a type so distant from these as is the serpentine of the Lindisfarne Gospels, it is easy to see what an *omnium gatherum* of doubtful and prehistoric facts must result. The subject of crosses alone, from the *schwastika*, or crossed sticks of the worship of fire (if that be its derivation), to the meandering combinations of mediæval times, is large enough to require a volume to itself. The division of these patterns, not many in number, into their classes opens another wide field, and in their passage from naturalism into symbolism, and thence into conventionalized forms, one may stop to study one of

the movements common to all art from birth to extinction; while at the end the mathematical patterns with the Saracenic arabesque still remain to be treated. The way in which all these were transmitted from country to country and from age to age, the great highways of commerce by which they passed, the market-points at which they met, such as Sicily in the mediæval times, must also be considered. The mere materials used, wool, flax, silk, and cotton, to mention no others, have each an interesting history, which cannot be wholly disregarded; and the schools of design which the needlework of each period reflected, from the Egyptian to the Italian, are to be touched on in a way that shall recall the motives, characteristics, and temper of the whole history of art. Thus, before one gets to so important a department as lace-work, his eye begins to get wearied with the survey in which so many matters have called for attention, and he may be excused if a sigh for system, a more rigid system, at times escapes him.

That portion of the volume in which the examples are described with some detail, and in many cases are profusely illustrated, does not lie open to any similar objection. The mind rests on these, and lets go of the general history of the centuries and the problems of archæology. These examples naturally are mainly mediæval or Renaissance, and the greater portion are ecclesiastical. They are beautiful to look at and delightful to read about. The chapter

upon the school of English embroidery is an excellent study of a special subject, and stands by itself, like a book within a book. The author has here a thorough knowledge of the period and the work, and is not hampered by the necessity of leaning on the monographs of learned scholars, as in the more general parts of her narrative. She is mistress of this particular branch of the English art, and of the theory of how it should now be practiced under the conditions of its modern revival. Her account of the Kensington school, though brief, is interesting, and her advice to her fellow-workers in the attempt to bring needlework back to the artistic purpose it served before the days of sewing-machines is of the best. To have written such a book on one of the minor arts is to have filled an empty place in the great English library with practical effect. The illustrations, by their number, excellence, and range, make it admirable for reference, and justify its title; for it is not the history of the art of needlework which is written, but rather the great works of the needle are viewed with reference to the general artistic expression of the race. The efforts of Lady Marian Alford and her coadjutors, both in England and this country, to restore to the needle its office in domestic and church decoration have the sympathy of those who respect beauty and the adornment of the common life; and all such will give her volume — a very difficult work to write — their good wishes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHAT is the best thing to do with the mind when listening to music? "Do nothing with it," some one may reply; "let it take care of itself." But this

implies a mistaken idea as to its ways. It seldom does, in point of fact, take care of itself. It is bound to follow the successive suggestions either of certain

outside impressions, or of certain inner impressions which also had originally an external source. One may as well choose a little among these. Surely we might better direct the mental panorama by some voluntary choice than to have it directed by the accidental sight of a grotesque face in the audience, or the odd bowing of some one of the second violins. Does it make the sailing of a summer sea any the less idly luxurious to touch the helm lightly from time to time?

Now there are several ways open to choice in the management of the mind's delicate steering apparatus, on such an occasion as the hearing of fine music. The worst way, no doubt, is to gaze fixedly at the performers, and so let the eye cheat the ear out of half its enjoyment. This is the besetting temptation of the "distinguished amateur," who is inclined to give his whole attention to the visible handling of whatever instrument he himself may happen to play. At a recent concert I noticed that my neighbor riveted his interest, during a whole splendid movement of the symphony, on the agile gymnastics of one of the double-basses. But this is not so ill-advised as the trick some people have of staring at a singer, and even with an opera-glass, during a whole song. What can they carry away in the memory but a visual image of a wonderful openness of countenance, a kind of labio-dental display?

I have always liked to close my eyes during any passage of orchestral music to which I wished to lend special attention. It is surprising what sensitiveness and grasp this instantly gives to the auditory power. Sometimes, in a dark corner under the gallery, one may indulge himself in the luxury. But on Kant's immortal doctrine that one should do only those things which all may do, this closing of the eyes at a concert hardly seems proper in the body of the house. Would it not look queer if we all sat

that way? ("Look queer to whom, if everybody's eyes were shut?" Well, to the gentlemanly ushers; and the reporters, whose eyes are always open; and the cornet and the bassoon, in their lucid intervals.) It is not necessary, however, actually to close the outward eye. We may select some peg on which to hang it, so to speak, where no distracting image will interrupt our reverie. The middle of the back of some quiet person in front of us will generally do. Or we may happen to have that convenient faculty, possessed by so many, of fixing the bodily eye on a given point, while the mind's eye is gradually withdrawn leagues and leagues behind it.

There are two opposite ways, in particular, open to the mind for its excursions during music. It may either let itself become engaged in dreams of one's own personal destiny, memories of the past, fantastically intermingled, or dreams of "what hath never been, and what can never be;" or it may go out of itself into the life-dramas of others. Which is the better way? For example, in listening to one of those orchestral duets of Rubinstein's, one may either disregard the composer's indication in the title, weaving his own personal episodes at will from the changes of the chords; or he may occupy his imagination with the relations of the suggested Toreador and Andalousé; or he may hear only the far-off voices of well-known mortals and their perplexing fates; or, finally, the music may but breathe an ethereal essence of human life universal, too elusive for any individual incarnation. The question is like that which confronts the poet: Shall he sing his own joys and woes, or shall he create exterior dramatic idyls? Shall he follow the method of Byron, or of Browning?

"I am never merry," said Jessica, "when I hear sweet music;" and her Lorenzo was no philosopher, and could give but the shallowest explanation of

the fact. Rossetti's Monochord, if she could have waited so long for it, might have helped her to a better one: —

"Is it the moved air or the moving sound
That is Life's self and draws my life from me,

That 'mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?

"Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to
flame,
The lifted shifted steeps and all the way?"

No doubt it is the first instinct, with all of us, to let the "eternal passion, eternal pain," of great orchestral music interweave themselves with the past, the possible, or, more often, the dear impossible, of our personal life-story. We are, for the time being, subjects of what Rossetti has noted, in his own private copy of the poem from which I have just quoted, as "that sublimated mood of the soul in which a separate essence of itself seems, as it were, to oversoar and survey it." But would it not be nobler in the soul if its survey were wider? Would it not be better for the will, in its renunciation and vows of service, that these inchoate worlds of musical harmony, these swaying tides of mysteriously organizing sound, an audible chaos of multitudinous emotions over which a creative breath is hovering and calling life, with all its tragedies and comedies, into being, should be identified to the imagination with the fates of other men than ourselves?

There are persons, I am beginning to discover, who have but a very imperfect power of visual imagination. An intimate friend writes me, after only three years of separation, "I have completely forgotten you. Or, rather, I remember nothing *but* you, and not at all your outward aspect. Face, form, manner, have altogether faded, and cannot by any effort of will be recalled." But I can shut my eyes and see this friend — form, features, color, a hundred particular ways of gesture and manner — more

distinctly than any photograph could possibly present him. I could draw his profile on this paper; not composing it, but simply tracing it from my mental image, as if it were a silhouette laid down and followed mechanically with the pencil.

Those of us who possess this common enough power might at least always give some fitting *mise en scène* to a symphony, removing it from its incongruous situation in an ugly hall packed with monotonous rows of frivolous bonnets and sand-papered heads. We do not need Wagner's aid to obliterate the musicians and fill the stage with impressive scenery. In a moment, at will, we are reclining in a stately pine forest on a solitary mountain-side. Behind us tower great crags with fluted columnar front, like nature's organ-pipes. Below and to the left hollows a piny gorge, blue with misty depth, up whose slope, from round the mountain's enormous flank, swells the sound of falling torrents. Beyond the granite ridge to the right goes down a broken foot-path to a hidden valley, where some momentous human passion-play begins now to be enacted.

Or we are drifting on the ocean, and a storm is subsiding. All night we have driven before the tempest, and now at the first glimmer of dawn we strain our sight into the darkness, and listen for the roar of breakers. Suddenly the sound of all sweet and powerful instruments rises and mingles, as if from the very depths of the rolling sea. Have the forces of nature become audible in their battling together? Or have we drifted into the midst of a strife of mortal destinies, and is this the prelude to a mighty drama of the nations on the shores of some new world?

— Some competent person should write an essay on the bright side of human ignorance. That ignorance has its bright side might perhaps be established on *a priori* grounds, since it would seem a kind of blasphemy to suppose

that anything so natural and universal could be altogether a curse. A condition into which we are all born, and out of which the best of us can never escape, must somehow be advantageous; unless, indeed, this world does really belong to the devil, — an hypothesis which I, for my own part, steadfastly refuse to entertain, in spite of the theories of some of my brethren and the practices of others.

But without going into such profundities (leaving questions of this sort for the competent essayist aforesaid), it is open to the least discerning of us to see that much of the interest of human life, no matter how commonplace, is dependent upon the element of uncertainty. It may fairly be accounted one of the few compensations of extreme poverty that the most trivial and prosaic details — the question of to-morrow's dinner, even — must often be attended with something of that peculiar relish which nothing but the feeling of suspense can produce, and which more fortunate persons are fain to seek in trials of skill or in games of chance. To take a very different illustration, what would village or club gossip be worth if we knew the exact truth about our neighbors; if we could no longer surmise, put this and that together, and draw our own inferences? — inferences not highly valuable for their truth, it may be, but interesting for their diversity and originality. What we all crave is a problem on which to exercise our ingenuity. We inherit a passion for riddles, and spend our days in solving them. Indeed, throughout the course of our intellectual development we are simply handed on, as we may say, from one class of enigmas to another, while others and still others stretch away before us in endless progression.

Amid the numerous attempts which have been made to define concisely the distinction between ourselves and our four-footed relatives, it seems strange

that no one has ever hit upon this: Man is the only animal that loves a puzzle.

It is this liking for a doubt, this appetite for the mysterious, which makes, in great part at least, the fascination of novels. What are four or five hundred pages of moderately good print when a plot is to be unraveled? How nimbly do we turn the leaves as curiosity pricks us on, chapter after chapter, till a sound of marriage bells announces the long-desired consummation! Herein, also, is to be found the peculiar attractiveness of new stories, as compared with older and possibly better ones. We are already in the secret of Henry Esmond; the book is a guessed conundrum, as it were (I speak as a — novel-reader); now for the latest "Henry" or "Lucy," the narrative of whose love affairs is just off the press.

It is abundantly affirmed, I am aware, that the new fiction is intrinsically superior to the old; but on that point I must confess to a measure of skepticism. Perhaps I am not an unprejudiced judge; at my time of life it may be expedient to make some allowance for early prepossessions. At all events, the claim of the moderns has before now put me in mind of one of Charles Lamb's whimsicalities. Somebody had boasted rather loudly of being a matter-of-fact person (realistic, as the present word is), when Lamb gave a sudden twist to the conversation by remarking, — no doubt in a perfectly matter-of-fact tone, — "Now, I value *myself* on being a matter-of-lie man."

Probably most of us have some time or other tried to imagine how it would seem to know everything. For one, however, I am bound to admit that I have never been able to gain any very clear conception of such a state. It is impossible for me to conjecture what it would be like to know all about myself, even, letting alone the remainder of the world. Yet why do I speak with this

meaningless limitation? For of course I could not understand all about myself without possessing the same comprehensive acquaintance with everything else. Perfect knowledge of myself must of necessity include perfect knowledge of all with which I am in any sort of relation. In other words, — and to make the statement general, — it is only omniscience that knows everything about anything.

And if I really did know everything! Should I not forthwith begin to bewail the loss of my former estate? With no longer anything before which I could stand in awe; with nothing to pique the curiosity, nothing to be studied! Would not such a condition be like reading the same old novel over and over, — yea, like downright stagnation and death, — to a creature who had once tasted the delights of growth and acquisition?

And yet, could one know everything without knowing the feeling of ignorance and the pleasures of research? Here we are getting lost, as we always must when we seek to compass the infinite. Speculations like these are vain; some will perhaps call them sacrilegious. Let us keep within bounds, and, meanwhile, await the coming of the better equipped author whose good offices in this matter we bespoke at the outset.

— There are two insuperable objections, in my private and heretical opinion, to the so-called "reformed" spelling. One is that it would increase the already too great similarity in words. Syllables that are at present identical only to the ear would then become alike to the eye also. Now the true theory of a visible and audible language demands that *the symbols of ideas should differ as much as the ideas*. *Rite, right, and write* are three wholly distinct ideas, and their symbols ought to be correspondingly distinct. In the natural and undisturbed development of a language they would differ both to ear and to eye; but our present tongue is the re-

sult of confusing influences, and the sounds of our speech have been allowed in many instances to lose their differentiation. The eye, however, being a more intellectual organ than the ear, has refused to permit the visible symbols to break down into this indistinguishable similarity. If we cannot have every idea represented by a different symbol to the ear, at least let us not throw away, at the command of a false notion, whatever difference remains to the eye. *Mete, meat, meet; night and knight; sight, site, cite; mind and mined; aisle and isle; by, bye, buy; sent, scent, cent; sell and cell; wait and weight; all and awl*, and a great number of other such pairs or triplets, would lose what little is left of their individual identity. Depend upon it, this difference of spelling has not been a result of accident. It has been retained because of a felt instinct of the usefulness of keeping things separate in appearance which are separate in fact. Any one who has dabbled in phonography knows that the fatal defect of all short-hand systems of writing, for any but those who make a long-continued specialty of their use, is the extreme similarity of the signs, especially when combined in words and phrases. The advantage of our alphabet lies in the ingenious diversity of its forms, enabling the eye to seize on the special characteristic of each letter, even in hurried script. This is the secret of its having been retained unchanged through so many generations of men.

My second objection to phonetic spelling is that it would petrify any language in the forms which it happened to have at the moment of adopting the "reform." Now I feel sure, whatever certain eminent philologists may say, that the language-making instinct is by no means extinct in us. So far as the iron grip of the dictionaries will let it, language tends to move and change. And this, too, not at hap-hazard, but in obedience to a felt congruity between sound and

sense. One or two examples are as good as a hundred to illustrate this. Why do children, and all persons not standing in awe of the dictionary, incline to say *tinny* or *teeny*, for a minute object, instead of *tiny*, if not that the littleness of the sound is more suited to the littleness of the thing? And why do so many persons show a reluctance to pronouncing the *o* in the name of the Deity short, as in *dog* or *fog*? If a fixed phonetic spelling, backed up by all the power of the more and more tyrannical dictionaries, is allowed to paralyze all the instincts of growth and change in the language, throwing it into a dead and fossil condition before its time, there will be no longer possible such progress as, for example, that from the old English *ic* to the modern I. *It* was too insignificant a sound for the whole weight of the first person, and that, too, in its nominative case of willing and acting. The idea needed (and once had) a more fitting sound-symbol, and at last found it again in this noble vowel, a compound whose first tone is *ah*, that broadest and fullest utterance in any language.

—The consequences of unguarded and over-hasty speech are a matter of common lament; the mischief of repressed and laggard speech is of another sort, less obvious, less widely deplored, but none the less real. An odd, smile-and-tear-compelling volume will be that entitled *Humor and Pathos of the Unsaid*, even if it comes to be written. Somewhere among its visionary pages I seem to see a text that originally fell from the lips of an old friend of mine, who is in her ninetieth year. Having written a letter at her request, I laid down the pen, remarking, "I have told J—— all the things we said in our pleasant talk of him." "Is that all?" she inquired, in a tone plaintive and reproachful. "You should have told him the things we *meant to say*." These words have since gathered a significance never dreamed of in their first utterance.

To my mind they embody a very subtle kind of regret and self-dissatisfaction which we all at times feel, yet are at a loss to characterize. Why, as soon as a friend has withdrawn his presence, do we begin to see so many lost opportunities in the conversation we have just had with him? Why do we, in dramatic retrospect, set ourselves to round out every elliptical construction, to reduce to devout simplicity every possible ambiguity in our speech, to enrich every feeble or halting expression thereof, and so (in dramatic retrospect) arrive at a better understanding, fuller and sweeter confidences, stronger assurances of faith and loving service? Poor, tardily ingenious Soul, why said you not the thing you meant to say, — the word that would have conciliated one inestimably dear, who now, for lack of that word timely uttered, pursues estranged ways?

Our grief for the dead has perhaps no keener edge of pain than that which cuts with the recollection of foregone privileges of communication. Had we but said this or that, which, surely, we wished to say, and had they but left us the comfort of their responses!

Even as regards the minor concerns of our social life, some regret of this sort is perpetually turning a thorn in our consciousness. The apt rejoinder, the happy acknowledgment of a favor received, the graceful word that would have relieved an awkward situation, have a singular trick of coming post-fact to the exigency.

"Beware of Had I wist," advises an old-time writer. Of all our resident genii or visiting spirits, there is not another so eloquent, so plausible, so torturous as the Angel of the Afterthought, — an incomparable illustrator and teacher of amenities, tact, appeal, and mastery. "All these things which I have told you," observes the gently derisive angel, "are the things you 'meant to say'!"

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science and Nature. The fifty-first volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton) is Physical Expression, its modes and principles, by Francis Warner. The basis of observations for this book was largely in children, and Dr. Warner employed for this purpose both sound and imbecile children; he invented and applied a number of ingenious mechanical contrivances for registering expression, and he reached many interesting results. It is a discussion of the subject from a physiologist's point of view. — The fifty-second volume of the same series is devoted to Anthropoid Apes, by Robert Hartman, and is an interesting study of these poor relations in their home as well as in captivity. An introductory chapter gives the history of our knowledge of them. — The Mammalia in their relation to primeval times, by Oscar Schmidt. (Appleton.) The fifty-third volume of the International Scientific series. "It will be found," says the author, "to contain proofs of the necessity, the truth, and the value of Darwinism as the foundation for the theory of descent, within a limited field, and is brought down to the most recent times." — Upland and Meadow, a Poetiquissings Chronicle, by Charles C. Abbott, M. D. (Harpers.) Dr. Abbott, who is well known as a specialist in paleontology, shows himself in this volume as an agreeable traveler within that limited area which can be reached from one's door-step in a day's walk or paddle. It is a pleasure to welcome another to the select company which looks up to White of Selborne as master. — Discussions on Climate and Cosmology, by James Croll. (Appleton.) Mr. Croll makes this volume in part a defense of his positions as laid down in his previous well-known writings. He has carried his investigations farther and has enlarged the scope of his work. — An Apache Campaign, by John G. Bourke (Scribners), though ostensibly a record of military experience in 1883, is, by the way, a lively picture of the Apache Indians and the country traversed by them. — The Putnams have brought out a popular edition of Roosevelt's capital Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. — Brattleborough in Verse and Prose is a little book compiled and arranged by Cecil Hampden Howard. (Frank E. Housh, Brattleborough, Vt.) The larger part of this souvenir is occupied by verse, while H. H., T. W. Higginson, and Fanny Fern are drawn upon for prose sketches. — Persia, the Land of the Innams, a narrative of travel and residence, 1871-1885, by James Bassett. (Scribners.) Mr. Bassett was a missionary in Persia, and in the larger part of his book gives an account of his tours through the country: but his views are not merely those of a missionary; he writes like a good observer and an intelligent man. In the latter part of the book he gives the result of his general judgment of the country as gathered from nearly fifteen years' residence. A map accompanies the volume, and there is a bibliography

and a table of distances and altitudes, but no index. — Evolution of To-Day, by H. W. Conn. (Putnams.) This is not, as the title might indicate, a philosophical account of how to-day was one of the possibilities of yesterday, but is "a summary of the theory of evolution as held by scientists at the present time, and an account of the progress made by the discussions and investigations of a quarter of a century." The author goes about his task in a spirit of fairness. — Charles F. Deems, on the contrary, in a tractate entitled Evolution, a Scotch verdict (John W. Lovell Co.), gathers a number of isolated dicta by scientific men in the true spirit of a polemic, and is plainly more desirous of having his side beat than of reaching the truth in the matter. — The twenty-third Bulletin of the United States National Museum contains a bibliography of publications of Isaac Lea, preceded by a biographical sketch, by Newton Pratt Scudder. — Burma, as it was, as it is, and as it will be, by James George Scott. (Redway, London.) A sketch of the new dependency of Great Britain by an Englishman who knows the country and takes a very rosy view of his subject. — Signs and Seasons, by John Burroughs (Houghton), contains a baker's dozen of out-door sketches which are always new and always old. That is, Mr. Burroughs never wearies of Nature, and his stories of her seeming and doing are always fresh, but it is nothing but the good old world that he tells us about always.

Poetry and the Drama. Tecumseh, a drama, by Charles Mair. (Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.) Mr. Mair writes with precision and dignity, but makes little attempt at preserving the qualities of the Indian. Tecumseh and the Prophet might be Englishmen or Frenchmen. — Verses, Translations from the German and Hymns, by W. H. Furness. (Houghton.) It is worth while to have in so agreeable a form Dr. Furness's unrivaled translation of Schiller's The Song of the Bell, a translation so close as to be perfectly adjusted to the music written for the original. The other verses have the grace and sweetness which characterize this scholar and divine. — Songs of Old Canada, translated by William McLennan. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.) Fourteen French songs are given, with the translation on opposite pages. The translation is spirited and faithful, and the songs are worth preserving. — Ziita Kii, or Songs from Silence, by Owen E. Longsdorf. (Scholl Brothers, Williamsport, Pa.) The poet handsomely refers the inspiration in his poems to a graven image which was dug up in one of the Ohio mounds. In a sort of Hiawatha measure we have a good deal of theosophic bosh. — Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued the concluding four volumes of the works of Thomas Middleton, the second author in Mr. Bullen's group of English Dramatists. The lover of choice books is reminded that only three hundred and fifty copies

of each work are printed, and that the type is then distributed. This admirably edited edition of the old English playwrights will soon be very difficult to obtain. — *The Outcast*, and other poems, by Walter Malone. (Printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge.) Here is a volume of three hundred pages, written, the author advises us in his preface, for the most part between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. If he is a true poet, and should have kept this volume in manuscript say for ten years more, we wonder how many of the three hundred pages would ever find their way into print. — *Idle Rhymings*, a collection of thoughts jotted down in leisure moments, by John H. Mackley. (Jackson, Ohio.) Not a jot of poetry, however. — *Translations from Horace*, etc., by Sir Stephen E. De Vere, Bart. (George Bell & Sons, London.) The etc. which curls itself upon the title-page is simply an anacronistic, rendered from Walter Mapes, and a couple of short poems. The translations have vigor and compactness, but the loftier odes suffer less in the rendering than the lighter lyrics. — *Summer Haven Songs*, by James Herbert Morse. (Putnams.) The refined work and play of a man of letters who has pure sentiment, a varied form of expression, and excellent taste. — *The Poet Scout, a Book of Song and Story*, by Captain Jack Crawford. (Funk & Wagnalls.) Why is it that sentiment of the most melting character seems to well up most fluently from the Rocky Mountains? — *An Italian Garden, a Book of Songs*, by A. Mary F. Robinson (Roberts Bros.), is a dainty volume of verse, much of which has an exquisite lyrical quality. — *Saint Gregory's Guest*, and *Recent Poems*, by John Greenleaf Whittier (Houghton), contains eighteen poems, some of which have been seen already by readers of *The Atlantic*, who will therefore wish the volume. There is a delicate bit of irony in Mr. Whittier's preface, which poets who are egged on by their friends will not enjoy. One finds great satisfaction in holding in one bunch flowers which separately are so fragrant and so beautiful.

Art and Illustrated Works. The second volume has been published of the *History of Painting*, from the German of the late Dr. Alfred Woltmann and Dr. Karl Woermann. It is occupied with the *Painting of the Renaissance*, and is translated by Clara Bell, and published in America by Dodd, Mead & Co. The value of the work is greatly increased by the illustrations, which do not profess to be works of art, but are excellent diagrams. Those which have the intention of pictures are defective in printing, which may be due to poor electrotypes. The translator has in some cases abridged the original and has added bracketed passages, indicating the English home of certain pictures. The work is rather one of reference than reading. — *Etching in America*, with lists of American etchers and notable collections of prints, by J. R. W. Hitechock. (White, Stokes & Allen.) An interesting little etching, the first produced by the oldest of our etching clubs, forms the frontispiece,

and the entire volume, of less than a hundred pages, is a readable and pointed *brochure*. In spite of the slight air of business about the lists at the end, the book strikes an unprofessional reader as impartial and candid. — *National Academy Notes and complete catalogue to the sixty-first spring exhibition.* (Cassell.) This catalogue, now in its sixth year, is edited by Charles M. Kurtz, and is a useful memorandum, since it contains photolithographic reduced reproductions of many of the pictures, brief notes regarding the artists, and much general information concerning the Academy and its members. — *Woman in Music*, by George B. Upton (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), is an interesting little monograph, treating not only the general question implied in the title, but indicating also the personal relations of women to the great composers. — *My Journal in Foreign Lands*, by Florence Trail (Putnams), has its place here, since the author devotes most of her attention to picture galleries. The book is not an important one, but it is naive. — *A Stroll with Keats*, illustrated by Frances Clifford Brown. (Ticknor.) The uninformed reader would naturally suppose that this was a poem, so entitled, written by a lover of Keats, and illustrated. It is, in reality, excerpts from Keats's poem beginning,

"I stood tiptoe upon a little hill," with illustrations reproduced apparently by some process. It is too late to pronounce upon Keats, and too soon, let us gently hope, to pronounce on the artist. — We are in receipt of the current numbers of *L'Art* and *The Portfolio*, two publications that are without rivals in their own especial lines.

Literature and Literary Criticism. Mr. Horace Howard Furness has brought his new variorum edition of Shakespeare to the sixth volume, which is occupied by *Othello*. (Lippincott.) The great value which the edition has is enhanced by the editor's decision in this volume to print the text of the first folio with scrupulous accuracy, and to make all corrections and proposed emendations in the text. An interesting feature is the use which he makes of actors' comments, and the reader is delighted to find how Booth and Fechter interpret character and scene. The editor's own human interest is constantly intimated, and the work is far removed from a mere dryadust treatment. — Mr. W. D. O'Connor, under the title of *Hamlet's Note Book* (Houghton), criticises Mr. Grant White's criticism of Mrs. Pott's *Promus of Bacon*, which was itself in effect a criticism of the Shakespearean authorship. All this stays us from attempting a criticism of W. D. O'Connor. *Quis custodes custodiet?* The one contribution which he appears to make to the Shakespeare stew is the suggestion that Raleigh wrote the sonnets. — *The New York Shakespeare Society issues its third paper, William Shakespeare and Alleged Spanish Prototypes*, by Albert R. Frey, who examines the question of Shakespeare's indebtedness to Lope de Vega.

